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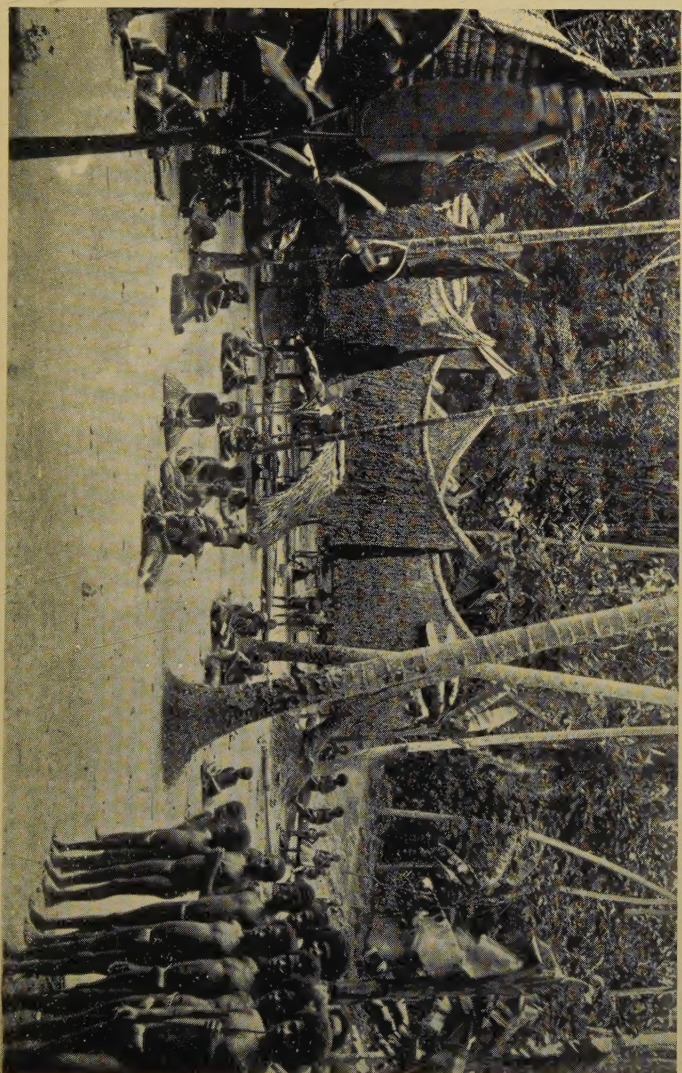


Photo : Rev. R. H. Rickard

PAPUAN VILLAGE, DOBU ISLAND

[Frontispiece

TWENTY YEARS
AMONG
PRIMITIVE PAPUANS

TWENTY YEARS AMONG PRIMITIVE PAPUANS

By
WILLIAM E. BROMILOW
D.D. (Aberdeen)

1857-

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OF 'WEROONA'
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KINDEST OF FRIENDS

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	15
I. MY FIJIAN PREPARATION	25
II. THAKOMBAU'	48
III. THE CALL OF PAPUA	57
IV. DOBUAN PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND BELIEFS .	77
V. FIRSTFRUITS OF THE MISSION	95
VI. MY FRIEND GAGANUMORE ; AND MY NATIVE HONOURS	115
VII. CHILD RESCUE	132
VIII. THE CONVERSION OF A WAR CANOE ; AND SOME STORIES BY THE WAY	142
IX. OTHER STATIONS	170
X. DEVELOPMENT	206
XI. AN INTERIM MINISTRY IN AUSTRALIA . .	231
XII. RETURN TO PAPUA	244
XIII. LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS I HAVE KNOWN .	266
XIV. THE DOBUAN BIBLE	292
EPILOGUE	305

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAPUAN VILLAGE, DOBU ISLAND . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing page</i>
BAU (FIJI) OF LURID PAST	25
'LORD OF THE ISLES' AND 'MERRIE ENGLAND'	
OFF DOBU ISLAND IN 1891	65
SAMARAI, PAPUA	65
DOBUAN VILLAGE	81
DOBUAN FAMILY GROUP	81
MATERIAL FOR THE MISSION	96
MISSION HOUSE, DOBU ISLAND	104
AN HONOURABLE DWELLING (DOBU, 1890)	104
GAGANUMORE AND HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE	120
FIRST NURSERY AND SCHOOL	136
PANAEATI CANOE DECORATION	144
FERGUSON ISLAND CANOE	144
DOBUAN DECORATED ARCHITECTURE	176
WOMEN CARRYING YAMS	208
WOMEN DRESSED FOR DANCE	208
DR. AND MRS. BROMILOW	248
DOBUAN YOUTH OF TO-DAY	248
SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.	272
SIR GEORGE LE HUNTE, K.C.M.G.	272
SUBJECTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE	288
SALAMO HOSPITAL OPENED BY SIR HUBERT	
MURRAY, AUG. 18, 1926	305
GIRLS' SCHOOL (TEMPORARY), SALAMO	305
BEGINNINGS AT SALAMO	312
THIS LAUNCH WAS BUILT AND ENGINED ENTIRELY	
BY PAPUAN STUDENTS AT SALAMO	312

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

SINCE the termination of my missionary service I have been frequently urged to write the story of those pioneering years. The completion of the translation of the Bible into Dobuan was, however, the first charge upon my time and labour ; and, when this work was done, I found my health failing so seriously that the task of writing a book was too heavy for me to undertake. Then it was that I obtained the help, freely given, of my friend, the Rev. Joseph Bryant, who, with his sympathetic knowledge of South Sea missions, as shown in one of his published books, *Coral Reefs and Cannibals*, met my difficulty and made the production of this volume possible. I owe very much to him for his editing of my material and for supplementary, elucidative features which give to incident and statement, a fuller setting, where desirable ; while, at the same time, the personal experiences and observations recorded in my diaries and other papers are presented in their original directness of form, making a plain story, though incomplete, of my ‘ twenty years among primitive Papuans.’

W. E. B.

INTRODUCTION

THE quiet, preparatory years that were presently to open upon the experiences and adventures recounted in the following chapters may not be without interest to my kind readers, as presenting to them the writer, in a more personal and intimate manner.

It was at the Australian town of Geelong, in the year 1857, that I entered upon the long life which now lies behind me, bright with a thousand—or ten thousand—happy, grateful memories. A few years before this, my father had arrived in Australia, from England, where he had been employed as an artisan on an estate of the Earl of Derby. In saying good-bye to the emigrant, the Earl strongly urged him not to yield to the lure of the Australian gold-fields. One might wonder what his lordship knew about the matter, but it is quite possible that he had heard at first-hand warning stories of the wild life, the risks and disappointments of the gold rushes. The news that immense fortunes were literally waiting to be picked up in Australia had spread like wildfire to every part of the civilized world, bringing together on the Australian diggings the most mixed assembly of humanity imaginable, gathered ‘from Canton to Belgravia.’ Never was such indiscriminate rubbing of shoulders of incompatible

nationalities, colours, and classes as at the gold-fields. To the Ballarat diggings came one Lord Robert Cecil, then a younger son, but later known as the Marquis of Salisbury and Prime Minister of England, to try his luck as one of the heterogeneous crowd. There were a number of such 'gentlemen adventurers,' and my father's noble adviser may not have been giving mere abstract counsel. Arrived in Australia, my father took up his trade.

The gold-fever in the Colony (now State) of Victoria was still running high, though its first frenzy had moderated. But amazing stories of inconceivable 'finds' were only of yesterday, and, if they lost nothing in the telling, exaggeration was practically impossible when bare facts were as strange as any fiction. Men had become wealthy in a few hours, and lucky ones in large numbers were still suddenly or steadily making their 'pile.' There was no reason to suppose that the Welcome Nugget, weighing 2,217 ounces, and the Welcome Stranger, weighing 2,280 ounces, might not have their fellows waiting to be unearthed by some opportune digger. Little wonder that my father revised his first decision, and determined to test his lot in gold. He was one of the unsuccessful ones, of whom there were many, and with wise strength of mind returned to his normal occupation.

There came to me truer riches than the gold of Ballarat or Bendigo in the influence of my father's consistent, thoughtful demeanour and probity of

character, and my mother's steady spiritual outlook, joined to a strength and gentleness which embodied themselves in practical charity. These influences formed the initial blessing of my life, for which I have never ceased to be thankful. My mother's belief in prayer, calm and direct as it was, impressed me greatly ; and her certitude of faith helped to make my own path plainer and surer.

My parents resolved to give their children a sound education, and at one period this put a strain upon their resources. There comes to me in this connexion one of my happiest memories. I chanced to hear them talking of ways and means, and to me the position seemed to be very serious. I pondered over it, and decided to take action. Seeing in a shop window a notice that an errand boy was wanted, for Saturdays only, I applied and secured the place. When I was paid my first wages, eighteen pence, I stole into my mother's room and slipped the money into the box in which she kept the household cash. It was a thrilling experience, and my first definite and individual lesson in the joy of giving.

Among the recollections of my early boyhood, many of which require an effort to recover and fix, there stands out an incident clearly etched against the distant horizon. I had accompanied my sister to a down-town school of which she had charge, and then wandered off to explore the position. Dismay took the place of curiosity when a fierce-looking boy

demanded to know what was my business there. Before I could frame my trembling apology he went on to declare, with threatening gestures, that he would 'knock the head off me, if ever I showed my face there again.' I think I cannot be mistaken even now as to his phraseology, and I am inclined to believe that I should recognize the photograph of that boy if I saw it to-day. The world suddenly became to me a dangerous place.

Another boy in my own school, later on, stands out clearly. He seemed to me to be huge and very strong, and, taking advantage of his size, he delighted to dominate small boys in bullying fashion. As he went through the school grounds he would call out the bush-ranging order to any one of us to 'put 'em up'—the required action being the lifting of the arms above the head, with hands open in token of surrender.

There came a day when my brooding resentment was roused to action; and when the swashbuckler shot out his well-known command, I kept my arms by my side. I was even more surprised than he was at my temerity, but when he repeated the order I managed somehow to retain the pendant position of my arms. Casting a dire look around the quickly gathered circle of my compeers, he declared scornfully that he would not only wallop me, but three like me at the same time. The spirit of revolt was abroad; a triple alliance was immediately formed; and, the three of us attacking in force, with more energy

than science, the despot was compelled to withdraw.

The incident can only claim to be worth noting, not as a glorious victory, but for what it meant to me myself. I was a timid boy ; and that day I overcame fear in its most elemental form. It was a primary lesson, and a very necessary one, in a long course, the end of which was far off ; but a first vantage—something, at least—had been gained.

I knew that it was necessary for me to take my school work seriously, and at the age of fourteen I was able to pass the Matriculation Examination of the University of Melbourne. In spite of my years I got an appointment on the staff of the State School at Queenscliffe. In addition to my school duties, I attempted the Arts course at the University, and under the double strain my health broke down badly. Meanwhile there had come to me a deepened, more personal religious experience, and with this the conviction that my vocation was the Christian Ministry. A period as a lay preacher, required of all candidates for the ministry of the Methodist Church, increased this conviction. The Rev. R. M. Hunter and the Rev. C. H. Ingamells helped me much by their instruction and advice, in which encouragement and restraint were wisely mingled ; and, after passing the various tests that guard the entrance, I was received as a probationer for the ministry, being then of the ripe age of twenty-one.

Forthwith, I was sent to take charge of Rupanyup and the country around it, within the wide Wimmera

district. My superintendent lived thirty miles away, at Horsham, the head of the circuit. I was left, therefore, very largely to my own initiative. It was a very experimental method of ministerial training. I was to be taught to swim by being flung into deep water. To place one so inexperienced in such a responsible position is not the chosen policy of Methodism ; but at that time the exigencies of the field were pressing, and the 'prentice hand had to be entrusted with such a post. I do not think that I questioned myself greatly about my educational and practical fitness or unfitness, which seemed to me to be more the responsibility of the Church authorities than my own. But I did desire and resolve with all my heart and soul, by God's help, to do the work of an evangelist. The people to whom I went were kind, and earnestness and sincerity were credited against my inexperience and lack of training.

The long journeys on horseback, involving abundance of open air and sunshine ; the magnificent climate ; the fragrance of the bush, with its sense of spaciousness and freedom ; the unbounded hospitality of the settlers' homes ; all combined to restore me to perfect health. But these happy conditions were not so helpful to my course of probationers' reading, with an examination attached. There were legends of brethren who had studied successfully in the saddle, riding their rounds with book in one hand and reins in the other. But I was not able to concentrate on,

say, *Butler's Analogy*, with the stirring call of the wild all around me. Moreover, to attempt to do so on a horse of the mettle one needed for his journey would have been to ask for disaster. Even the examination work, however, ended well ; and perhaps the examiners were kind.

Into this fragmentary introduction now enters the one who is to share closely in all that follows. Near to the date of my own birth there was born at Carmansville, New York, U.S.A., Harriet Lilly Thomson, who was to become my wife, and my colleague through many years of missionary service. From far away, crossing two oceans, travelling with her parents, by way of England, she came all unknowing to meet me.

The Thomson family had inherited religious traditions, and on the maternal side was an enthusiasm for missionary work. Their home in Australia was at first an unsettled one, moving from point to point on railway work. To many of the workmen Mrs. Thomson was banker, nurse, and religious adviser. She perceived their fine qualities, hidden beneath a rough exterior ; and there were few, if any of them, who would not have done anything for the woman who was everyone's friend in need. With the fixed and settled home that followed at Little River, a spot sufficiently remote to be without the regular ordinances of religion, she found a sphere of special service, part of which was the establishing of a Sunday school in a

wool-shed, unoccupied except in the shearing season. For ministers, on their occasional visits, she was an advance agent, making their coming known, and endeavouring to gather a congregation among settlers who were apt to forget, but would accept a needed reminder from their popular neighbour. Among the visiting ministers was the Rev. Thomas Fullagher, who took great interest in the education of the growing daughter of this kind helper, planning and overseeing her lessons and inspiring her with a love of knowledge, until she went in to Geelong for other teaching. After the lapse of a lifetime, my wife, this one time pupil, cherishes a grateful remembrance of the encouragement and guidance of that good man, who on his hard-working rounds found time to give such assistance to a girl in her bush home.

It was at a social gathering of some friendly families that I first met my wife. I quickly decided that we were made for each other, and my satisfaction and joy were complete when presently I found that she was able to share my conviction on this point. Between that far-off morning of life and its now gathering eventide, there lies the long and various track of years ; and all that has come and gone between has only increased and strengthened, if this were possible, that most happy mutual persuasion ; for it was founded on the rock.

The first year of my probation for the ministry was only just over, when a call for volunteers for the

missionary staffs in Tonga and Fiji was made by the Methodist Church in Australia. The call was an inspiring one ; the glory of the first triumphs of these missions had only recently thrilled the Christian world, and to follow in the steps of the heroic pioneers who had carried the gospel into the midst of the most horrible savagery ever perpetrated on earth might well appeal to a young ministerial aspirant. I offered myself, and was accepted. But for these posts the occupants must be married, a qualification I was prepared at once to assume. I sent a telegram to Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, 'Are you willing we marry and go to Fiji?' The answer came, 'Trust in God and please yourselves.' We thought, and still think, that this reply was a fine combination of piety and common sense.

We were married on April 9, 1879, and at once proceeded to Sydney, where I was ordained. Four days later we sailed for Fiji, on the missionary brig, *John Wesley*, and looked for the first time together upon the most wondrous stretch of ocean this globe can show. We were to see it often again ; the broad belt of the tropical Pacific ; its heaving pavement of changeeful amethystine blue, under the blaze of noonday ; its sunsets of indescribable, kaleidoscopic splendours ; its mysterious expanse by night, when star answers undimmed to star in the lighted sky above and in the glancing, darkening waters beneath. We were to see it, too, when in its tempestuous rage it shouts in the

storm its fierce repudiation of its gentle name. But, however often one may look upon the Pacific of the tropics, it will weave its spell afresh and draw the eyes with an inexhaustible sense of wonder.



BAU (FIJI) OF LURID PAST

Photo: Rev. S. J. Gibson.

CHAPTER I

MY FIJIAN PREPARATION

IN retrospect I can see that Fiji was a stage on my way to Papua, then undreamed of. Fiji was to be a training-ground, and a kindly one, for sterner tasks. For this reason, and because of the perennial interest of Fijian missionary story, I linger briefly upon my experiences there.

Leaving Sydney, we sailed for twenty-one halcyon days, or so they seemed to us ; and then the *John Wesley* needed all her captain's experience and seamanship as she entered upon the reef-strewn waters, the tortuous passages and treacherous currents, that make the approach to these islands a test of nautical alertness and judgement. Captain, officers, and watch, with 'eyes skinned,' safely negotiated the course, and we looked with curiosity, and a far deeper feeling, upon the multi-coloured, sun-bathed scene of our future labours.

The picture was a gradual unfolding from what appeared at first like a patch of purple cloud resting on the horizon, becoming, on nearer approach, mountain heights of many hues fretted against a sky of intensest

blue, but scarcely more intense than the blue of the ocean from which they lifted themselves. Presently into the closer view came a line of milk-white surf churned upon the reef by the league-long rollers of the Pacific, the gleaming coral beach, the fringing coconut-palms, and the greenery of the land. We had come to isles of softly fragrant breezes—and also of devastating hurricanes ; of luxuriant growths splashed in season with glowing colours ; of numberless climbing plants that break into star-like blooms ; of picturesque and peaceful brown-roofed villages nestling amid tropical verdure—and all this but yesterday the scene of the vilest savagery the sun has ever looked upon.

The Fiji Islands—some two hundred and thirty in number, many of them very small and many mere solitary rocks where only white- or grey-winged seabirds make their home—became at the request of King Thakombau and the principal chiefs a British Dominion, in 1874. The deed of cession is surely the most simple and straightforward international document on record : ‘ We, the King of Fiji, together with other high chiefs of Fiji, hereby give our country, Fiji, unreservedly to her Britannic Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. And we trust and fully repose in her that she will rule Fiji justly and affectionately, that we may continue to live in peace and prosperity.’ The idea of continuing to live in peace where peace had never been was far fetched, it is true, but there

was henceforth to be peace in continuously blood-stained Fiji.

This concrete demission was signed on October 10, 1874, by Thakombau as *Tui Viti* (King of Fiji) and *Vunivalu* (Root of War), and by twelve other important chiefs. Thakombau handed his club, stained with an awful, uncounted tally of death, to Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, who had been directed to proceed to Fiji to take over this new province of the Empire. The handing over of the club was as truthfully symbolic as it was dramatic—and gruesome. The club had been the sceptre in Fiji; it was so no longer. The missionary's gospel had so prevailed that club law had passed out. I shall speak of Thakombau again in another chapter.

I will refer here only briefly to the dark side of Fiji, not long past at the time of our arrival there. When the cannibal Fijian first became known, the civilized world was staggered by the knowledge that such a people was in existence. No conceivable, or inconceivable, features of fiendish savagery were lacking to them. To these people, of whom Commodore Wilks of the United States Exploring Expedition wrote: 'The missionaries will never be able to do anything with such savages as these,' came the Wesleyan missionaries in 1835.

The gospel had never before, in all its changeful passages from land to land through the centuries, been faced with so embruted, inhuman a representation

of mankind. Once more the gospel did not fail. It speedily and mightily prevailed. In the whole annals of Christendom the transformation of cannibal Fiji holds a unique place. In coming to Fiji we entered, therefore, upon a supremely inspiring field.

A missionary's first and immediate duty is to learn the language of the people to whom he has come. A Fijian-English and English-Fijian Dictionary and a Fijian Grammar were available, and there were a number of translations into Fijian I could use as reading books. My seniors in the field advised me, however, not to begin the study of the language with such aids, but to go among the people with a note-book, collecting my own vocabulary and learning its construction by hearing it spoken and by straightway attempting to speak it. Then I should be able presently to use dictionary and grammar wisely, and find them invaluable. I did so, and by endless blunderings began to find my way through the maze of a new speech.

The Fijian language belongs to an extensive South Sea group, but has distinct features of its own and is divided into several dialects. It is by no means a poor language, and possesses remarkable syntactical constructions. An example of this is the multiplications of the personal and possessive pronouns. In most languages these pronouns are used in two numbers, singular and plural, but in Fijian dual and triad forms are also employed. Thus the English 'our' may be represented in one connexion by *nondaru*, in another

by *nondatou*, and in yet another by *nonda*, according as the reference may be to two persons, or three, or many. Nevertheless, though etymologically the triad form is correctly so termed, in actual use it is frequently applied to a *few* whenever the idea of *many* is definitely excluded in the mind of the speaker.

The use of inclusive and exclusive forms of the personal and possessive pronouns is a feature of South Sea tongues generally, but in Fijian it is carried through the dual, triad, and plural numbers, with the result that there are six Fijian words for our English 'we,' viz. *kenda*, *keirau*, *kendatou*, *keimami*, *keitou*, *kendaru*.

The Fijian language is also unusual among its related tongues in its excessive variation of possessive pronouns. There are certain words, as *tama* ('father') and *tina* ('mother'), which have almost invariably attached to them the distinctive endings in all pronominal numbers. For instance, *tamangu* ('my father'), *tamandra* ('their father'), *tamamu* ('thy father'), &c., &c. A remarkable sub-class comprises those possessive words which refer to articles of food or drink. *Ke-nggu* means 'my food.' *Me-nggu* means 'my drink.' The peculiarity of pronouns of meat and drink is that they may be used absolutely, as above, or coupled with the ordinary words for food or drink, in whatever form the food and drink may appear. Thus 'my tea,' 'thy bread,' 'their coconut juice,' 'his yam,' would be *menggu ti*, *kemu mandrai*, *mendra mbu*, and *kena uvi*, respectively.

With the same copiousness the Fijian has separate

terms—e.g. for the operation of washing, according to its application to the head, face, body, or feet of a person, or to clothes, dishes, or floors.

These examples of Fijian linguistic elaborations may suffice to give an idea of the task of learning such a language. The external student finds these features exceedingly interesting, but to the missionary on the spot, who is at practical grips with the language, desiring as speedily as possible to speak it fluently, such features are so many traps into which he must inevitably fall, over and over again, almost beaten ; until, at last, having mastered these intricacies, he begins to point out enthusiastically to the uninitiated the surprising florescence of this obscure language of a savage people !

After a stay of three weeks with the experienced missionaries and noting their methods, we were conducted to our station by the Rev. Lorimer Fison. It was at the southern end of Taviuni, an island about sixty miles in circumference, which gives the impression at first of being one great mountain, and is indeed largely so. This mountain, 2,000 feet in height, is an extinct volcano, its crater forming a great lake, from which a clear, strong stream descends to the sea. The fertile soil of Taviuni, making a dream of tropical abundance, has gained for it such high praise as ‘ the garden of Fiji.’ Taviuni has geographical distinction in that the antipodal meridian of Greenwich runs through it, making the little island a keeper of the gate

of dawn. Strictly, it had different days of the week simultaneously—e.g. Sunday on one side of the longitudinal line and Monday on the other.

My far-stretching circuit embraced also half of another island, Vanua Levu. Young and inexperienced as I was, with this large area and a number of native ministers and teachers to direct, I felt the responsibility of my position, but happily had no time to brood over it ; the one evident duty was to be up and doing, and this absorbed all one's time and energy. The school of experience may be a hard and costly one, but it gives a thorough course to the sincerely willing learner ; and my native staff proved understandingly loyal and helpful. I could not possibly omit to say, too, how much I owed in sympathy and counsel to my wife as co-worker.

I found the whole population of Fiji nominally Christian and attending more or less satisfactorily the Wesleyan services (a small minority of the population, about ten per cent., belonged to the Roman Catholic Mission), and a very large number had received baptism, after instruction and examination. From them had been chosen assistant ministers, lay preachers, class leaders, and school teachers. Of these not a few had actually grown up under the vilest practices of Fijian savagery, but had become 'a new creation,' using St. Paul's striking term as the only one which can adequately express a transition so utter.

From the most promising of these converts, teachers

and preachers were chosen. If their mental equipment was regrettably slight and their exegesis often, to say the least of it, curious, they could tell at first hand of the transforming experience that had come into their own lives, and could at many points come into closer touch with their fellow Fijians than the intellectually trained minister was able to do.

A prince among native ministers of those early days was Joeli Bulu, born a heathen in Tonga, and there becoming a convert of the first missionaries to that Group. He came presently to join the new missionary staff in Fiji ; intercourse between Fiji and Tonga had been long established, both for peace and war. Joeli Bulu's courage was supreme and composed. His autobiography has been published. It is perhaps unique in the literature of Christian beginnings. One extract may be given : ' And the heathen came up to where we were sitting. Those who had guns pointed them at us ; those who had clubs raised them to strike ; the spearmen pointed their spears, making them quiver before our eyes ; and the bowmen bent their bows ; but no shot was fired, no blow was struck, no spear was thrown, and no arrow flew into our midst. What held them back I cannot say ; this only I know, that for a long time they stood there threatening us, while we sat in silence, speaking never a word ; but our hearts were crying to the Lord for help, and He heard our cry.'

Eliesa Takelo was another native minister of the

finest sort. He, too, was one of the bravest men I have ever known. Christianity brought a new kind of courage to the Fijian, for the Fijian's native genius even as a warrior lay in cunning and stratagem, and not in open battle-shock.

The native Fijian preacher is an adept in drawing analogies, even where no analogy was ever intended by the inspired writers. It may be truly said that by far the greater number of native preachers address themselves to this type of exposition, partly because they have not the necessary training for deeper thought, and partly because, for a similar reason, the people are more easily instructed thereby. Hence they eagerly ransack the Bible for incidents which may be applied in a parabolic way. If a link be missing, and if the preacher thinks the application would be more effective by its inclusion, he will not hesitate to supply it.

The following is an example of the native Fijian's allegorical style at its best ; it is from notes made at the time by a hearer. The subject taken was Luke xix. 28-47. The preacher gave in detail the story of the two disciples going into the village near by in order to get the ass on which Jesus was to ride into Jerusalem, according to the prophecies. For this preacher the salient features necessary to his spiritual interpretation were—the two disciples, the owner of the ass, the tree to which the ass was tied, and the rope by which he was tied. It will be noticed that the tree and the rope were supplied from the imagination of

the preacher. With great vividness and animation these several features of the story were emphasized. The audience is now prepared for the spiritual application. 'Now, chiefs and ladies, we come to the spiritual meaning of this Bible story about our blessed Lord. This is perfectly plain. I do not take to myself any credit for it, but, if there is any use in it, you know it is because God has shown it to me. The spiritual meaning' (this with commendable reiteration) 'is very plain, as plain as the noonday itself. First, the two *disciples* represent the preachers who are sent to the village near by. That much is clear. The *owner* of the ass is undoubtedly the *devil*, who is supreme in this world. We do nothing as preachers without his knowledge. And in all our work we have to reckon with him. The *tree* to which the colt is tied has a very clear meaning—as clear as the noonday. The *tree* is the *world*. And what shall we say of the *rope* with which the colt is tied? That is *sin*. And the *ass*, chiefs and ladies, represents the *people* who are tied in bonds to the *world* by *sin*. For these people Christ has a loving thought. He wants them to come to a higher service than to be tied there to the *tree* of the world by *sin*.'

Then follows an earnest appeal to respond to the call of Jesus as voiced by the preachers of the gospel. This is child-like, not childish. But there are also native Fijians who reveal a higher mentality and rise to another plane of exegesis.

It is in his uttered prayers that the Fijian exhibits most unconsciously his spiritual nature. The following, taken from my note-book, is an example of the Fijians' direct and natural expression of devotion : ' O Lord, we awoke this morning, came outside and trod the earth, looked around us and up to the heavens, and felt thankful to Thee, Our Father, good and kind.' A true note of praise, from a simple heart.

While so much had been accomplished before our arrival and we looked upon a marvellously changed Fiji, the work of the heroic pioneers had to be followed up and made secure by continued evangelizing, by patient teaching and guidance in the new life, and the creation of Christian ideals of character ; otherwise what had been won would be lost. Not in one generation or two can a people be lifted from the deepest depths of uncleanness and savagery to the moral heights of Christian thought and conduct. History shows how in lands incomparably ahead of poor Fiji, pagan ideas and customs have persisted side by side with the public profession of Christianity, and have not been eliminated even after centuries of contact with purer teaching.

Old superstitions and practices wrought into the very fibre of the coarsened, polluted Fijian soul were going to persist and reappear and claim their own again and again ; and here was the steady task to be faced, the great legacy handed on by those who had counted not their lives dear unto them, to fill up their

work, to build the temple of God on the foundations they had laid. The nucleus I had to start with was the reality of those individual conversions, by which, as I have said, old things passed away and all things became new. These were the spiritual leaven of the general community, whose Christianity had not gone further, in so many instances, than the abandonment of cannibalism and other grosser vices of their former days ; but even this was a very great deal—it gave us entrance ; it was something to work upon.

One of the reactionary movements I had to do with was the secret society of the Luve Ni Wai, an esoteric, orgiastic cult. The Luve Ni Wai were supposed water-spirits which, under certain conditions and in secret places, took possession of a chosen devotee, inspiring him to utter ‘wisdom’ which the fraternity must obey. The ‘wisdom’ was generally a direction to the initiates to secure for themselves wealth and power by overthrowing some existing authority. During my stay a prophet of the Luve Ni Wai, of more than customary fanaticism and persuasive power, arose and spread his ‘wisdom,’ backed by rich promises, with great effect. He was known as Navosavakandua, (‘I speak once’) ; but he spoke too often and had too many willing hearers, with the result that the Government took action against him. After his arrest and deportation from the district, a wild story went abroad of his escape in the smoke from the steamer’s funnel. He was banished for two years, but told his followers

that long ere that he would fly back to make good his 'wisdom.' His followers paid the price of their hopes, which made them a disturbing element, by receiving the subduing experience of prison labour. The rites and mischief of the Luve Ni Wai could not, however, be abolished by punishment, though held in check ; and in the mountain districts, more remote, it held sway for a considerable time, with recrudescences in other places ; its fascination being partly that of sheer superstition and partly that it gave an outlet to wild spirits in crime and lust.

This is an instance of the continued hold of age-long superstitions upon the Fijian mind. Other more secret beliefs and views were scotched, but by no means slain, and the missionary new to the field, had to remind himself at times of the Fiji of shame and blood that lay at that time not even one generation removed, lest he should be over-distressed at the reappearance of these dark elements. It was necessary only to recall the past, so close at hand, and then to turn to the present, bright with success and hope, in order to carry on with joyful heart the work so wondrously begun. Looking into the abyss from which the Fijian had been, and was still being, lifted, all things became possible. It was an inspiring atmosphere in which to work.

From Taviuni I was presently removed to Lomaloma, and after three years there, being now an experienced missionary, I was appointed to Rewa. This was a

historic station of the mission. To it had come William Cross, one of the two pioneer missionaries of Fiji, and there John Hunt, whose soul was as a flame of fire, had begun his brief and splendid course. The harvest of such labourers was seen, when I went to Rewa, in a circuit in which there were 27,000 church attendants, 14 native ministers, 260 native pastors and teachers, and 7,000 communicants. The oversight of this great circuit involved almost constant travelling, and a round occupying a month at a time from place to place was not unusual. The circuit divided itself naturally into island, mountain, and coastal zones, and in visiting these parts we sometimes used five different modes of travel.

One round may be described in some detail. My wife and I left for the island portion of the circuit in a five-ton cutter, and had a pleasant run to Bengga, the home of the often described and still unexplained fire-walkers. We visited a village here, with its people houseless, but not homeless. Every house had gone up in a general conflagration. The inhabitants had taken to the adjacent caves, where they were living, well lodged, only needing a curtain of plaited leaves across the entrance of each natural shelter, and in no hurry apparently to rebuild their conventional huts.

Next, we made for Vatulele, a low island completely enclosed by a reef. Of the coral reef many travellers have written. I shall not attempt to vie with them. It is like nothing else in all the world, a fairy world of

its own, wondrous to behold. From Vatulele a smart run along the treacherous shore of Nandronga brought us to Malolo. We were glad to enter the Malolo Passage and enjoy the change from the ceaseless and mighty swell of the Pacific and the ominous booming on the reefs to calm, sheltered waters within these surf-covered banks of coral and sea-weed. After a busy time at Malolo we proceeded to Nandi, and, to our surprise, found nothing less than a horse and cart sent by an Australian lady to take us to her house, where my wife was to stay while I went up into the mountain country.

At Nandi, too, I found a horse awaiting me that had been sent by the Acting Commissioner of the mountain area. He knew of my coming, and had most kindly made this labour-saving arrangement for me on my travels. It meant that I should now be able to ride, instead of walk, some ten to twenty miles a day. My Fijian escort never consisted of less than fifteen natives, and, as I had to suit my pace on horseback to theirs on foot, I had much talk with them, both grave and gay, and got new glimpses into the Fijian mind—a strangely furnished room to enter, a darkly haunted chamber, but capable of entertaining angels.

The horse was still a mystery animal in this part of Fiji, and at the end of our first day's journey my circuit-steward from Rewa, Jutasa by name, suggested that a pig be killed for food for the horse ! The horse did quite well on green bananas and yams.

The scenery of these mountains is grand, and etched with tropical vividness, and the atmosphere is delightful in the soft temperature of the Fijian winter. One spot appealed to me specially, with its far-stretching distances of multitudinous hues. We were travelling along a ridge not more than three feet wide, from either side of which the mountain sloped away to a terrible depth. Following the track down a steep descent, we came out on to a spur. Beneath us lay the valley, through which a winding stream made its way, a glinting silver streak amid the expanse of green; beyond were the shimmering, tree-clad hills with their nestling villages, where Thomas Baker passed to meet a martyr's death. Down the steep mountain-side on the left, waterfalls shone in the glow as they fell in mass or broken into spray.

I thought of Thomas Baker and his first-and-last journey into those distant hills. He had been appointed to Davuilevu (Ndaviulevu) on the Rewa River, as a point from which he might visit the unevangelized tribes of the interior of the island, using his judgement as to the time. Presently he determined to enter upon this unknown field, and, accompanied by a number of native teachers, he set out for the hill country.

Meanwhile a chief whose enmity Baker had unwittingly incurred now saw his opportunity for revenge. A fleet-footed messenger was sent ahead of the missionary party, bearing a whale's tooth, the meaning

of which he was to explain, to a chief in the hills. The whale's tooth was accepted as a pledge of consent to a murderous request from the sender. Baker and his party passed from village to village, and all seemed well. But, on reaching the village of the compliant chief, the missionary's suspicions were aroused ; indeed, he knew that his death was intended. Setting out from the village, with his own party and a number of local tribesmen accompanying, he was suddenly smitten down. The native teacher fell upon his knees beside his dying leader, and as he knelt received also a death-blow. Six others of the missionary's party were killed ; two escaped into the jungle and arrived at Davuilevu to tell the tragic story. But others ere long followed in the martyr's track, and the hill tribes, for whom Thomas Baker and his faithful companions gave their lives, were won by the Gospel he would fain have preached to them.

Our journey was continued into the highlands—indeed, it was something of a progress, for runners were sent along the road to report the time we were likely to arrive at this or that village, in order that the feast might be prepared and all the honours paid. It is impossible to give the details of those busy, happy days. Services were held, baptisms were administered, school examinations were conducted, native ministers were met in conference, matters of church discipline were settled. I may give here an instance of the smartness of the Fijian boy, even at that time. I was

examining in geography at one of our advanced schools, and set a class to trace a ship's course from London to Fiji. One boy set out on his voyage and seemed to be a capable pilot, but ended off in mid-ocean. He wrote, 'I sailed my ship nearly to Australia, then it got wrecked, and therefore I am not able to bring it on to Fiji.' A boy of parts !

This round of ours occupied thirty-one days, to which a week was added by bad weather on our return in the whale-boat. On one occasion we had to run for shelter and anchorage, and when we reached it were not sorry to spend a night off the boat, under a sail for a tent in a coconut grove.

The foregoing outline sketch may be taken as typical of most of our missionary life in Fiji ; it was a life of much interest and deep satisfaction. How good it was in the doing ! How grateful it is to recall ! Of the admiration and affection I have for my colleagues I will not speak, except to say that I count it among the best things of my life to have known them. Sir William Macgregor, afterwards British High Commissioner of the Pacific, summed up three of the most prominent of them : ' Dr. Langham is a splendid fighter of all things evil. Webb is possessed of great tact and blessed with a beautiful mind. Lindsay, with a calm exterior, exercises the greatest influence over the natives.' I cannot omit in this connexion the name of A. J. Small, fellow voyager on the *John Wesley*, designated for the Fijian Mission at the same time as

myself. He gave the whole of his ministerial life (forty-six years) to Fiji, died at his post, and was buried with all the honours of a principal chief. He came to know Fiji and the Fijians as no one else has done, and loved them as only a great and pure soul could love them. Mrs. Small still lives in Fiji, the land she and her husband made their own.

By a recent mail I received from Fiji two letters of deep and moving interest to me. One was from a native magistrate who was trained under me at fair Taviuni ; the other from a native minister of the Church, who as a lad made his act of life-long Christian faith and consecration at one of my services. Many years have passed since those days. We left Fiji with regret, under circumstances beyond our control. I hear again the kindly words of white residents, to whom I had frequently ministered, who saw us off, but most the plaintive native cry, mingling with the sobbing of the sea upon the reef, '*Sa mothe ! Sa mothe !*' 'Farewell ! Farewell !'

Any account of our life in Fiji would be inexcusably abbreviated without a reference to Sir John Bates Thurston, the Governor.

This splendid administrator spent a life in which adventure, hardship, and distinguished honours were blended in swift, dramatic fashion. When the Rev. James Calvert and his heroic wife made their last visit to the wondrously evangelized little island of Rotuma,

sailing in the old, original *John Wesley* brig, they found there the crew of the vessel *Star of Eve*, which had dragged her anchors in a gale and become a total wreck. Among the refugees on the island was one who had been a passenger travelling for the purpose of making a collection of South Sea botanical specimens. He was Mr. John Bates Thurston, whose sole possessions now were what he had swum ashore in—an imperfect, bedraggled suit of clothes. Since he had had to swim for his life, he had no boots. Mr. Calvert lent him a pair, which proved much too big, and Mrs. Calvert came to the rescue with a pair from her personal stock. So it was that, when the shipwrecked party was brought in the *John Wesley* from Rotuma to Fiji proper, the future Governor of the Group came ashore in a pair of Mrs. Calvert's shoes.

A good omen, too !—the coming Governor was notably and honourably shod. A pair of Mary Calvert's shoes to-day would be historic relics and not without sanctity if they were the shoes she wore when she and Mrs. Lyth walked unattended into the midst of a wild cannibal orgy at Bau to plead for the lives of its victims.

Let the immortal story once more be told, if briefly. These two women, while their husbands were absent on their missionary rounds, received information that a special cannibal celebration was in progress at Bau, and fourteen captured women were being sent to the ovens. The two white women resolved to save their doomed brown sisters ; and, compelling an unwilling

boatman to ferry them across the intervening narrow strip of water, they appeared upon the maddened scene. Making their way in spite of threatening looks and words, they entered the forbidden area of the great chief's house. Before him—a sullen, savage figure—they pleaded, and would not depart until they had secured the assurance that the captive women still alive should be spared.

Mr. Thurston did not play the part of the distressed gentleman, but took up sail-making by way of earning a living ; and did so until he was offered a position in the British Consul's office. On the Consul's departure, he left Mr. Thurston in charge, and when he arrived in England strongly urged that his *locum tenens* should be appointed permanently to the vacant position. But the ways of officialdom were not thus plain and simple, and, on another Consul arriving, Mr. Thurston retired into private life, and established himself as a planter on the island of Ovalau, and later at Taviuni. At this time a ludicrous parody of a parliament was formed by white men under the kingship of Thakombau. Under this Government matters were soon in a state of chaos, and Thurston was invited to take the helm. He conducted negotiations with the British Government for annexation, and when this took place he was appointed Colonial Secretary under the first Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon. After serving in this capacity under several Governors he was knighted, and later appointed Governor of the colony. Sir John had

earned the enmity of a certain section of the whites, and his appointment was received with mixed feelings. It was recollected that he had once engaged in menial toil, and this was held to his discredit. After his appointment a banquet was given him, and a number of the disgruntled whites attended. In responding to a toast the Governor went immediately to the heart of things. He said : ‘ My appointment as Governor has been questioned by many, and it has been said that I once made sails for a living. In reply to that assertion, gentlemen, I recall the incident of a man who had been elected to the House of Commons. When he made his first speech a member taunted him with the fact that he had once blacked boots for a living. The man replied, “ Yes, I blacked boots for a living, but didn’t I do them well ? ” It is true, gentlemen, that I once made sails in your midst for a living, but, in company with that member of the Commons, I ask, “ Didn’t I make them well ? ” ’

Sir John became a most popular Governor. In his attitude toward natives he was paternal but always discerning, benevolent but never weak. As British High Commissioner for the Pacific he made British authority honoured and trusted. He had the imperial outlook, yet no detail of routine work was too small for him. He had an extraordinary capacity for tabulating facts, and on one occasion he said to me, ‘ The man who writes a letter when it can be avoided is a fool, but the man who destroys any letter he receives

is a greater fool ! ' This accounted for the methodical manner in which he kept all official records, even those of apparently little value. Sir John Thurston was a friend to the missionaries of all denominations, but he would not brook interference in the civil administration, just as he refused to trespass on the province of the Churches. After a life of unselfish service Sir John Thurston died on February 11, 1897, one of the noblest order of overseas Englishmen.

CHAPTER II

THAKOMBAU

To have known Thakombau is to have known the dominating figure of South Sea story. He was one in whom the most awful features of savagery could no further go, a monster of inconceivable cruelty, delighting in the vilest practices of his cannibal race, possessing devilish craft and energy, with all the worst capacities for awful power and insatiable bloodshed—a horrific figure.

In contrast with this lurid, sickening list must be placed the later record of Thakombau, a contrast so strange, so mighty, as to be unthinkable were not the proofs beyond all question. Thakombau, the monster, became a true convert ; a sincere Christian ; a man trusted and esteemed even by sceptical white traders, a credit to the Church in which he became a lay preacher, honoured at his burial by the presence of a British Governor, a volley from a squad of British marines, and minute guns from a British war-ship with ensign at half-mast. Such was Thakombau, savage and saint, whose hand I took in friendship.

Not many who knew Thakombau now remain, and my readers will be quite willing, I think, that I should

linger a little over a story which, as a tribute to the power of Christian missions to the uttermost, can never lose its categorical evidential value.

A description of Thakombau as he appeared in his early prime is on record : ' He is extremely good-looking, being tall, well-made, and athletic. He exhibits much intelligence both in expression of countenance and manners. His features and figure resemble those of a European and he is easy and gracious in his carriage.' Captain Erskine has given a fuller portrait : ' It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief ; of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned ; his countenance with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent ; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent neck and chest or concealed the natural colour of the skin. . . . He looked every inch a king.'

I, too, can say that when I saw Thakombau ' he looked every inch a king,' but it was now with benignant dignity and gracious, if stately, presence. Of this one time dreaded, pitiless, savage potentate, Miss Gordon Cumming wrote in one of her Fijian letters : ' You may tell the boys that I have at last seen the King of the Cannibal Islands, and a fine stately old fellow he is, with a very bright, intelligent countenance

and a very chief-like, commanding carriage.' Miss Gordon Cumming relates also how she heard Thakombau pray at a watch-night service.

At an early age Thakombau entered upon his career of blood, being instructed at the age of seven to club to death another boy ; which he did without compunction. His father, Tanoa, too ferocious a ruler even in Fiji, was driven from his kingdom of Bau, (Mbau) but Thakombau, aged twelve was allowed to remain as incapable of doing any harm. The Chief of Viwa, one of the principal rebel leaders, was doubtful about this quiet boy, and advised that he should be put to death, and from his own standpoint he was wise and foreseeing. Thakombau, at that time known as Seru, proceeded to plot for his father's return, and was able presently to secure the backing of some powerful chiefs. When the measures for the counter-revolution were complete, the enemies of Tanoa found themselves suddenly overwhelmed by Seru's party. Many of them perished ; the town of Bau was burnt, and its soil reeked with blood after the massacre of its people. Tanoa returned to his authority, and his son Seru gained the name by which he has come down to history, Thakombau (Woe is Bau ! or, In evil case is Bau !).

As Tanoa grew old the power of Bau passed into Thakombau's hands, and, with Verani as his trusted adviser, he proceeded to enhance his authority by demanding that every chief should consider himself a

vassal of Bau. Wars, common at any time in Fiji, became more constant, and more dreadful, if that could be.

When Tanoa died, Fijian custom demanded that he should be accompanied in the world beyond by a number of his wives to wait upon him. The missionaries appealed to Thakombau to suspend this awful custom, and even, as the strangling went on in their presence, besought him to the last to desist; but in vain. Again, when Thakombau assumed the hereditary dignity of Vunivalu (Root of War) a great cannibal feast was, according to custom, arranged to celebrate the occasion. Once more the missionaries earnestly intervened, and once more in vain. To their entreaties Thakombau replied stiffly, 'What I choose I do, and none can interfere.'

Meanwhile Thakombau was not uninfluenced by the teaching and personal appeals of the missionaries, and the remarkable conversion of Verani had its effect upon him. But he would not permit a missionary to reside in Bau. When at last a grudging permission was given, and the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse went to live in the blood-stained town, he was afforded no protection from daily outrages. With calm, deliberate courage the missionary held his post. To the Missionary Society in London he wrote :

'It was in October that the king gave us permission to form an establishment here. No time was lost in taking possession of the ground. Leaving my family at Viwa, I endured a residence

in a wretchedly small hut, among these bloodthirsty people, in order to get a house built. On one occasion a body was left for several hours within three yards of the door of my hut, previous to its being cooked and eaten. For three months did the king trifle with my feelings and disregard his own solemn promise. It seemed as though we should never get the house built, and my own health was failing. The priests boldly affirmed that their gods would kill me, and were now beginning their work. But I recovered, the king redeemed his promise, and ordered the house to be commenced.

‘No sooner were we somewhat settled than we became the subjects of daily insult and robbery. Instead of being satisfied with hanging pieces of human flesh within two or three yards of our fence, as they did at first, some of the people proceeded to fix it upon reeds and place it within a yard or two of our doors and windows. All was lost but faith.’

Truly a noble letter ! I felt that I was in a glorious succession in being permitted to enter into the labours of such great souls.

There came at last the day when Thakombau, long defiant, made his public profession of Christianity. At his side during the service was his little son, who had been permitted to receive Christian instruction and had learned to read. This boy became his father’s teacher, the scholar being so keen to learn and the lessons so prolonged that the tired little teacher would fall asleep as he taught.

Three years later, Thakombau’s Christian knowledge and experience having deepened, and the genuineness of his profession being evident in his life, notably in his treatment of his enemies, clemency taking the place of insatiable revenge, he was baptized by the

faithful Waterhouse, who, having sowed in tears, now reaped in joy.

Thakombau's old feuds, with their tale of blood, were now passing away ; but new troubles of a different kind sprang up with the increase of white traders and the commercializing of Fiji. The traders and others, for the most part, were ready to take any opportunity of exploiting both king and people of Fiji. The wisest way, and indeed the only way out for Thakombau was the cession of Fiji to Great Britain, as already noted. His dignity as Vunivalu now became titular, but by no means unimportant. The deep-rooted Fijian regard for high descent and hereditary honours still held for Thakombau ; and the British Government, in its dealing with subject native races, has always been discerning enough to treat their sentiments and customs with sympathy and respect, and to make use of them in its administration. Thakombau was recognized with respect by the British Government, and in turn he served it well and truly, being held in real esteem by all the officials who came into touch with him.

For twenty years after his baptism, Thakombau witnessed a good confession. His way was a climbing out of the horrible pit and miry clay, his progress upward was a splendid Christian achievement, and his influence for good was great. No one questioned the depth and reality of Thakombau's conversion ; it was a ' new creation,' and his life ' was a living

epistle read and known of all men.' On February 1, 1883, he died with the words '*Taurivaki au Jisu* ('Take me, Jesus') upon his lips.

The burial of the great chief was delayed until it would be possible for a British ship of war to convey the Governor in state to the scene and in other ways pay respect to the occasion. It was the hurricane season, and no ship might take the risks just at that time among the reefs and tide rips of Fijian waters.

The Fijian arrangements for the burial were strictly according to ancient custom, which in relation to the Vunivalu were quite special. Custom lingers long, even when the original meaning of it is no longer in force, and Fijian superstitions, myths, and legends had not had time to decay. There was one outstanding usage in connexion with the burial of the Vunivalu observed in honour of Thakombau. It was a part of the national tribute, and its omission would have been a dreadful ceremonial breach, while a superstitious value also attached to it. But the worst of the old burial customs for such a mighty, paramount chief as Thakombau could no longer be even named in Fiji.

The preparation of Thakombau's grave could be done only by the qualified grave-diggers for royalty, a clan belonging to the small village of Koroivau, on the mainland near Bau. By some remote, hereditary appointment, this work was confined to them, as they

alone were immune from the *mana*—a divine essence emanating from the body of the Vunivalu, which was deadly to others. Before turning the first sod, these diggers would, according to their traditions, roast and eat the fruit of a certain shrub. No one would approach the grave while it was being dug, lest the hovering *mana* should lay hold of them. After a while this mysterious, threatening force evaporates and the grave is harmless ; but while the digging is going on, if any of the diggers go abroad they are warned by shouts not to approach those who see them coming, for fear of the *mana*. Such was the old belief and the old ritual.

Thakombau's grave, an immense pit, was not dug in the old royal burying-ground where his father, Tanoa, lay with two of his strangled wives on each side of him, and the fifth crosswise at his head as his *lokoloko* or pillow. The spot selected was on the brow of a steep cliff, with the varying colours of the ocean at its feet and the infinite stretch of blue and purple beyond. Had Thakombau died in his heathen days he, too, would have had five, at fewest, of his wives buried with him.

After a long delay H.M.S. *Miranda* arrived off Bau with the Governor on board, and on the day of the funeral he landed with his suite, officers of the ship and detachments of bluejackets and marines. With a concourse of natives gathered from far around, His Excellency, with his full representation of British state,

proceeded to the grave, together with the Rev. Dr. Langham and three other missionaries. In the silence were heard in the Fijian version the words, mighty in every tongue, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' moving to their triumphant close. Then followed the other scriptures and prayers of the Burial Service.

The religious service being finished, the bluejackets fired three volleys, with a bugle-call between; and then, from across the water, there came breaking in upon the murmurous wash of the league-long rollers on the reef the boom of minute guns from the *Miranda*. Thus, with high British ceremony, was the last and once fiercest Vunivalu of old Fiji laid in his honoured grave.

If it be true, as often asserted, that the Pacific is the Ocean of the future, the coming centre of the world's international interests, the scene where great and decisive affairs of history will be staged, then Thakombau has deserved well of Great Britain, for it was he who placed in her more or less unwilling hands this Fijian Group, the strategic value of which in the Pacific may be beyond reckoning; and he was to the end of his days loyal to the new Power he had called in. But behind Thakombau stand those first missionaries, who with indomitable faith and courage faced the most revolting savagery the sun has ever looked upon, and unfurled on incarnadined Fijian soil a more imperially subduing flag than that of Great Britain.

CHAPTER III

THE CALL OF PAPUA

I HAD left Fiji, not because I was tired of missionary work ; and when, after less than two years of Australian service, the missionary call again came, it fell once more on willing ears, not less so because this time it was to pioneer work on virgin soil ; and the willingness was whole-heartedly shared by my wife.

A portion of the great island of New Guinea, which is three and a half times the size of Great Britain, and ranks as the largest island in the world—not counting Australia—had recently (1888) been annexed to the British Crown ; four years earlier it had been proclaimed provisionally a British Protectorate. The rest of the island was held by Holland (already in long occupation) and Germany. The general name of Papua is now applied to the British portion, which has an area of 90,540 square miles, and an estimated population of well over a quarter of a million.

Sixteen years before annexation, the London Missionary Society had begun to work on the Fly River, and had stations along the coast. The name of James Chalmers, hero and martyr, at once recurs in its splendour in connexion with this work. The Roman

Catholic Church had a mission with headquarters at Yule Island. Sir William Macgregor (of whom more later), the first Administrator of the newly annexed territory, whose knowledge of the South Sea Islanders, previously gained, was probably such as no one else has possessed, was now wishful that the whole of his savage province should be brought under missionary influence.

He laid the matter before the Anglican and Wesleyan Churches of Australia, with the result, in each case, that his request had an immediate and earnest response. In order to prevent overlapping, and confusion to the native mind, he arranged that each missionary society should have a specific area allotted to it—and there was plenty of room, without any shouldering ; so that to-day there are four uncompeting Churches (including the Roman Catholic Church) at work in Papua, each with its own sphere of influence. The portion allotted to Methodism was a small strip of twenty miles of coast-line on the mainland from East Cape to Cape Ducie, and, principally, the numerous and populous islands of the eastern part of the territory, with the exception of two, which were to be retained by the London Missionary Society.

The largest Group in the Methodist area is the D'Entrecasteaux Group, of which the principal components are Normanby Island, forty-five miles in length, Ferguson Island, forty miles by twenty, and Goodenough Island, twenty-two miles by fifteen.

The Trobriand Group lies forty miles north of the

D'Entrecasteaux. Other Groups within the area are the Woodlark, the Engineer, the Moresby, and the Louisiade. All these, except the Trobriands, are of volcanic origin and present strikingly picturesque and often majestic outlines against the sky ; many of them rising to mountain heights, which are made more impressive to the eye seen, as they are, with unobstructed view from the azure plain of the ocean. The Trobriand Group and a few small clusters are of coral formation, and are flat and low-lying. Among the volcanic isles are some which attain to noble elevations. Goodenough Island reaches 8,000 feet, and Ferguson Island is not far short of this, with towering masses, cast into strange forms, at once austere and graceful, tinged with marvellous shades of purple and lavender and blue, their bases clad in tropic verdure which follows their slopes and valleys upward, to peaks wrapped with cloud drifts.

All the islands possess the lesser scenic charms made familiar to readers of descriptive books of South Sea travel and adventure, so far as it is possible to describe them : the intensive glow of air and sea and land ; the milky foam of the ever-breaking seas upon reefs and strands ; the changeful, opalescent colours of the sheltered lagoons ; the silvery gleam of powdered coral beaches ; the brilliant foliage overtopped by the coconut-palms with their drooping coronals ; the smiling but fickle ocean encircling all with its varying sapphire sheen. Such, in their radiant setting, are

these 'summer isles of Eden' in which the Mission was to work.

The island of Dobu, in the D'Entrecasteaux Group, was chosen for the headquarters of the Mission ; not because of its size, but because of its central position and a prestige which its inhabitants possessed among neighbouring peoples ; also because the Dobuans by their fierce bloodthirstiness offered a test case for missionary work, accepted on the principle expressed by John Wesley, 'Go not only to those who need you, but to those who need you most.' The Dobuans were described by Sir William Macgregor as the fiercest and most inveterate head-hunters in all Papua.

The island is very small, about four miles across at its greatest width. Rising from it to a height of 900 feet is the truncated cone of what geologists have termed an 'inactive' volcano. They state that Dobu and adjacent isles lie along a direct volcanic line ; and proof of this to the lay mind is not far to seek, for at Dobu there are hot springs on the beach and in the shallow waters at the north-eastern end of the island. The temperature of these springs varies from a comfortable bathing warmth to a heat sufficient for cooking purposes. Scientific opinion is that one of these days Dobu might be lifted and enlarged or be blown to bits and scattered to the four winds.

Dobu was to be my place of residence, giving me, as Chairman of the Mission, readiest access to other stations and outposts.

We discovered later that it was an invaluable centre for our work, owing to a widespread acquaintance with the Dobuan language among the other island Groups in these seas. Daring and enterprise in war and trade had taken Dobuans to distant islands, whose inhabitants had picked up, often to their sorrow, some slight knowledge of the speech of their visitors. At points remote from Dobu we were to find it possible to establish limited communications in Dobuan, and again and again we were to be thankful for the possibility of making ourselves understood in at least a few leading words. It was no mere happy accident that led us to fix on Dobu as our centre, since it put us into extended linguistic touch in a way that no other spot could have done.

The entry upon this new mission field was arranged on an unusual scale as to numbers ; it was indeed an attack in force. In addition to myself, my wife and daughter, were the Revs. S. B. Fellows, J. T. Field, J. Watson, Mr. G. H. Bardsley, and twenty-two South Sea Island teachers (from Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga), twelve of whom were accompanied by their wives. The three-masted schooner *Lord of the Isles* was chartered for the voyage, and was to proceed to New Britain also, carrying members of the staff of the Mission established there sixteen years before. The Rev. Dr. Brown, General Secretary of the Missionary Society, accompanied us—himself a heroic, veteran missionary ; his practical knowledge as founder of the Mission in

New Britain, among a notoriously savage people, was invaluable to us when we reached Dobu.

The cargo carried for the Mission consisted of timber, ready cut and fitted for two bungalows and a small cottage, corrugated iron for a store-room, a three-ton cutter, two whale-boats, a cow, and several dogs, with full supplies of general goods. Probably no missionary undertaking had ever been so well fitted out as this, but no extravagance had crept in ; every item had its practical value for the Mission. The admirable completeness of our stores was largely owing to both the zeal and discretion of Mr. G. J. Waterhouse of Sydney, who was intensely interested in the Mission for its own sake, and for the honoured sake of his own missionary ancestry.

The *Lord of the Isles* (nautically classed as a barquentine, i.e. a three-masted schooner, with a distinctive rigging) sailed out of Sydney Harbour on May 27, 1891. A tender, crowded with friends waving their farewells, accompanied us down the harbour. The Rev. James Watson, the junior member of our party, now a veteran with a record of strange missionary adventures by land and sea, has reminded me of some of the incidents which on ship-board expand to notability. Our party was divided by the inevitable into those who had good appetites at sea, and those who certainly had not ; those whose spirits rose with the storm and the lifting deck, and those who sadly counted the hours until they would feel solid earth

again beneath their feet. I am reminded of the two dogs belonging to our party, the one representing comedy—to those not actually concerned—and the other tragedy. Mr. Field's dog was kept on the chain and became vicious under the treatment, with a resulting unpopularity among the sailors not sparingly expressed, as, on the slippery decks crowded with cargo, they failed to allow sufficiently for the length of his chain. The other dog—a noble, friendly retriever—belonging to the wife of one of the New Britain missionaries, was at liberty during a heavy storm and went overboard. It was impossible to put the ship about to attempt to pick him up, and we were all sorry to lose him.

The wind varied from tempestuous to dead calm. During the latter some of the passengers and crew had the delight of swimming in the blue Pacific waters, with some hundreds of fathoms beneath them. The cry of shark, a true alarm, brought them at their best pace to the ship's side, meanwhile two or three of those on deck had the swimmers under the cover of their rifles, ready to riddle the monster. A sinister occasion was when the crew came near to defiance of orders. The affair passed, but it was no trivial matter while it lasted.

Then, as we kept a lookout for the first sight of the islands off the mainland of New Guinea, there loomed on the horizon a light purple shadow, deepening as we approached into solid mountainous form, touched

with multitudinous, glamorous light and shade. With such in sight we made our way to Samarai, our port of entry. The white population was much interested in our enterprise, and frankly told us that to go to Dobu at all was folly akin to madness, but to go unarmed was madness, sheer and unmitigated ; did we really know what sort of savages the Dobuans were—the worst in all Papua ? Their information and advice had doubtless a weird touch, but we knew how to discount some of their stories, in which ‘ scare lines ’ were not lacking ; while a good deal of genuine concern for us was felt ; we were a large party, and if things went wrong it would be tragedy on a considerable scale. What we heard at Samarai added nothing to what we already knew ; we had not waited till then to learn the facts about Dobu ; and the last short stretch of our voyage was cheerfully entered upon.

Our making Dobu brought us perilously near to shipwreck. The *Lord of the Isles* was taken round to the eastern side of the island, getting entangled among the reefs ; and the chance of getting her clear was very poor indeed, when the *Merrie England*, the Government steamer, with His Excellency Sir William Macgregor on board, cruising in the neighbourhood in prospect of our arrival, came upon the scene and towed us to safety.

Preparations for landing were immediately entered upon. It was as well, perhaps, that some diversions, of which Mr. Watson reminds me, occurred to relieve



'LORD OF THE ISLES' AND 'MERRIE ENGLAND'
OFF DOBU ISLAND IN 1891

Photo: Rev. R. H. Rickard.



SAMARAI, PAPUA

Photo: Mr. W. H. Lucas.

[Face p. 65]

the gravity of the situation. He remembers (it is a pleasant recollection, I am afraid !) how the captain, clad in a white suit, which my informant had seen him stretching into shape with the help of the mate, in lieu of ironing, got a complete ducking, through a lubberly miscalculation of one of the sailors lowering the boat. Indeed, the humours of other situations, in spite of their victims, seem to have served quite a purpose that day. Meantime a large number of natives were afloat in their canoes, but not near the ship, asking each other, no doubt, what this coming to their island stronghold meant and how they could meet it.

The following day the landing of building material began, but first of all there was a cow to be got ashore. The natives must have watched with awe-stricken eyes, as the animal of fearsome size and form was hoisted by a rope round its horns, then lowered into the water, and taken in tow by a ship's boat ; a missionary, sitting at the stern, keeping it afloat by holding on to its horns with its chin upon the edge of the boat. In no way upset by these doings, the cow at once took to her new surroundings and proceeded to make a good meal of bananas. A few days later, however, she developed a sickness which the Rev. R. H. Rickard diagnosed as malarial fever. It would seem he was right, for after he had poured down her throat a prodigious dose of quinine she recovered and returned to the bananas.

The white beach of broken coral, and the green slopes under which the Mission settlement was to stand, became a busy scene. A shed was hastily built to shelter the perishable stores, and buildings of native style were run up for the South Sea Island teachers. The white missionaries still made the ship their casual lodging, but were seldom aboard. Sites were bought through a Government officer ; native labour was hired, and it soon became evident that the Dobuans were not slow to learn how to do unaccustomed work. The timber of the island did not serve for the foundation blocks of the bungalow, and these were obtained on Ferguson Island, and floated across the strait, a distance of two miles. Supplies of island food were bought daily for the South Sea Island teachers, and paid for in trade goods in favour with Dobuans. The hygiene of the new settlement had to be carefully guarded ; and a watchful eye upon our unknown neighbours had to be kept. Meanwhile, our building operations went on apace.

We were fortunate in having the help of those who were on their way to the mission in New Britain. One of these, the Rev. R. H. Rickard, was particularly successful in 'speeding up' his native team, and won from them a new name, 'Quick-Quick,' because of his frequent use of that word, which they soon understood, and laughingly repeated, to his ready amusement and their own.

One spot on which we proposed to build a house was

declared by the natives to be haunted by a sorcerer's curse, and woe betide the one who stepped upon it. We offered to drive out the evil spirit, and assured them they need have no fear of harm in working there. They doubted our powers, and were only satisfied when they had sent for one special sorcerer to lift the spell.

The formation of the settlement was a busy and anxious time, but all went well. The islanders gave no definite signs of welcome or opposition. As to the latter, if they felt it, they were as yet overawed by the fact that the *Merrie England* was cruising in the neighbourhood. The *Lord of the Isles* continued to be the home of the party until accommodation ashore was ready.

At the end of three weeks this now familiar ship sailed for New Britain ; and the *Merrie England*, which had in the meantime been cruising around, also departed. Scarcely had we said good-bye to those on board these vessels which had been a visible link to the great world outside, and prepared ourselves to face the new unknown situation at hand, when the shadow of death fell upon our company. The wife of Nehemiah Sole, a Fijian catechist, died of malarial fever and supervening effects. Bending over her body, the poor fellow cried again and again in his native tongue, 'Oh, thou my wife, why hast thou left me? Before we have won even one of these heathen for Christ? Before we have learned any word of their language,

thou art gone.' What could we do but kneel with him and pray that he might be comforted of God, and that all of us might be baptised for the dead. (There will be much to be said of the devotion of these teachers, who in so many instances were beyond all praise. Nehemiah was the first instance of this. Coming to me a little while afterwards, he said, 'You will not send me back to Fiji because my wife has died? She died for the Papuans as Christ died for us all, and shall I not stay to do the work in which she would have been my helper?' He did successful work at East Cape; and died at his post.)

The burial of poor Nehemiah's wife, coming so early in the history of the Mission, had to be hurriedly arranged, and we chose for our cemetery the top of a hill near by, overlooking the straits to the west, opening into the ocean which she had crossed to die. We wended our way along the white beach and through the rich tropical growth. Nature was all beautiful; it was left for men and women to make a horrid disharmony. The sorcerers and witches from the villages around had gathered on the shore, and as we passed broke out in jeers and laughter—if such it could be called. On our return I asked a native who knew a few words of English why the funeral had not been respected. He replied that these magicians had killed the woman by their incantations, of which they boasted, adding—and thoroughly believing what he said—that sooner or later they would accomplish the

deaths of all our party. Thus we were brought face to face with what we found to be the controlling belief of these people—their deep and terrifying belief in magic.

It was only slowly and after gaining *entrée* into the native mind that I came to understand fully the hold it had, and how all life, every movement and every action, was dominated by the thought of this unreckonable and dreaded factor. It will be spoken of in a later chapter.

A few weeks after our arrival the heavy rains set in, and with them the malaria laid hold upon one after another of the Mission party. When the *Lord of the Isles* had put into Samarai, before reaching Dobu, there were no signs of fever amongst us, but a few days after our arrival at Dobu the first case appeared. We did not know then what we learned soon after through the research work of the schools of tropical medicine, that it is ten days after the bite of the malarial mosquito when the fever manifests itself. I verified this by actual cases noted in my diary.

Death began to reduce our ranks. A medical missionary could have done great work, but it was to be very many years before this Papuan Mission could count such a one on its staff. All of us as time went on gained certain practical homely medical skill in dealing with fever and native diseases, but heavy toll in health and life has to be paid by white residents in such a country, specially amid the crude conditions of

first beginnings—of which those most concerned have not complained, and still less boasted. I may say there are three kinds of fever to which the resident in Papua is liable ; the intermittent, or simple ague and fever, which is more or less easily controlled ; the remittent, which is more malignant because of the persistent high temperature and the difficulty of producing perspiration ; the blackwater, which, with its complications, is the worst of the three, and requires quick and careful treatment. Malaria, once contracted by white people, becomes a persistent, and frequently even a life-long, trouble, in spite of removal from its haunts.

Danger of another kind, unbeknown, threatened us. A month after our arrival at Dobu there was a cannibal feast at a village two miles from the Mission station. All we could do was to make our protest with what force we could ; and my colleague, the Rev. J. T. Field, proceeded to the scene of the shameful orgy. He sought out the chief, and found him seated in front of his house, which was adorned with rows of skulls, some of which had evidently been added quite recently. To the chief he spoke his mind as well as he was able, and succeeded in persuading him to bury these ghastly trophies. It was not to be expected that our interference would be taken kindly, and we could feel that the population was becoming restless and excited under the impact of the Mission. It was only afterwards that we learned how critical our

position was. There was one law of the island against which we were unwittingly offending ; in brief it was just this—we had no business to be there ; there was no place at all for an outsider : the island was a close preserve, and trespassers would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, which was very rigorous indeed. The only salvation was through adoption by the local tribe.

In addition to Dobu being a forbidden land, there was the native *lex talionis* ready to fall upon us. Some seven years before our coming the schooner *Hopeful* had visited the island to obtain labourers for the sugar plantations of Queensland. With the worst of these labour-recruiting vessels the business was just kidnapping, accomplished by treachery and violence. It was so with the misnamed *Hopeful*. The natives went off in their canoes to trade, and were invited on board, till the decks were crowded. Then the canoes about the ship were suddenly smashed with heavy weights, the natives who jumped overboard and swam for life were fired upon, some were killed, others were captured ; and the ‘blackbirding’ ship sailed away, leaving a wrong to be avenged when opportunity offered. According to the *lex talionis* of the South Seas, any of the colour or race of the offenders are looked upon as fit subjects for its exercise. It is true that on attempting to get rid of his living freight at a North Queensland port the captain of the *Hopeful* was examined and put on his trial ; with the result that

the stolen Dobuans were returned to their own land, but that did not wipe out the outrages committed, and we were marked as expiatory victims.

The plot was simple and direct enough. The warriors of Dobu and the villages opposite were to come to the Mission station, without spears or clubs, but armed with a few knives and tomahawks. The men were to form separate bands around the unsuspecting individual members of our party, carrying on a conversation, until at a given signal the deadly blows were to be struck. There was no apparent reason why the plot should not succeed.

We owed our escape to the restraining action of two leading warriors, Gaganumore, of Dobu, and Kedokeda, of Bwaiowa, on Ferguson Island. At a council of fighting men held to decide upon the massacre there was a difference of opinion. The younger bloods were all for direct action, but the two great chiefs saw another side to the matter. 'How do you know they will not make a fight for their lives?' they asked. The reply was, 'They are so few and we so many. What chance have they?' True enough. The older men then raised a more forceful objection, 'What about their friends? They will come to visit them, and, finding them dead, they will punish us and be our enemies. No, let us wait, and see what they are like. If they are good to live with we will adopt them into the tribe, and, if not, we can kill them when we choose.' The counsel of the older men prevailed.

But it was some time before we knew how we had been weighed in the balance to live or die.

A considerable time afterwards I had an amusing reminder of this plot. I was passing a group of men seated on the grass, and laughing over what was evidently regarded as a good joke. 'What are you laughing about?' I asked. The reply came, 'We were laughing at you,' and the explanation followed. They had been talking over old times, and had recalled the suggestion made by a young warrior at the council at which the annihilation of the Mission party had been discussed. Looking ahead, an ardent youth had pointed out that it would be necessary to dismember me before cooking, as I was too large for the pot. The Dobuans are undersized, and I weighed at that time fourteen stone! Happily the necessity did not arise for me to put them to this *post mortem* inconvenience.

My first attempt at preaching to Dobuans was a month after our arrival, when I tried to use as interpreters some men from Teste Island, who knew a little 'pidgin' English and not very much Dobuan. I found later that they had told the congregation that because of their misdeeds the Government would come for them and take them to jail at Samarai. This as translation was certainly something more than free! Probably they took the line of argument which they felt would be effective in their own case. As soon as I had vocabulary enough to form the barest sentences, I

preferred to take my own risks rather than those of my free-lance interpreters.

Pidgin English plays so great a linguistic part in some of the older Eastern lands and has been so largely adopted in new lands, such as Papua, that a passing note may well be given to it here. It is a remarkable, and, no doubt, outrageous corruption of 'the tongue that Shakespeare spoke,' but its usefulness is equally undoubted ; the need has created the supply.

Its underlying principle seems to be that of the 'baby talk' instinctively employed as the earliest form of speech addressed to little children. The vocabulary of pidgin is very limited, though it grows with use and contact with orthodox English. In Papua it is the medium of communication between Government officials, white traders, and others on the one side and the polyglot Papuans on the other, who are very quick at picking it up. It is astonishing how much can be done with this crude jargon of debased English. Without it in Papua, the multiplicity of tongues would require for government and trade an impossible variety of interpreters.

The following is an example of pidgin at its best, what may be called 'classic' pidgin, taken from a recent article on the subject. A native constable has captured an intending burglar of a Chinaman's store, and is giving his evidence before the Government :

'Me me police boy. Yesterday along night, he big night finish, me walk about along road. Me go, go, go. Now, eye

belong me he lookim one fellow boy he stand up along veranda belong store belong Kongkong. Him he lookim me ; him he run away. Me behind him now me holdim fast. Him he like fight, now me hammer him. Me hammer him, hammer him, now eye belong him round, now he sleep. Me carry him along calaboose.' The depositions would be written thus :

'I am a native constable. About 11 p.m. yesterday I was walking along the street when I saw a native standing on the veranda of a Chinaman's store. The native saw me and ran away. I followed and caught him. He made as if to fight me, so I struck him until he became giddy and lost consciousness. I carried him to the lock-up.'

What is to be the future of this fantastic form of speech? New words are constantly being added to it (the word 'really' is reported as one of the latest), and it is conceivable that its terms may be corrected little by little, making it to conform increasingly to the usages of the language from which it has sprung. It is stated by a London paper that a grammar and dictionary of pidgin are in hand.

Meanwhile, strategic points of the larger field of the Mission were being occupied. Twelve of the teachers were stationed, two by two, on Dobu and the adjacent coast of Ferguson Island ; one remained with me at headquarters. Women and the sorcerers were active in opposing the reception of the teachers, others looked on with surly indifference, and there was a dangerous undercurrent of feeling abroad ; but the readiness with which the teachers went to their posts, and their wise behaviour generally, is beyond all praise. The

occasions on which they lacked discretion and acted provocatively were remarkably few. Again and again I was greatly moved by their simple, high devotion. As I spoke to them of the places I wished to be occupied, they replied, 'Sir, tell us where you wish us to go and we will go, for God will help us.' I can choose from my staff of South Sea teachers a number of names worthy of a place in the Church's calendar of saints.

The stations occupied by my colleagues, Messrs. Field, Fellows, and Watson, will be noted later. They were making new centres elsewhere than Dobu.

CHAPTER IV

DOBUAN PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND BELIEFS

THE inhabitants of Papua are not one people ; so far from that, they consist of a very great variety of physical types, with a still greater variety of languages, differing widely from each other. It would seem that many racial migrations, earlier and later—whence and whither no one can say—have left distinctive traces of their tracks in the exceedingly differentiated people of Papua. Ethnologists have found them a fascinating but perplexing study, and it is quite doubtful whether their researches have resulted in anything more than interesting theories. It would not be too much to say that nobody really knows anything of the origin of this disordered racial mixture, loosely comprehended in the term, Papuans.

The people of the islands included in the sphere of our Mission present many varied and distinctive features, and among them the Dobuans stand out with quite definite and pronounced characteristics. It is of the Dobuans I shall have most to say, since I lived in their midst continuously for seventeen years.

They are not, at first sight, an attractive-looking

folk, small of stature, with abnormally large heads, which Dr. Malinowski says 'give them a gnome-like appearance.' I cannot vouch for the likeness, but Dobuans strike one unfavourably on first acquaintance. Long familiarity, however, puts another aspect on the case, and one not only ceases to be critical, but gets to read their appearance with a kindly eye ; nor are by any means all of them lacking in good looks.

Their villages (or hamlets, for they are very small) lie closely packed upon the fertile foreshores, but hidden from each other by the thick growth of coconut palms, bananas, yams, and other vegetation. The public tracks or roads do not pass through villages, but skirt their edges ; and a stranger or visitor has not (or used not to have) the right of entry to a village, but must wait to be called and admitted. The houses are well constructed, with saddle-shaped roofs and built on piles. A burying-ground forms the centre of a village, around which the houses are clustered, the most important of them, at the time of our arrival, often adorned with cannibal relics.

The language was the first point of attack, and in this my experience in Fiji served me well. There I had the use of a grammar and dictionary, it is true, and at Dobu I could not build on anyone else's foundation ; but, as in Fiji I had gone about asking perpetually, '*Athava onngo?*' ('What is that?') and entering the reply in my note-book, so now I went about asking, '*To'ase gate?*' ('What is that?') as the key to the

compilation of a Dobuan vocabulary. The only 'tutorial' help I could obtain was from two or three of the islanders who had been kidnapped some time before to work on the Queensland plantations (already spoken of) and had been returned by the authorities to their own land, bringing with them a few English words and phrases ; also from a native of a neighbouring island who knew a little pidgin English. But such mentors were really useless, and might easily be misleading.

I went about with my constant question, and an equally constant note-book in which I entered, writing phonetically, each reply as I got it. The difficulty with objects was not great ; adjectives were troublesome ; grammatical construction was hard labour, requiring to be done over and over again, as one discovered his mistakes. Some pitfalls which I fell into were amusing, and some serious. On one occasion, seeing a boy running, I asked my stock question, desiring to obtain the Dobuan for 'run.' I entered up the answer, only to find afterwards that I had got the name of the boy. My mistake over the word *goseda* was a weightier error. I had heard the word so often and in such constant connexion that I had no doubt it was the pronoun 'him' ; it seemed to fit perfectly with the idiom—and so it did, but not in the way I thought. I used it in speaking of the devil, and afterwards learned that *goseda* meant 'our friend.'

The causatives, prefixes, and suffixes were very puzzling. My knowledge of Fijian was again and again a help to me, specially as to inflexions, as in the inclusive and exclusive pronouns—e.g. *abo'ada* = 'we,' including the persons addressed, *abo'ama* = 'we,' excluding such persons. Dobuan speech specializes in words thus : 'carrying in the hand,' 'carrying on the shoulder,' 'carrying on the back,' 'carrying on the head' is each expressed by a different word. Similarly in verbs of direction : *laga* means to go to the village from the beach, but along the beach toward the south ; *doro* means to go to the beach from the village, but along the beach toward the north ; *nao* means to go east or west ; and so on. To master a vocabulary with such refinements is, to begin with, like trying to find one's way in a maze.

The Dobuan system of numeration is interesting ; the same usage prevailing in many other parts of New Guinea. It is done on the fingers and toes, and is very simply made cumulative. One to five (*'ebweu*, *'erua*, *'eto*, *ata*, *nima*) being reckoned upon one hand, and the two hands making ten (*sanau*). Next comes one foot, making fifteen, the other foot, making twenty (*to 'ebweu*, meaning 'one man finished'). Next follows *tomorua* or 'two men,' reaching up to forty, and so on to a hundred (*tomonima*). According to this method, sixty-six would be *tomoto-ta-nima-ta 'ebwiu*, which translates literally into 'three men's fingers and toes and five and one.' We taught our Dobuans to



DOBUAN VILLAGE



DOBUAN FAMILY GROUP

[Face p. 81

count in English, pronouncing phonetically, and this is the only bit of English they have found easy.

The terminology of family relationships is complex to the last degree. An anthropologist who studied the Dobuans on the spot has declared that no less than twelve hundred terms are necessary to follow the ramifications and refinements of kinship. I quote him, and leave it at that ; but well do I know how in this matter one stumbles and falls, and starts again. When I began to translate the Old Testament great care had to be taken in rightly expressing family relationships, and still the situation might be confused.

But as I look back it is not the mental toil that recurs to me, so much as the zest of the pursuit of that tricky but fascinating language, and the joy of securing and nailing down new words and grasping new idioms ; and all this in contact with real life of thrilling interest. Understanding of the language would break in upon one suddenly as one talked with child or man, or listened to others gossiping, debating, joking, quarrelling. Nor did I lack a sense of divine illumination, by which my mental processes and perceptions were quickened to apprehend and acquire the tongue in which I longed to preach the gospel in dark Dobu.

My first translations were attempts to give the people a few simple hymns set to light and easy tunes. I ascertained afterwards that my plan of repeating an

idea in each verse was quite according to usage in Dobuan native songs ; for instance, the ditty on a shell, called '*Kasiladi*,' is a constant repetition. As soon as I felt safe enough with the language I set about a translation of the Lord's Prayer. By this time a number of young men had become very friendly with me, and I called them in to help me in the choice of terms carrying the shades of meaning I needed. The translation was not difficult until I came to the petition for Forgiveness. It was to them an absolutely new and apparently incomprehensible idea. How, then, could it be expressed and brought to the minds and hearts of these Dobuans to whom it was as unthinkable as colour to those who have never had sight. It had been the same in Fiji, and the best that could be done there was an accommodation to their utter inability to conceive the idea of merciful and entire remission, the translators using the negative form 'Do not punish us for our sins.'

When I told my little company of advisers that I wanted a word for not paying back injuries, they said, 'But we always do pay back.' Then one of them, with a strange shrewdness, suggested that instead of saying, 'Do not punish us for our sins,' since God would be sure to punish us if we told Him we were bad and needed mercy, it would be better to say, 'Do not punish us, for we are good.' The sense of sin and pardon had yet to be created in the Dobuan soul. This young man went on to say, with the same

calculating philosophy, that, if I told the people they were bad and deserved punishment, I should lose favour and meet with opposition.

The rest of the Lord's prayer was comparatively easy—in its simplicity proving itself suited, once again, to a child-race ; while ever in its sublimity having for saint and scholar depths still to be plumbed and heights yet to be attained.

My first translation of Holy Scripture into Dobuan was St. Mark's Gospel, completed three years after our landing. During the next four years the three remaining Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles were added. I may say here that my work of translating and revising has covered a great part of my life, until in 1927 the whole Bible was given to the Dobuans, who had no recorded language when our missionary party came to them in 1891. But of this complete Dobuan Bible I shall have occasion to write later.

The young man who with such primitive naïveté objected to calling attention in the Lord's Prayer to one's wrongdoing, proved to be right in his forecast of annoyance and resentment. The battle between darkness and light was beginning in Dobu ; the gospel was no longer an interesting novelty, but was becoming a personal force. We preached much in the open air, and some church buildings were erected. Our hymns 'caught on,' and the islanders, with the musical capacity found throughout the South Seas, sang them as they went about their work. The sorcerers realized

that for them the sooner all this sort of thing was stopped the better ; and they set out to stop it, thinking that a campaign of direful threats would be sufficient. They had good reason to think so, for their reign of terror had been absolute hitherto. They warned their heretofore subservient believers that if they continued to sing the hymns their crops would be blighted. To the fishermen who sang in their canoes, they said the singing would drive the fish away from the sea around Dobu. They then placed a taboo on Mrs. Bromilow's organ, saying that any who attended the services would risk their lives, because the organ contained an epidemic which would strike them and be carried by them throughout the island, until all perished of it. Mrs. Bromilow played a concertina at the open air services, and this the sorcerers declared they would silence ; but found it awkward to explain themselves when it still continued to send forth its sounds, nobody being the worse for it.

This opposition was all to the good. It created thought and questioning and discussion. One did not expect to find among these savages a self-satisfied objection to the evangelical doctrines of the necessity for pardon and a new heart ; yet it was so. At one village, after preaching, I was told plainly that the will of the people was that I should not come again. Guessing the reason of their objection, I asked, ' Is it because I have said you are sinners ? ' ' Yes,' was the reply ; ' are we not at the command of the white

Government, and, at your bidding, giving up cannibalism and head-hunting and battles, and yet you say we are not good enough.' I was to see this attitude of mind and heart wholly changed as the meaning of the Wondrous Cross began to break in upon it. The true light made manifest the darkness ; love and holiness created the answering sense of sin—a new sense in Dobu.

If the learning of the language could be accomplished only by laborious observation and prolonged experience and effort, still more difficult was it to learn the ideas and beliefs of the Dobuans themselves. The missionary must not remain an outsider, he must get the point of view of the people he desires to influence ; yet the difficulties he meets in attempting to penetrate the inner life and thought of those he dwells amongst are subtle and persistent. To convince an ignorant and barbarous race that in making inquiries one is simply seeking information is almost impossible ; knowledge for its own sake is a theory quite beyond the native mind, and the questioner is at once suspected of ulterior motives.

Little by little the barriers were removed and I was admitted to the inner chambers of Dobuan thought and belief ; but it was four years before I received at all full and free entry ; and then there lay, I knew, beyond the inner, still the inmost chambers of all.

The telling of legends was traditionally restricted

to the night-time. The penalty of a daylight narration would be that speakers and hearers would be fixed to each other and to the place where they were sitting—not standing, for all present must be seated ; standing was taboo. When some of the old and middle-aged men were ready to give me their confidence I assured them that no harm would befall them if they told their creedal legends to me in my study during the day. My word by this time stood high in the island ; and, presently, stories and expositions were given with the sun blazing in the cloudless sky. Amazed at this daring departure of theirs from ancient and solemn custom, my visitors exclaimed, ‘ Truly, these are different times.’

Dobuan folk-lore and legends contain many references to a Supreme Being, or powerful, ruling spirits, but mostly celebrate men and women with supernatural attributes. Worship of a deity is unknown and there are no idols. There is a survival of ancestor worship in the following custom. The names of the dead are never spoken, and any infringement of this silence is believed to entail disastrous consequences, except on two allowed occasions. When a person of importance is sick and apparently dying, a sorcerer possessing beneficent powers may call by name upon the spirit of an ancestor to save the sick one. It is permitted also to invoke the shade of an ancestor in awful confirmation of an oath involving some act of special revenge or of uttermost devotion to an undertaking.

Bystanders will listen with bated breath to this adjuration ; and for the one who had placed himself under it there could be no going back and no relief. It is only in rare moments of high frenzy that such a solemn form of oath is used.

It has been stated that the Papuan has no idea of a Creator. In the D'Entrecasteaux Group, however, I found a crude and limited, but very clearly defined, belief in a Being who exercised creative power. Dobuans openly declared that things around them were not made by any superior Power, but came into being of themselves ; with the exception of human kind. They believed in the existence of two gods of the same name—Eaboaine—dwelling in the Milky Way. The first of these is the creator in particular of fingers, toes, nose, mouth, eyes, and ears of human beings ; and he looks down upon the people as they fight or feast or make their canoes. They will call upon him at special times, but are not at all afraid of him. He is said to have noticed a man walking alone on the earth, so he made a woman out of the ground and threw her down to him. To give her breath he poured blood over her head. It is he who brings children to birth, and if a child is born deformed, it is in many instances called Eaboaine, by way of blaming him for his defective work.

Eaboaine the second is of lesser note and power. He keeps watch over thieves, though for what purpose is not clear, since he neither punishes nor protects them ; and any one caught stealing food or other

property from one who is not a stranger or an enemy may be killed by the owner, without fear or revenge from the patron Eaboaine.

More important is the god Kekewagei, since it is through him that death came into the world. Kekewagei used to walk up and down the earth, and though his appearance was terrifying it was imperatively necessary that no one should show fear in his presence. All went well, until a woman went off to fill her water-bottles, leaving her two children at home. Before going she instructed them that if their ancestor appeared while she was away they were to give no sign of being afraid. 'Do not on any account cry out,' she said. While she was away Kekewagei appeared, and, alas, the two children screamed in their terror, whereupon the offended Kekewagei said to them, 'You are afraid of me, and therefore screamed, so you must in consequence die.' When the mother returned she asked if anything had happened during her absence. In reply the children told the story of their dreadful visitor and their involuntary cry of alarm. The distressed woman scolded them, 'Did I not warn you? But you disobeyed, and now death will be our lot and that of all who come after us.' Dobuans would apply the moral of the story by saying, 'If the children had but obeyed, we should all live for ever, and there would never be a famine.'

The Dobuan's views as to a spirit-land are very clear. Man consists of body, shadow, and spirit. The shadow

has a separate existence from the body and the spirit, and remains about the house or place where the body dies. All spirits, except those of men killed and eaten, go to Bwebweso, a hill which is almost bare of trees, about twenty miles from Dobu, on Normanby Island. The spirits of those killed and eaten rise up into the clouds and take up their abode above the place where the tragedy occurred. They come down occasionally to partake of fish, which they cook, ascending again in the smoke of the fire they make. The spirits of those killed but not eaten have to delay their journey to Bwebweso until some days have elapsed, so as to allow corruption of the body. The smell of blood must not enter the land of spirits. The spirits of all who die otherwise than by being slain proceed without delay to a point at the south-east of Dobu, and there, resting on a tree, await the falling of a leaf. When the leaf falls the spirit alights on it and is wafted across the sea to Normanby Island. Arriving safely on the beach, the spirits climb a tree and take a last farewell of Dobu, weeping for friends left behind. It then wipes away its tears, and proceeds to Bwebweso, where the spirits of its totem have been warned of its approach by the dropping of a leaf from a particular branch of a tree. The reception of the spirit depends upon the material condition of the life spent ; moral considerations do not exist. The spirits of the rich, the brave, the well-formed, the healthy are welcomed with dancing, and led over the bridge across the chasm

into everlasting life with the blest. The spirits of the poor, the emaciated through long sickness, of those who have suffered from scrofulous sores, are led by the dancers on to the bridge, which then turns into a snake, and by its wriggling precipitates the so-called bad spirits into a deep gulch, where they remain for ever and ever. The question of character or conduct does not determine the abode of the spirits.

But the really vital, working creed of primitive Dobuans is to be found in their belief, already referred to, in sorcery and witchcraft, a belief common to all the peoples of those southern isles, the dominant factor in all thought and action, an overshadowing and ever-present fear, the ghost at life's feast. Charms and counter-charms, malevolent and destructive or beneficent and preservative, are matters literally of life and death ; and if for a moment a Dobuan forgets them he goes blinded to his doom.

How complete is the power of the malign sorcerer will be seen from the following infallible items of Dobuan belief. A sorcerer, after fasting for a time and drinking sea-water, is able to perform his incantations, and then at his will can cause death in many ways ; he can impale the body of his victim with an imaginary stick or spear ; he can bewitch a tuft of hair or a shred of clothing, with fatal results ; he can bewitch and poison food before it is cooked ; he can send poison into the mouth while one is eating ; he can kill by secretly spitting at a person ; he can cause

a fatal fall ; he can bewitch a fireplace and make it a source of poison, and water is made deadly by his putting a bewitched leaf into it ; he can bewitch a sharp-pointed stick and, placing it upright but hidden in the ground, make a man tread upon it to his death. He can cause the heart to burst, or the blood to dry up in the veins, or the muscles to snap, or the mind to lose its balance. Surely, the list, though not exhausted, is long enough ! Witches also come into the piece with added terrors, one of which is the throttling of children in their sleep. So do these Dobuans, and multitudes beside in those seas, live in hourly company with fears that dismay and master them.

It is true, there are the counter-charms of the beneficent sorcerer, but they are no sure and sufficient offset to the contrary powers of darkness. In order to make life at all bearable and to inspire some sense of relief and safety, the benevolent sorcerer is in constant demand to do his best to frustrate his malignant brother practitioner. On special occasions his presence is the first necessity—e.g. before going on a voyage the members of the crew have their bodies charmed, and the canoe has each of its parts and fittings placed under its own charm : the main timber, the steer paddle, the wooden baler, the mast, a conch-shell to frighten off unlucky sea-gulls ; and, finally, the ocean itself is subjected to an incantation. So when a garden is being prepared, the tools must be charmed, and the proper spell be employed before burning off the

overgrowth, before planting, during the growth of the crop, and when the harvest is being gathered. Thus it is right through life's affairs, down to each detail. The untaught Dobuan lives in the hope that by multiplied charms he may yet counteract and defeat the occult forces that everywhere waylay him, but his hope is never equal to his fear. According to Dobuan belief, no one dies a natural death ; sooner or later he falls before the magic, which he has spent most of his haunted life in trying to frustrate.

The Papuan sorcerer is, without doubt, an effective practitioner ; he is actually deadly in his operations, his real weapon being fear. The victim becomes aware by some information that a spell has been put upon him, and fatalistic imagination does the rest. I may quote here the words of Sir J. H. P. Murray, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, an intense and kindly student of the natives under his care for very many years ; he writes : ' I remember finding on Rossel Island a very intelligent native who had worked on the northern gold-field, and who was dying because he thought he had been *puripuried*, or bewitched. When I saw him he was skin and bone ; he could not eat or sleep, and spent his time in wandering from village to village seeking for rest and finding none. We took him away in the *Merrie England*, and succeeded in persuading him that a sorcerer could have no power on a Government ship, with the result that he began to improve, and in a short time was well again. If

he had not come away, he would have died—though through the medium of his own imagination.’ (*Papua, or British New Guinea*, J. H. P. Murray.) Truly the Papuan is all his life long in bondage to fear that is new every morning and repeated every night. If the fear is displaced for a time by work or play or feasting, it is only that it may return with added gloom after the brief, precarious respite. There is no escape.

The folk-lore of Dobu is abundant, covering, in addition to the preceding matters, the origin of cannibalism, of polygamy, of the division of land into islands, of earthquakes, of fire, of the distribution of people, languages, and fish (the last so important to dwellers on islands no part of which is far from the sea). Some of the stories are long, and are so wildly fantastic that they become tedious to others than earnestly inquiring missionaries and studious anthropologists. Some of them, however, have real beauty of imagination, as will, I think, be admitted on reading in brief form the following Dobuan ‘Legend of the Flute,’ which suggests a time of origin when finer feeling existed : The flute reed at first had no voice, but was simply of the vegetable kind. It spoke not. But there was a man in a band of singers whose voice excelled the voices of his companions in richness and sweetness. When his companions sang, no one praised their voices ; but when he of the enchanting notes was heard, all agreed in their exclamations of delight. Out of jealousy his

fellow singers speared him. He ran from them, but fell dead among the flute reeds, into which his voice passed with his latest breath ; and so it is that they reproduce sounds that excel in sweetness any human song. If the enchanting melodist had been allowed to continue his music, his gift would have descended to successors, instead of hiding itself in the flute reeds.

CHAPTER V

FIRSTFRUITS OF THE MISSION

THE raw material upon which the Mission had to work has been indicated, in part, in preceding chapters, but it is necessary to give some further description of Papuan life and character.

A first impression of these people may easily be that of a cheerful, laughter-loving folk, content with their lot ; the surface appearances successfully belying the deep shadows that lurk behind their deceptive front. This is why some writers who have made brief visits to these islands, seeing only the superficial aspect of native life, have given wholly unbalanced reports ; mistaking the incidental, passing show of happiness for a pervasive, permanent factor ; and so declaring, out of their ignorance, that these intermittently care-free children of the genial tropics should be left undisturbed in their aboriginal state. It is also possible to have a closer contact with native life, and yet never to become acquainted with its true inwardness, darkly abrogating its casual, external good cheer.

On this point I will again quote the words of Sir Hubert Murray, as against the uninformed touring scribbler who sees only what he (or she) prefers to see.

He writes : ‘ Professor Wallace speaks of the Papuan as “joyous and laughter loving,” but the Papuan with whom one is most familiar in the territory—that is, the Western Papuan, as found, for instance, on Kiwai Island—is about as gloomy a person as can well be imagined. Even D’Albertis could not succeed in banishing the dejection of these natives. “Their melancholy,” he says, “was more apparent than their fear.” . . . D’Albertis is corroborated on this point by Sir George le Hunte, who visited the island of Kiwai in the year 1900, and says : “I do not think I heard a laugh that week except from our own men.” The next most melancholy men in the territory are, curiously enough, the inhabitants of Rossel Island, right at the other end of the territory. Rossel is the only island of the archipelago which is inhabited by people who speak a purely Papuan language, and a very depressed and depressing people they are.’ And again he writes : ‘I have rarely been impressed so much by anything as by the look of hopeless and abject terror that sometimes comes into a native’s eyes, as he tells how a sorcerer brought about the death of the people with whom he had a quarrel. Though all concerned are dead—the enemies of the sorcerer by witchcraft, and the sorcerer himself by the spears of the dead man’s friends—he will still speak in a hushed voice and with bated breath, and with a look of deadly fear which one can never forget.’ What a deliverance the missionary brings to these terrorized children of the night !



MATERIAL FOR THE MISSION

Photo Rev. R. H. Rickard.

Of the cannibalism practised in Dobu and adjacent islands mention has been made. In speaking of the task of the Mission, it is necessary to notice it again. It was a cannibalism accompanied by cultivated and finished cruelties, without which the full enjoyment of the horrible feast was not attained. Not unfrequently a living victim would be trussed and hung over the fire, his cries being greeted with delight by surrounders, who proceeded to beat him to death, meanwhile catching the warm blood from the wounds and drinking it on the spot. This alone will suffice to reveal the deeper depths from which these people had to be lifted.

Apart from such dehumanizing savagery, strangely developed forms of cruelty were part of the traditional usages of these people ; and no one complained when he, or she, had to pay the sorrowful price ; it was the custom of Dobu, and that was the last word in submission. The outstanding example of such custom, passively consented to and deeply entrenched and persistent, is the seclusion of the surviving marriage partner, after the death of husband or wife. The lower portion of the deceased's house is enclosed with leaves, or a hut is set apart, and here the survivor is compelled to live for a period which may be as long as two years, but possibly much shorter, as the term must include two yam harvests, terminating with the second. The interned person in the case of a man is supplied by his mother-in-law with the poorest kind of food, and is never allowed to wash or to go outside

the narrow enclosure. A woman receives no better treatment. So deeply engrafted is this usage that no restraints or safeguards are needed to hold the prisoner to his, or her, enclosure for the full length of time required. Needless to say, the conditions become unspeakably vile.

The Dobuan, and the Papuan generally, is not lazy, though he finds a great deal of leisure time. His wants are few, and easily supplied, but at certain seasons and on tribal demand he is a tremendous and tireless worker. In Dobu life is largely communal, and, while all are not equal, there are no rich men with more than they know how to use, nor any who feel the pinch of want; everybody is well fed, except in time of scarcity, when all suffer together.

I shall refer in a sentence only to the licentiousness of the Dobuans in common with Papuans as a whole. Up to the time of marriage the women are undisguisedly unmoral, and afterwards the restraints are doubtfully observed. Among the men no moral code can be said to exist; children are initiated to vice at a terribly early age.

With all this essential vileness the Papuans are not without an evident feeling for art, which expresses itself in decorative work of considerable merit. With no other tools than those of the stone age they carve elaborate original designs upon their weapons, their pottery, and their personal adornments. Their canoes

are large and seaworthy, and finished with laborious, well-conceived embellishments. Their skill in house-building is conspicuous. Their eye for dramatic effects is keen. The Papuan has, in his own way, an artistic sense.

That the Papuan possesses latent mechanical skill in a very pronounced degree has been abundantly proved by the uses white employers have been able to make of him. A striking example of native ingenuity is found in fishing by kite-flying, a speciality of the Dobuans. From their canoes kites are flown with long lines hanging from them, and attached to the lines are bunches of tough cobwebs. The cobwebs, lightly floating and glinting on the water, attract the fish, which snap at them and become entangled by the teeth and gills in the stout texture of the webs. They are then caught by hand from the canoes. No mean inventive art, surely, is here.

Papuan ingenuity is very remarkably shown in the game—known to many of my white readers in their juvenile days—cat's cradle ; a pastime widely spread among primitive peoples. Papuans have greatly developed the art of manipulating the string, and will produce with astonishing force and correctness string-figures of a snake, a dog, a canoe, a hunter, a spear, and other items. Needless to say, this amusement in its advanced Papuan forms is of great interest to ethnologists.

There is a feature of the Dobuan's mentality which

shows an unexpected side to his character. He possesses a strong trading instinct, which can take amusing forms—as I soon found out. He will attempt to make a business transaction out of a matter which the other party—being a missionary, and innocent of Dobuan ways—never dreamed could be made a basis of business. The Dobuan's acquisitiveness is quite open and childlike, laughably so, even if a little provocative in another direction. The following instances will afford a lighter touch to this chapter, as well as marking a point for the student of native character.

An exceedingly prevalent trouble in Dobu is ringworm, which spreads over the whole body. I obtained a large supply of ointment made from the prescription of a doctor in Fiji, and was eager to use it on the suffering Dobuans. They were shy of it, however; suspecting magic, no doubt. Finally a young man submitted to an application. While I was rubbing it in 'as directed,' a friend of the patient sauntered up and asked what was doing. 'The Master is curing my *sipoma*' (ringworm), was the reply. Quick as thought came the question to the patient, 'Is he paying you?'

On another occasion a man expressed in glowing terms his admiration of our daughter. When he had finished his panegyric he turned to me and said with much assurance, 'What are you going to pay me for that?' At a church service one of the South Sea teachers was long-drawn in his sermon. A man in

the congregation called out, 'Won't he stop? My back is aching!' Afterwards he claimed compensation for his suffering. With the same grievance an old woman came to the mission house one Monday morning, and seated herself on the veranda. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'That preacher talked until my back ached,' she replied, 'and I want some oil to rub it with.' The oil was supplied, and she then asked me to send for the teacher and make him pay for her painful back.

My wife and I conducted a service at the station of one of the teachers, during which we sang a duet, to the apparent delight of the congregation. One woman wept copiously. After the service we walked to our boat, followed by the people, who were going to see us off. When we were about to get aboard, they called out their farewells, but the tearful one of the service came nearer and said, 'Oh, that hymn!' I asked her if she had enjoyed it very much. 'I did,' she replied. 'Didn't you see me weeping?' I said I had noticed her tears. This was the point she desired to reach. 'Won't you pay me for crying?' she asked.

Even these instances are scarcely equal, perhaps, to one given by my friend Dr. Lawes, of the London Missionary Society, who has recorded that his Papuans, before returning to him articles they were known to have stolen, asked to be paid for doing so! But our Dobuans wanted payment for everything, for coming to church, for sending their children to school, for

taking medicine, equally for what we did for them and what they did for us. One of the changes to be noted presently is the coming to the Dobuan of the new spirit of gratitude and willing, unpaid service.

So did the Dobuans become known to us ; and out of them were to be cast by the power of the gospel the evil spirits of savagery and superstition, and a new life created. Our way was in part prepared by the British Government in Papua, expressed in the wise methods of Sir William Macgregor, who was bringing about the first semblances of civilized order amid these violent and restless peoples. It was becoming known to them that by the will of the Government fighting and raiding and cannibalism must cease ; and, while it was impossible to attempt to enforce these orders over so wide and scattered an area, an element of restraint had been created and an effective respect for the long arm of the Government was spreading. As missionaries we were careful not to appear as Government officials, nor to invoke the secular power in our spiritual work, but we owed much to its wise and just control.

The missionaries in turn, by the very nature of their work and their peace-making presence among the people, were preparing the way for the new Governmental order. Mission stations became centres from which new forces radiated. Every Administrator from Sir William Macgregor to Sir Hubert Murray, the present occupant of the office, has been forward to acknowledge the immense services of the missionaries,

indirectly and unofficially, to the civil Government.

It was easiest and most natural for a people at the Dobuan level to adopt first some of the external forms of the new religion, such as the observance of Sunday, attendance at the services, and a readiness in some other ways to please the missionary. Meanwhile, there was gathering and forming out of sight a deeper, more spiritual movement.

The first distinctly personal evangelical fruit of the Mission was in a remarkable form. As I record the story it will, no doubt, suggest to some readers an interesting instance of the subconscious mind under one of the 'diversities of operations' of the Holy Spirit. I give the facts, and only add that to us on the spot the incident came as a gracious, divine condescension to an undeveloped soul that was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and as an enheartening evidence of the way in which our preaching was sinking in secret into hearts and minds which as yet showed no sign of it.

A woman, past middle age, living in a small village placed between two high cliffs, and called, therefore, Gaula (the Cave), notorious for its necromancers, was thought to have died. She was a pleasant person, well known at the mission house, and a regular attendant at the services. On her supposed death all arrangements were made for her burial, and Alesana, a Samoan teacher, was called upon to officiate according to

Mission usage. When he arrived he found the people mourning around the unconscious form, which was dressed and ornamented with the special display accorded to the dead.

Alesana viewed the face of the woman, and was impressed by its lack of the stamp of death, fixed and still though it was. He urged the postponement of the burial till the next day. The sorcerers protested and stood out for speedy interment : always practised in the case of a person of low rank, such as this woman. The teacher, however, prevailed ; and during the night the woman revived. When Alesana came in the morning to learn how the position stood, she had so far recovered as to be able to tell him of her experience during those hours of suspended animation. ' I was dead, and my spirit went to heaven. I met Jesus there. He is so good. I am so bad,' she said. ' He told me to return and tell my people that *tapwaroro* [worship] is true. He told me, also, that I was to return because I was not ready, and the missionary and his wife would tell me about it.' She spoke with the unmistakable note of absolute conviction ; so had the stored up teaching of the Mission developed and culminated during those mysterious hours, remaining clear and strong when consciousness returned.

Mrs. Bromilow and I visited her at different times and heard the same story. To me she said again, ' Jesus is so good, so good,' and in response to a question replied, ' There is no *bonu* [a sore from which she had



MISSION HOUSE, DOBU ISLAND



AN HONOURABLE DWELLING (DOBU, 1890)

Photo: Rev. Dr. Brown.

[Face p. 104

suffered] there.' 'Are you afraid of death?' I asked. 'No,' she answered, 'I want to die and go to the beautiful place.' She lay on a mat under a house, a strangely forlorn and pitiful figure in her weakness; around her gathered a circle of deeply curious acquaintances, listening amazed, and pondering her wonderful words.

Her testimony was of a kind most suited for the child-mind of the Dobuans. But to me, more remarkable than the process of it, was the spiritual perception expressed in it. Knowledge of the Papuan character is necessary for a realization of this. I have already said that a sense of 'unworthiness' is remote from Papuans, and they will defend themselves in a quite Pharisaic fashion. But this woman said, 'He is so good. I am so bad.' The inward vision of Jesus, so strangely impressed upon her, had created for her a new standard of self-judgement, bringing about an overwhelming reversal of the current Dobuan complacency. This self-abasement was the real wonder of the incident, new in Dobu, but old as the day when Peter looked on Jesus and cried, 'I am a sinful man, O Lord.'

Then, to have no fear of death is un-Dobuan. It is true that suicide under strong passion is by no means unknown, but in Papua death is the last dread foe. When asked whether she would not like to recover and grow strong again, she always declared that she wanted to go to the beautiful painless land. The end,

three weeks after her rescue from burial, was quite triumphant, and in her last moments she sang some words of one of our translated hymns.

It can easily be understood how this incident, springing up in their very midst from one of themselves, deeply stirred native thought and feeling, and opened for the Mission a more personal ground of gospel presentation and appeal.

Shortly after this, five men came to my study one evening. Said the spokesman of the party, 'We have heard much concerning Jesus Christ. and we would like to know where He is. Is the church the house of Jesus Christ? Is this house of yours the house of Jesus Christ? Where is He? We cannot see Him or hear Him. Are you Jesus Christ?' How vast such questions in their utter simplicity, and what heavenly wisdom needed to know how to begin to answer them. I felt that I would like to go aside alone for forty days and nights to learn more truly and gently to guide these first steps of men who came, like others of old, while so vastly different, saying, 'We would see Jesus.' But, while one felt the problem of such profound simplicity, one's heart was strangely warmed.

Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight.

Here was being fulfilled before one's gaze the lines Tennyson wrote in his world-wide vision of the appeal of the Divine Incarnate Word. The weird, savage

figures in my study that day were slowly, wonderingly spelling out the first sentences of that story, 'the creed of creeds'—as Tennyson names it :

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

Converts met much opposition and domestic persecution ; and this was for the best, in preventing a too ready and superficial profession of the new religion. The guardians of the old order took steps to protect it. A prophet arose in its defence, who claimed to be able to put people into a deep sleep (which, no doubt, he could by hypnotizing them) in which they were transported to Bwebweso (spirit-land). One of our young converts was urged to submit to this, and learn thereby that the Mission teaching was false. He at last agreed, but as he did so he declared that *tapwaroro* would conquer the sorcerer's efforts. The prophet tied a sacred red leaf on his head, made passes over it with another leaf ; and the young man went to sleep, to the great satisfaction of the assembled jury. The prophet called out in glee, 'He sleeps ! He is gone to Bwebweso !' When he awoke and was asked where he had been, he replied with perfect coolness that he had been nowhere ; he had had a good sleep and nothing more ; and again he declared that *tapwaroro* was true, and the prophets boasted power an empty

pretence. So did the Mission by instances such as this win its increasing way.

The first baptisms of the Mission took place in July 1894, three years after our coming to Dobu. Three candidates were regarded by us as fit subjects for this Sacrament of entrance into the Church of Jesus Christ. They had been for twelve months under special instruction, and long before that had shown a desire to become Christians. By this time fifty others had entered on a course of preparation for baptism.

On the appointed Sunday the church was filled with a congregation partly serious and wholly curious. The candidates, evidently under strong emotion, took their places ; the customary questions were asked ; the Apostles Creed recited ; and the rite was administered, while a solemn silence rested on the wondering people in the church. Of the three, Gimwasara (who received the name Iosaia) was thirty-five years of age. From our arrival he had been drawn to the services, but his attendance was objected to by his wife, and all along she did her best to keep him back from *tapwaroro*. When at last he desired to be baptized her opposition took the form of constant railing ; and the Dobuan man is very much afraid of a woman's tongue. She denounced upon him the worst of Dobuan curses : his name would not be sacred from mention after his death, but would be a scornful by-word, and *tapwaroro* would make him a traitor to all Dobuan ancestral customs and traditions. It was

Christian history repeating itself, transferred from the earliest days, when Christianity clashed with the heathen order, to these latest times in savage Dobu.

A second candidate, Didiwai, to whom was given the name Daniela, was about twenty years old. He, too, had faced strong family opposition. Real steadfastness of purpose on his part was needed to bring him through, and he had not failed. The third was Bauna, baptized Watisoni' (Watson). He was only thirteen years of age, but had given full proof of his fitness. When he first came under the influence of the Mission he was regarded in his unkempt, dirty condition as a discredit to Dobu, but he had likeable qualities, and responded to good influences. He became an attractive, handsome boy. Under our care, he took readily to Christian instruction and developed Christian character. It was freely noted in Dobu what the Mission had done for this boy, who formerly did not trouble to keep himself up to customary, and certainly not exacting, Dobuan standards of cleanliness. The crucial test that came to him was a command from his chief to steal; and he chose to face a displeasure that would not forget to make him pay, openly or by treachery, for his defiance.

Of these three, the lad, coming early under the aegis of the Mission, would be helped and guarded in many ways, though the gross life of heathen Dobu had already had its effect, and would still be before his eyes and in his ears daily. But what of the other two?

They had taken the first steps on a hostile road, every inch of which would be contested. To break with the old life, to cut loose from the controlling, unquestioned formula *bubuna Dobu* (the custom of Dobu) was to bid a bold defiance to that public sentiment so deeply founded ; and to replace it with the new *tapwaroro* was to enter upon a struggle, of a kind no Dobuan had ever before had any conception of. But how were they to carry on in such an atmosphere as that in which they had daily to live and move ? I believed in the grace of God, or I should have been hopeless. All three proved faithful.

When we came out of the church, the congregation, unused to the long restraint of the service, became a chattering, laughing crowd, like children out of school. The native has on one side a child's mind, and can at any time make an instant transition from grave to gay. The various groups made a cheerful scene in the strong sunlight which fell in broken shafts through the trees and touched the thatched roofs of the houses with varied tints of russet brown. Their mirth did not distress me, for I knew well enough that their minds would presently revert to the baptisms of their countrymen, this undreamed-of repudiation of *bubuna Dobu* for the new *tapwaroro*. I was told very soon how some were exceedingly angry at this departure from the old order, so proudly cherished ; they said, ' This will spread, and, if every one is baptized, what will become of the custom of Dobu ? ' They were able to see

that this occasion might be the beginning of the end of it.

As my wife and I left the voluble crowd and walked toward the mission house, tropic nature was aglow around us, but not more so than our glad hearts within. We thought the island had never seemed so beautiful, with the colours and scents and sounds of sky and land and sea, but to us came another and fairer vision, 'descending from' God out of heaven'; it was a spiritual Dobu won for Christ.

Next month we had thirteen baptisms; eight of the recipients are still living, faithful through the years. There were to be many more crowded baptismal services; but the first of all comes back to me with the dew of the morning upon it, and memory repeats to me the exultation of that natal day of the Church in Dobu.

It will be interesting to compare that service just described—when on July 22, 1894, the Sacrament of Baptism was administered to the first convert in Dobu, in the presence of an uncomprehending congregation wondering what it meant—with a service at the same spot thirty-six years later, when the Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A., who describes it, was the officiant. He writes: 'It was at Dobu, the scene of the labours of Dr. and Mrs. Bromilow, that we had our largest congregation. It was a peaceful Sabbath morning. The blue-green waters of the Dobu Straits

seemed asleep, and in the distance Mount Solomonai lifted up its head into the white, woolly clouds, while the mists hovered over irregular gullies and mysterious valleys.

‘Quite early in the morning the people from the various villages commenced to assemble—some came in canoes laden to the brim, others crowded into a little sailing boat which acted as a ferry between the Mission station and a neighbouring island. At length over 1,200 had gathered, and the church would hold only 650! So we divided the people into two, and while one half was preached to, the other half sat quietly outside waiting its turn to hear the gospel. Around the pulpit on the broad platform the “station” people sat, dressed in the inevitable mission “calico”—students, students’ wives, orphans, schoolboys, and schoolgirls; while the floor was filled with the brown or blackened bodies of the village people. All seemed to know the hymns, and sang them with great fervour. Four infants were baptized and vouched for by proud mothers and shy, uncomfortable fathers. Fourteen adults took the baptismal vows—one man in a shirt and a heavy leather belt, two women in calicoes, and the rest in new grass skirts or well-plaited leaf bandages, according to sex.

‘How rejoiced Dr. Bromilow’s heart would have been to see that great audience and to feel the pulse of its spiritual life.’

The position of converts with regard to some of the

dominating usages and moral standards of their fellow-countrymen was necessarily one of complete severance. That it must be so was made quite plain to them, and without compromise. At the same time, we were careful not to multiply inhibitions beyond what the situation demanded. After the needful eliminations and negations, we aimed at saving Dobu not by reconstructions from without but by regeneration from within ; we sought not to abolish but to redeem. Native customs not in themselves essentially debasing were to be made points of Christian contact and instruction, and the old order, where possible, the vehicle of the new spirit. The attitude of the Mission, therefore, was one of non-interference with Dobuan social customs which were not inherently incompatible with Christian teaching, but might be infused with it.

The problem in this little island and its sister isles in the South Seas was a repetition, though removed as far in its incidence as in its geographical distance, of the problem of the early Church in rural Galatia or classic Greece or imperial Rome. There the converts of the Apostles were compelled to live amid a heathen environment, for all its culture unspeakably corrupt, and in many ways to conform to it, while at the same time refusing its spirit and rising superior to its code. It was so in Dobu, and the dark-souled Papuan, new to the light, needed all our sympathy, wisdom, and help ; and often were we perplexed.

Dancing is exceedingly popular with the Dobuans,

as one would expect with any primitive race. They have a wonderfully elaborate programme of dances, each based upon some feature or practice of native life, such as war or peace, house or canoe building, sport or labour or marriage. They are dramatic in form, partaking of the nature of action songs, and are carried out with rhythmic perception and accuracy. The musical accompaniment is confined to a drum of iguana-skin, but even upon this the performer executes some changes. Fortunately there are very few of these dances that need censorship, and we were glad to find that we could leave them as natural expressions of the joy of life and the rudimental artistic sense. It is remarkable that, among a warlike people such as the Dobuans, there should be no dance corresponding to the Fijian war dance, in which the motive is the frenzy of the savage in his blood-lust. The Dobuan dances (men and women dance apart) are mostly staged with a surprising dignity, which pleased us, as presenting a relic of a higher past. It was pleasing to find, also, that the women's dress, the grass skirt, was seemly—and, it may be remarked incidentally, capable of being worn with distinctive style and effect—upon which there was no need to innovate. This, too, is a vestige, probably, of better days.

CHAPTER VI

MY FRIEND GAGANUMORE ; AND MY NATIVE HONOURS

AMONG my many Papuan friends none is quite so distinctive and none more cherished than Gaganumore, one time head-hunter, cannibal, and most famous raider and fighter in all the islands round Dobu. He was one who needed to be brought to heel, if the new order of peace under British rule was to be set up in that part of the Group. Gaganumore had been given authoritatively to understand that head-hunting must be no longer regarded by him as the sport of kings ; but up to the time of my arrival the injunction had fallen on deaf ears. The result was that Gaganumore was 'wanted' by the Government, but had so far proved too elusive. Whensoever the Government boat bore down upon Dobu, he retired into the jungle. He waited until the coast was clear in the quite literal sense, and with the disappearance of the boat he became as important and defiant as before.

My first meeting with Gaganumore was very shortly after our arrival. When the *Lord of the Isles* and the *Merrie England* had left, the proscribed chief put in a public appearance, and presently came up to the new

mission house. It was an important event, as I knew ; for his attitude toward us would have great influence with the people generally. His appearance was, to say the least, remarkable. He was wearing a white hat of the conventional, civilized brand, though very much the worse for wear—picked up from some trader—a highly coloured check shirt, and the customary T-shaped waist-garment. But more remarkable than his appearance was the fact that, in spite of it, he made an impressive and manly figure, a fine specimen of a savage chief. He was accompanied by an interpreter—of a sort—who spoke some pidgin English, more pidgin than English ; and through this medium I was given to understand that he was glad to see us on the island, but did not want any more white people here.

Sir William Macgregor had told me that I might assure Gaganumore of a free pardon for his past doings, if in the future he amended his ways. This he did not appear to believe ; and at the mention of it became so excited that a brother missionary at the station hastened to make himself my bodyguard—not as a passive resister I afterwards learned.

I will complete Gaganumore's story in its main features, though anticipating much in doing so. He would discuss the new religion with me. 'It will be a long time before we understand *tapwaroro*,' he said to me on one occasion, 'and, as for women understanding it, the only way would be to beat it in with a mallet.' Thus Gaganumore ! He would make no

profession beyond the light he had. His solid honesty in this respect was remarkable, and I greatly respected him for it. I put no undue pressure upon him, content to note the processes going on in his mind, and seeking to feed and nurture them.

He became a regular and interested attendant at the services, and beyond that for a very long time he would not go ; but every one knew that he was the friend of the missionary. One Sunday morning he surprised me by standing up at the close of the service and displaying a picture of a woman with her head resting upon her uplifted hand. Turning to the congregation, he said, ' Women, look this way. This is a woman of peace, and you are to live at peace. Look well, and never quarrel again.' He had supposed that the picture was one of the Great White Queen whose servants had come to govern Papua. I regret to say that it represented the rather exuberant fancy of a commercial artist bent on booming a certain brand of cigars ! At another time Gaganumore suggested to me that I should go out with my gun on a Sunday morning and shoot, by way of making examples of them, a few of the natives who were working instead of coming to church.

This advice correctly represented Gaganumore's outlook, in which the cheapest thing was human life. And what wonder ! for he had been reared with the one impression that his destined and exalted rôle was to kill, kill, kill. While still a small boy he had been

taken ritually to the beach, and flung into the water over and over again until he was furious with juvenile rage. Then small spears were placed at hand and the spectators watched for the desired omen. The wished-for reaction was obtained ; seizing a spear, he struck at one of the women and wounded her. The little fellow's future was now assured ; he would be a great warrior. A sorcerer brought a calabash full of water, and, breaking it, he let the water flow over the head of the child neophyte. Henceforth it was Gaganumore's fixed idea to fulfil the destiny of violence and blood.

The most important person in all Dobuan raiding expeditions was the *tonidoe* (standard-bearer). At the time of our arrival Gaganumore held this position, to the increased honour of Dobu. Before setting out, he and his immediate personal following would prepare a feast for all who were to join in the affray. This was followed by a harangue to the warriors, who in turn performed the prescribed incantations over their spears, slings, and clubs, applied to their bodies charms that were to make them invulnerable, and while doing so encouraged each other with boastful talk. At the appointed time the standard-bearer launched his canoe, holding up a spear with a flag of pandanus-leaf tied to the top of it ; the others of the expedition paddled their canoes into line, then stood up and, with shouts and yells, exhorted the standard-bearer to lead them proudly and fiercely to victory.

A general hurling and dodging of spears took place, and when sufficient fighting spirit had been stirred the *tonidoe* led the fleet to sea and the spot selected for their first raid. They were often absent for days on these expeditions ; villages were attacked and looted in the early mornings, and more pitched fights took place wherever the enemy might be met.

There came to my notice in connexion with the story of Gaganumore two of the very many strange Dobuan laws with which I was to become acquainted. On reaching the customary age he was betrothed to a girl outside his mother's tribe, according to the law of exogamy which prevails in Dobu. There was a rival claimant for the girl, and, with the masterful Gaganumore in the field, it was a fight to a finish ; he met his rival and left him prone and bleeding. Gaganumore secured his bride, but the blood-shedding of which she was the cause gave to her a special status as his wife, in that he could never divorce her, though divorce in Dobu was in the ordinary way of the easiest. Moreover, she must rank as his principal wife. One wonders whether the tightening up of this loose law of Dobu is an expression of the idea that, if a man wants a woman so much that he will fight to the death for her, he must not change his mind.

The other custom which Gaganumore's story brought to light is the stern, inexorable sanctity of blood-relationship in the Dobuan code. Soon after our arrival we learned that this great and powerful

chief was living under a public interdict, which no one would dare to ignore or defy even for a moment. Later we learned the story : Gaganumore's rise to authority and honour had made him an object of jealousy to some other aspirants, among whom was one of his brothers (or cousins, more properly), older than himself. This brother went to a sorcerer and bargained with him to put a spell upon Gaganumore that would cause his death. News of this came to the threatened man, and, fearless as he was of any visible foe, he was struck with hopeless dismay by these secret machinations. The Papuan dread fell upon him. He refused to eat, and withdrew himself to brood over his impending fate and to die. Then the old fighting spirit suddenly came back to him. He sought his treacherous brother and challenged him to mortal combat. When he refused and attempted to escape, Gaganumore sent his deadly spear after him ; and it did not miss its mark. The spell of the old superstition was broken, but Gaganumore had done a deed which cut him off from the common life of his fellows ; he had slain a blood relation, and his punishment was a strict and prolonged taboo. He was not allowed to return to his own village, but had to build a village of his own ; he had to have separate eating and drinking vessels and a special set of cooking pots, and to obtain his coconuts elsewhere than from the common plantations ; had to have his own fire, and if it went out must not relight from another's fire,



GAGANUMORE AND HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE

Photo Rev. Dr. Brown.

[*Face p. 120*]

but do so independently by friction. If he should infringe any of these rules his body would swell and his death would be terrible. Gaganumore bore his heavy punishment in proud and dignified submission. He bowed to the custom of Dobu, an authority which needed no other enforcement than that it was custom and therefore inviolable. But the sentence under which he lived did not interfere with his recognition as island leader and champion, or abate his influence and popularity.

Violent as he was, I had more than one personal proof of his power of self-control, as new forces, with the establishment of the Mission, came into his life. On one occasion he was exceedingly angry because his best pig had been speared. He refused to speak or eat, and nursed his wrath. A messenger came to me, saying, 'Your brother Gaganumore is becoming as he was when he killed his brother. The man who speared his pig will be at a certain place, and Gaganumore will kill him.' Unfortunately, I was not able to return at once with the messenger, but sent a short note to him by the hand of one of my native boys who was able to read it.

Meanwhile, Gaganumore, though urged to milder measures by his friends, had become more and more intent on immediate and deadly revenge. My boy appeared before him with the letter. 'What is that?' asked the angry chief. 'It is a letter from your brother the missionary,' was the reply. 'Where is he?'

‘He is at his house, but will come to see you as soon as possible.’ ‘Read it.’ The letter was read, and those around awaited the result, with but little hope. ‘Because he is my brother and loves me I will go to see him,’ said Gaganumore.

I was preparing to set off to find him when I saw a canoe approaching. With the aid of glasses I was able to see that he was on board. Presently he was at my door, a picture of rage and misery. ‘If you had left me alone,’ he said, ‘I should have killed that man.’ I persuaded him to be seated, and in quiet tones talked to him. At last I said, ‘Let me send for the man. If he has done you a wrong I will tell him so, and that he must ask your pardon and make amends.’ He consented ; a time for the meeting was fixed ; and poor, starving Gaganumore broke his passionate fast by eating and drinking with me. The wrongdoer came and did his part ; but since Gaganumore had intended to kill him it was necessary that the intention should be purged by a return gift from him, which the now placated chief duly made.

At another time Gaganumore accompanied me on a cruise in the *Dove*, while he was still under the long interdict following upon his slaying his brother. He had with him a man of his tribe, who performed for him any services the interdict allowed. One day the chief’s yams were being cooked on the galley stove, when the captain, coming along and seeing them, knocked them over into the fire, using abusive words.

When I heard of it I spoke strongly to the captain, for Gaganumore was my guest ; and I was fearful of the effect of the incident upon the chief. Gaganumore rose to the occasion like the gentleman (I use the word, well considered) I found him to be in all my relations with him, and simply said : ‘ The ship belongs to him ; so, I suppose, he can do as he likes ’ ; and the incident was closed—not to occur again.

After six years in Dobu I left on my first furlough. Gaganumore came to me a little while before my departure, and asked how long I should be away. ‘ Eleven moons,’ I replied. He then asked me to give him a piece of string, at the same time handing to me a piece, of native make. He proceeded to tie eleven knots on the string I had given him, requesting me to do the same with his to me. Then he said, ‘ When you are in your own land and a new moon appears, cut off a knot so that you will remember me, and I will do the same till you return.’ So did I see into the heart of my friend Gaganumore.

On my return he was one of the first to greet me, joining in carrying me shoulder high in the dinghy from the Mission boat. His keen eyes followed me everywhere with the devoted look of one feasting his eyes upon a longed for presence come at last. The memory of Gaganumore’s affection is very dear to me.

As a mark of appreciation he now received from Sir William Macgregor an official baton denoting him

Government chief of the district. He took his office seriously and filled it well. Truly, it was a far cry from champion head-hunter to guardian of the Pax Britannica.

At the end of seventeen years I left the Mission, not expecting to return. It was a disappointment to me that Gaganumore had not desired baptism and church membership, but I knew that he had responded intelligently and sincerely to Christian teaching, and was at heart a disciple, a true learner. The Fatherhood of God and the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ were real to him, and he endeavoured to lead a Christian life. Later he became a catechumen in preparation for his public profession of faith and obedience. To part was not easy for either of us ; he said, ' I shall not wait to see the ship take you away. I could not bear it. When you came to us, Dobu was like hell ; but you brought love to us, and now that you are going away and taking your goods you cannot take away that love. It will remain, with the holy book you have given us.' We held each other's hands for a few moments ; what deeds his hands had done !—but I have never known a truer clasp of friendship ; then he turned and was gone.

When, many years later, I returned to Dobu, Gaganumore was no longer there. He passed away soon after our departure. The traditional fourteen years of mourning for him were just ending, and his relatives were gathering his belongings together to

destroy them, as is the Dobuan custom. As a friend I was allowed the special privilege of taking away the great chief's lime calabash, and I have it still.

The story of Gaganumore has carried me far ahead. I must return to earlier days. I have spoken of the Dobuan law that no outsider should be allowed a permanent footing on the island, unless by the goodwill of a tribe he were admitted a member of it by adoption. A stranger was always wise to make his stay short, lest its close should be too swift and tragic. It was a satisfaction to us when an early adoption was voted us by the 'Edugaula tribe. There were eleven tribes on the island, but the 'Edugaula, living on the north-west side, was the most numerous and most war-like, and the mission house was within its area. It was almost always at enmity with other tribes, but had made a temporary local peace just before our arrival, in order to join in a war against a distant and common enemy. This tribe had a shameful notoriety. Its members were the only natives in south-east Papua who ate human flesh and drank human blood raw ! Other tribes looked upon this as degrading, themselves practising a 'higher' cannibalism. In another matter, however, the 'Edugaula tribe was more advanced. Its women were by no means slaves or even inferiors, but had a voice in all family and village affairs. They had ownership of land, and would frequently prevent the men from selling native wealth.

In this tribe descent was through the mother, to whose family the children belong. On the death of a wife the husband must go into mourning under the charge of his mother-in-law, from whom he is only released after a succession of ceremonies. He then returns to his own village, leaving his children and all but his own actual possessions to his late wife's family. A mother-in-law is almost supreme in the 'Edugaula tribe. The best fish caught, the finest bunch of bananas grown, the most valuable forms of native wealth must go to the mother-in-law. The spheres of men and women at many points are well defined. But, alas, the 'Edugaula women joined in the cannibal feasts ; with the exception of an order known as Ligodi, including both men and women, abstaining entirely from human flesh. The origin and significance of this order appear to be quite lost ; no special honour or sanctity now attaches to it. Into this remarkable tribe my wife and I and our daughter were adopted.

The headmen came to us and asked us to go with them to certain villages, but gave no reason for this. I could see that they were excited, but I did not ask for any explanation. We went first to a village, Nemunemu, close at hand. The proceedings were very simple ; taking us to the centre of the village, and pointing to a coconut-tree surrounded by a small area of land, the spokesman said, ' That is yours. You are our father.' ' *Kagutoki* (thank you),' I replied. We were then taken to another village, and there my

wife received her tree, and was designated 'Mother.' At a third village there was a repetition, and our daughter was proclaimed 'Sister.' It was a graceful, simple ceremony. As each tree given to us was rooted in the soil of Dobu, so were we now on the footing of those born in the land, with an inheritance in it. We three were Dobuans, of the fearsome 'Edugaula tribe. It was an open door for missionary work where the need was pitifully and awfully great. I could go out and come in, for I was one of them, and a happy man at that.

Some time after this I was advanced to further tribal honour. I became on very friendly terms with the headman of a certain tribe, and we exchanged frequent visits. He would call me by his own name, Meiakwau (Black Tongue), as a mark of his esteem, an action carrying high significance to his people. When, later, Meiakwau died, representatives of the tribe came to me requesting me to take over the headship of the tribe. This I declined; but they were importunate. They were so much in earnest that I agreed to accept if the office could be made an honorary one. They consented to relieve me of all local and corporate duties and responsibilities; and on this condition I became titular headman, receiving as my insignia of office a greenstone axe, a magnificent specimen, the blade being of great size, set in a carved handle. I still possess this emblem of the greatness that was thrust upon me.

A report of this incident found its way by some means

to a London newspaper, but grew in transmission. 'In New Guinea an Englishman is a Chief of chiefs of a black and savage tribe of Papuans and original cannibals'—so ran the report, proceeding to give a highly imaginative and picturesque description of my installation as a ruling monarch, and closing with the statement, 'Mr. Bromilow is in good health and perfectly contented with his position.' This was quite true, I was in good health and more than content with my position, but it was another position than that of paramount chief over 'original cannibals!'

My acceptance of this tribal headship, honorary though it was, might be questioned as to its wisdom and fitness. I can only say that in the form in which I accepted it there was no compromise of my missionary character and influence, and it brought me into closer touch with the people I wished to win for Christ.

My adoption into the 'Edugaula tribe and my election to the headship of another were followed later by reception into the exclusive Kula Order, a very high honour and final title of nobility.

The Kula is too intricate a society to be fully described here, but it may be sufficiently explained as a traditional and closely guarded trading circuit, linking together the eastern Papuan islands. It deals primarily, not in the ordinary goods of common life, but in valuables which have no utility, strings of red shell-discs and armlets, both of which are greatly prized. The shell-discs move in one direction and the armlets

in another in a continuous circulation. They do not become the permanent property of any one, but are held by the purchaser for a few months and then pass into circulation again. No bargaining is allowed, the market price is a fixed amount, and it is a point of honour, enforced by fear of the magic of the Order, that all the conditions be strictly observed. To the Order only chiefs and headmen are admitted.

Associated with it is some secondary trading, and a great deal of news is passed on in the course of these trading voyages. It was in this way that news of the establishment of the Mission was spread, and on several occasions, on going to an island for the first time in extending the Mission, I found that my native name was already known.

In my admission to the Kula it was again Gaganumore who officiated. One morning we heard the blowing of a conch-shell, a sure sign of something doing, and as the sound came nearer I looked out and saw my friend, attended by the conch-blower, approaching the mission house. The noise quickly gathered a small crowd, curious to see what was afoot. In the presence of all Gaganumore proceeded to invest me with the insignia, two broad white armlets.

After the presentation of the armlets he made me acquainted with the signs of peace and treachery. The latter sign was quite beyond my power to reproduce, but since I should certainly not need either, to give or receive it, it was of no consequence. The sign is

just an expression of the eye, given for one moment only, but it was the very concentration of diabolical cruelty and murder. This glance is followed by another, indicating by its direction the victim. Should the murderous eye be unnoticed, a movement of the foot against that of a confederate will carry the same fatal significance. The sign of peace was quite simple, and I was glad to have it by me ; and, in point of fact, it afterwards came in very happily on more than one occasion as an introductory gesture, at once understood.

Meanwhile, among the honours and decorations which were being thrust upon me came the name which was to become my current designation among the natives throughout the whole Mission area. Just when or how it originated I do not know, but it caught on and it came to stay. I can only suppose that its source was a sensational and even terrifying report of some native at the mission house who had observed, spellbound with amazement and fear, my dental ablutions. My new name was neither dignified nor heroic in itself, but on that point I can take comfort if necessary in many historic examples of nicknames, which, mean or humorous in their literal form, have risen high above their lowly origin. Primitive peoples readily seize upon a fanciful name for a stranger, and I became Saragigi (pronounced, g hard, i as e), which means—since the truth must be told—nothing more distinguished than this, ‘The man with removable teeth.’ To the native mind this artificial feature of my anatomy,

which I could not deny, was inexplicable except as that dread thing, magic. I could easily have made great capital of it, instead of explaining it away. The name, however, soon ceased to carry its primary signification, and remained only as a kindly Papuan appellation, coming trippingly to the natives' tongue, and presently I had no other name among them. It travelled from island to island ; again and again on a first visit I found it had gone before me, and Saragigi was an ' open sesame.'

Long afterwards I was travelling with the manager of a gold-mining company commencing operations on Misima Island, one of our stations. (Papua will provide many gold-fields ; but at great cost as yet.) In course of conversation he said, ' We bought a new boat recently, but have had to change its name. I understand it had a very bad name among the natives as a labour recruiting boat. A peculiar native name it had. Sara—something, I forget it exactly, for the moment.' ' Saragigi,' I prompted. ' Yes, that's it,' he said. I laughed and replied, ' Saragigi is my native name, and also the name of the Mission schooner your company has bought from us. There is a clause in the agreement requiring the name to be changed, for fear that it might some day be used for purposes that would bring its name and the Mission into disrepute.' I enjoyed the mistake of my friend, whose history of the boat was so much astray, and, having made his unnecessary apologies, he was able to laugh with me.

CHAPTER VII

CHILD RESCUE

ONE of the dark features of Dobuan life was the custom of burying with a dead mother her living babe. It suggests a high fitness that this gross, unfeeling custom should be first challenged by a woman's pity and the first rescue of a Dobuan child from its living grave be accomplished by a woman's hand. Thus was a new point of view forced upon the Dobuan mind, not in word, but in deed.

Among those whose faces became familiar to us was a girl we had noticed at native gatherings, because of her graceful physique. Mrs. Bromilow named her 'the Princess.' One day she was able to persuade this lissom Dobuan maiden to enter our house. The girl would have fled, afraid of her own rashness in entering, but Mrs. Bromilow called to our daughter Ruve to take her in hand and show her a white child's dolls and playthings. This was irresistible, and the two were soon good friends ; and when 'the Princess' left she carried away with great delight trophies of her daring and her new acquaintanceship. Baimakosi—that was her name—became a frequent and welcome visitor and was responsive to our teaching. With the

heart of a child she learned to pray to God as Father, and soon was giving steady proof of growth in understanding and good desires.

After a time she became the wife of an appointed village constable, the marriage being celebrated by me. It may be explained that, under the unique administrative genius of Sir William Macgregor, as the influence of the British Government extended, natives were chosen by the District Magistrate to represent the new régime of law and order, and to aid the Magistrate when it became necessary for him to deal with native outrages. It was, of course, at best crude and tentative, but it was really a first step, though very small, towards self-government under British rule. In this instance the constable himself was presently charged with an offence, and was sentenced to six months in jail at Samarai. He had been cruel to our Princess, but she took his departure intensely to heart and bemoaned him with torrents of grief. At that time her child was born. Mrs. Bromilow visited her at once, and tried to interest her in her child and to win her back to a desire to live. It was in vain ; and the girl we had learned to love, so good to look upon and with so fine a nature, passed from us.

My wife shall now continue the story as an eyewitness and the principal figure in it :

‘ At her funeral I stood on the outskirts of a big crowd wondering what heathen rite they would perform, and to see the last of her whom I had learned to love

and admire. This scene, so weird, wild, and terrifying, with its wailing that rose to a scream and then sank to a dirge-like moan, became memorable in Dobuan history, for it was this day that a mortal blow was struck against infanticide.

‘I watched them lift the corpse down from the high veranda and place it in the prepared chair of death in front of a semi-circle of houses. It was placed upright and fastened with bands of green bark until it appeared alive, save that the dark, flashing eyes were closed for ever. The body was adorned with ornaments which Baimakosi had worn in life on festive occasions, and hanging on the rude chair were her valuables, together with the knife she had used in the yam garden, and a lime calabash and other possessions which told of her position in the chief’s household.

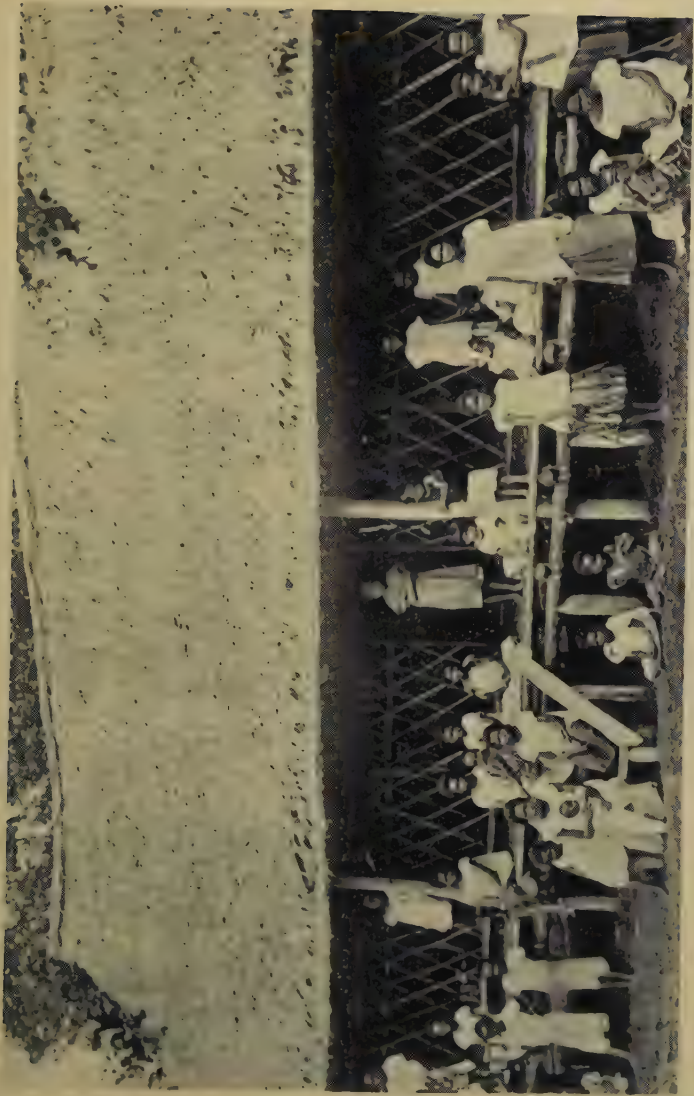
‘Groups of women—their faces made hideously black with burnt coconut, and their mouths widely extended for screaming out their wrath—sat around. Tears, true and false, rolled down their cheeks, forming channels on their painted faces. Hired mourners and witches, indescribably ugly, added excitement to the gruesome scene. The men sat together in groups, some of them performing the funeral duties allotted to them. Close to the death-chair a woman stood, holding in her hand a spear with which she struck the projecting wood of the chair, at the same time saying in angry tones : “The beauty of the village is dead, our beautiful Waine.” As she declaimed this, all

sounds of wailing ceased and an intense silence reigned. Then, in yet louder tones the woman said, "The witch has killed our beautiful Waine." This was the signal for wailing louder than before. Then the whole process was repeated, and the mourners grew frantic and wild in their expression of grief. My prayer of that hour was that the darkness of Dobu might pass away with the light of the gospel.

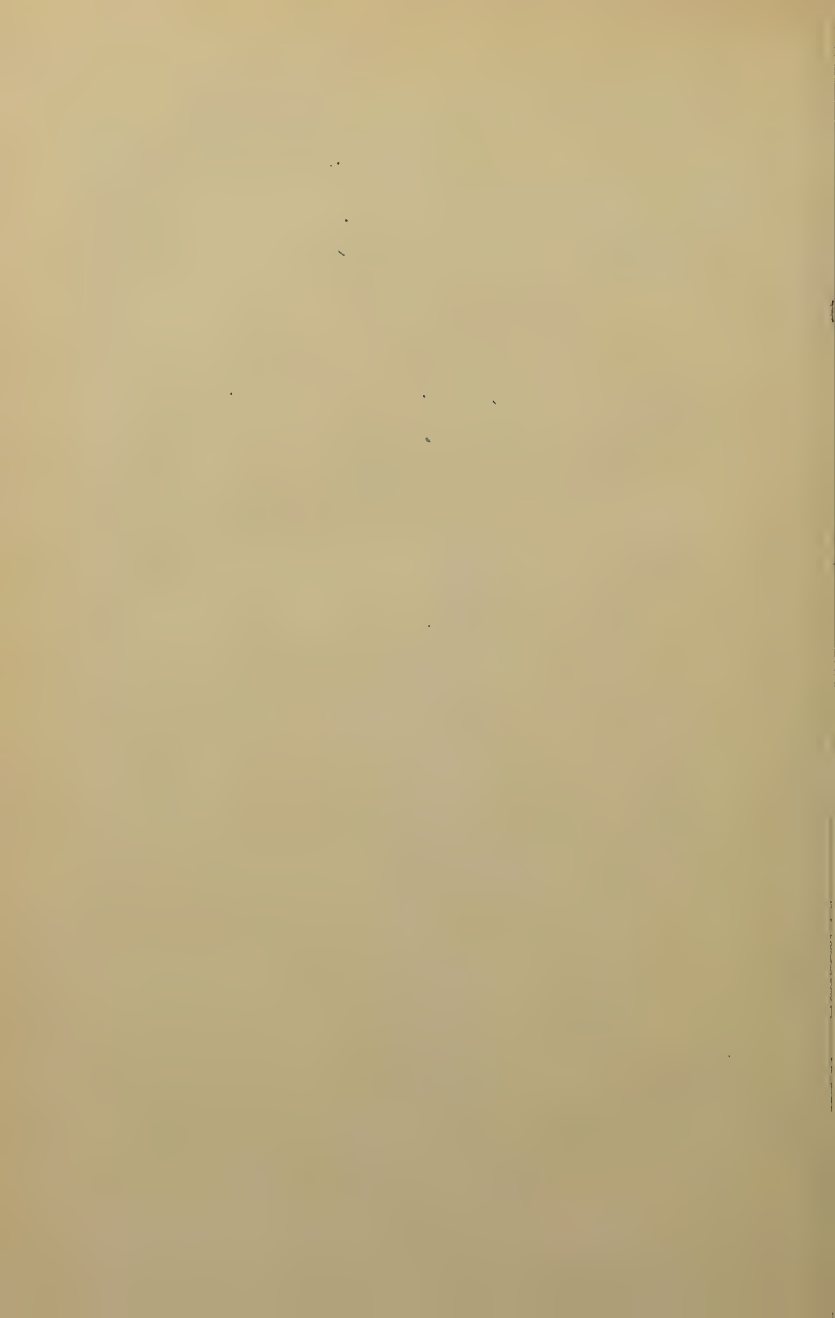
' Helplessly I looked on, and then I saw with my eyes that which my mind would not believe. A bundle of naked humanity passed over the heads of the sitting women from hand to hand ; and I suddenly realized that I was face to face with infanticide. "Surely not," my heart pleaded. But the bands of pliable bark followed the living child, and then I knew that infanticide in its worst form was about to be enacted ; the burial of a living child with its dead mother. He was about to be placed at her breast and fastened there when I stepped in without a second thought and cried : "My child Waine is dead ; let her child live." With God's help I held my position for some minutes. There was a silence and sway in that heathen crowd strange and mysterious. At that psychological moment a South Sea Island teacher came to my assistance and repeated my words again and again. I moved to the edge of the crowd, thinking my mission had failed, when the babe was taken from the corpse and an old woman carried him away. Baimakosi was then placed in the prepared circular grave, chair and all.

‘When the crowd was dispersing I went in search of the babe, and, finding his nurses, I bribed them with garden knives and a looking-glass to take care of the child until I returned in a day or two. In the interval I had had an attack of malaria, and it was on the third day that I went to Edu, Baimakosi’s village, and found her child crying bitterly, hungry and neglected, and carelessly handled by hag-like old creatures. Then they spoke to me in angry tones. “We don’t want this child,” they said. “You saved him the other day, but we don’t want him to live. What you did is not *bubuna Dobu*; it is against our customs.” I endeavoured to persuade them, but they only repeated, “This child must die!” It was only too plain that this was what would happen, if the result was left to them. I said, “His mother was my child, and he shall not die.”

‘Some men nearby said, “If you want him to live, Marama, take him away, for he will only die here.” I agreed to this, and asked if some woman would help me to carry the little waif. A woman sprang up and took the child in her unmotherly arms. As we walked through several villages on our way to the mission house the people came out of their huts to ask if it was a funeral, or if the child was dead. “No,” I replied. “Not dead, but if I left him with his people he would die from want of pity and love—there is none in Dobu.” By the time I reached the mission house quite a procession was following me to see what would be done.



FIRST NURSERY AND SCHOOL



From the veranda my husband called to me in a genial tone, "What's this?" I told him that if we could care for the infant we might in time stem the tide of infanticide. So he appealed to the men and women, with the result that the men pitied the child, but the women, more conservative, were hard and sullen. Meanwhile the babe had found a home.

'The woman who came from the village with the child offered to stay as nurse, and I gladly accepted the offer, hoping now that all would be well. Next morning as I sat in the church a girl from the mission house stole up to me and whispered: "Marama, come; the woman is angry and says she will kill the baby." I hurried back with her, and, taking the child from the woman, of whom some bad and murderous mood was in possession, I bade her leave, and I would care for the child. The woman went off, swinging her grass skirt about her with enraged dignity, but presently, turning round, she cried out that she would send the baby's grandmother to nurse him. To which I replied: "*Bobo 'ana*" (Good!). At midnight I had to go and take the screaming child from his grandmother, and in the morning she also departed. After this the little waif was our own, and we settled him in as one of the family.

'Natives came from a long distance to see how the baby fared, how he was dressed, and what we fed him on. "What does he drink?" was always the first question asked. When I replied "Milk," they would

ask : "What milk ? Where is it ?" Producing a tin of milk, I would explain : "It is in this tin, and comes from a foreign land." Then they would want to know how it got into the tin, and much more. The tin of milk was a never-ceasing source of wonder.

'It occurred to the women who had to go out and weed their gardens that it would be a way out of their difficulty if I would take their babies also. In this way I could have had forty babies at once if I had thought it would be a good thing for Dobu. But, instead, I instructed these mothers in the care of their offsprings, and if sickness came to a baby it was to be sent to me. The mother was then taught to treat fever, helping at the mission house for a few days until it abated in the child. This began to be faithfully carried out by the mothers of Dobu, with the result that many an infant life was saved.

'This was the first faint dawn of the light that was to make childhood sacred even in Dobu. But, meanwhile, how dark was the night. The cry of the children was ever with us : graves here, there, and everywhere ; and we knew not how they had died. The story would come down to my ears : "Do you remember the baby that was here two days ago ? The witch flew over in the night, took it by the throat, and now it is buried." Twins that I took an interest in and named "Marama" and "Ruve" were cared for on account of the presents I gave them. Then the mother came to me with one only. "Where's Ruve ?" I asked. "Oh, you gave

more to Marama than Ruve, so we knew that you liked Marama best, and we killed Ruve," she said. It was a way of ridding themselves of a burden.'

The custom was hard to break down, largely because, as in this instance, the disposal of the child saved the care and labour which the little life would otherwise demand, but there was probably the idea originally that the child should accompany the dead mother for her affection and care. When we believed that the usage had been abandoned, after years of the Mission, instances of its practice again became known to us. I take one of these from Mrs. Bromilow's diary : ' One day it was reported at the mission house that a mother had died in a hill village, and that her child had been buried with her. I doubted the truth of the story, for the influence of the Mission had been very effectual in this matter. I decided to go at once to the village. As I rounded a point near the spot I met a woman gathering shell-fish and asked her the truth of the matter, and she said : " It is useless for you to go to the village. The child you want is already buried." However, experience with the native women had taught me that they could deceive without showing the slightest sign, so I went on. When I arrived at the village the ceremonial wailing was still proceeding. I approached and said to the mourners, " I have heard of your grief and have come to weep with you ; but there is one thing on my heart, and that is the living child." With one voice a group of witches answered,

“ You cannot see the child, it was buried yesterday with the mother and we are wailing still.” I was not at all convinced, and, indeed, felt sure that they had thus planned to meet any inquiries from the Mission. So I sat down on a log hard by and said to them : “ You can go on with the wailing, but I will see the child to-day and you will show it to me.” At first there was no sign of my request being complied with, but I resolutely stayed on, praying the while for success. At last—and it was nearly dark—when I had waited so long that they thought I would not go, they decided to show the child to me, but said I must not take it to the mission house. “ I do not want the child,” I said, “ if you will care for it and let it live, but if you ill-treat it you will answer for your deeds, for we are here to love the children.” “ Oh,” they replied, “ we are going to be kind.” With this assurance I turned homeward. One day had passed when two women came to me at the nursery, bringing the child, and said, “ Take her, for we are afraid of our own customs.” I, of course, took the child.’

Mrs. Bromilow writes again : ‘ As I stood on the veranda one day there came Elizabeth, a native convert, with a small child in her arms. Thinking it was a case of sickness, I asked what was the matter with the little one. She said, “ This child I have saved from death and I have brought her to you. I pleaded for its life at the mother’s grave, and met the anger of the witches, who said, ‘ If these were only as other

days we would spear you.' Taking the child, I turned away while they were chanting the death wail, then I hid behind some bushes, and then, step by step, made my way out of the valley. When I reached the beach I ran fast lest they follow me and take the child." Here was another life to love and care for.'

Thus it was that our Children's Home began, an object lesson in Dobu, for 'things seen are mightier than the things heard,'⁴ and child life took on a new value.

Of the rescued children, some were already doomed beyond our care by previous neglect and exposure. The Children's Home became a prominent feature of the Mission ; nor should the South Sea teachers and their wives be unmentioned here. The teachers several times risked their lives in rescuing infants from living burial, and their wives became mothers to them for pity's sweet sake. A new spirit was to be born among the Papuans themselves, and once more the saying was fulfilled, 'A little child shall lead them.' It was indeed a transformation when the time came that we found some Dobuans themselves befriending and receiving little castaways.

It seems a long way to look back on those dark days when infanticide was rife in Dobu as a ritual act. But to-day Gideon (this was the baptismal name of our first adopted Dobuan child) is still living. He belongs to the Papuan Constabulary, a fine well-trained body of military police, and is a skilled English interpreter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONVERSION OF A WAR CANOE ; AND SOME STORIES BY THE WAY

ONE afternoon I set out from the mission house, note-book in pocket, still intent on adding new words to my now lengthy dictionary. Presently I came across a party gathered under a pleasant sylvan shade. It was a picturesque and busy company ; the women were cooking food in the native earthenware pots, chatting and laughing as they did so ; in the middle of the gathering were a few men, working more quietly and intently upon a huge log which was already assuming the shape of a canoe ; seen through a veil of greenery was the glint of beach and foam and shimmering blue sea.

As I joined the little crowd, the men went on with their work. With an eye to my note-book, I began to talk. I said, ' You are making a canoe ? ' ' Yes,' was the reply, but not given with the usual friendly readiness. ' But I have not seen you working at this canoe, yet it is well advanced,' I said. ' No,' they returned, ' we have had it hidden away under the trees since you came.' It began to look as though I had tumbled upon a mystery. My philological

interest began to give place to another. I went on to ask them about the launching of canoes, and told how white men named their ships at the launching. Would they give this canoe a name? They had already done so! Then I learned the story.

Some time before this Gaganumore had led an attack on Eneute, about seven miles from Dobu, and his brother had fallen in the fight. Defeat of the 'Edugaula tribe was rare, and it was always avenged doubly; though a pretended peace might be made to lull the enemy into a false security. A special canoe was to be built for another and successful attack on Eneute, and here it was in process of construction.

The special log for the canoe had been obtained from the large forest trees on Normanby Island, and floated across to Dobu. Each time a working party gathered for the long, laborious shaping of it, they cried to each other by way of fierce encouragement in their task, 'Remember Eneute.' But after the arrival of our Mission party, and the proclamation of the new order of peace, they decided to discontinue work upon the canoe for a time and place it out of sight, though not surrendering their plan of revenge. Meanwhile, the enemy, proud of their defeat of the 'Edugaulans, sent over at intervals insulting challenges. Now, after long delay, the completion of the canoe was being taken in hand; and it was named the *Eneute*, to keep the fire of hatred and revenge still burning. There were some, however, who ventured

to propose that it should be renamed and used for trade, and not war.

I did my best to encourage the peaceful designation and use of the great canoe, by pointing out that these were new times, that it was a mistake to build a new vessel of war, since peace was coming soon to all these islands. One day, when a number were gathered in the neighbourhood of the canoe, I put it to them strongly: let Dobu set an example to all others; everybody knew how the 'Edugaulans were the greatest warriors of the Group, let them be first in peace as they had been in war; let the canoe have another name! It was a sign of a new spirit when some one cried, 'Call it *Saragigi*' (my own name). 'No,' I said, 'I do not want my name on the canoe; choose another.' Then a woman standing by shouted (women have a voice in public affairs in Dobu, as has been pointed out), 'Call it *Marama* (my wife's South Seas name).' 'Very well,' I said, 'you can call it *Marama*, if you wish.' The idea caught on; and the significance of it was immense.

The word *Marama* is Fijian, I may say, and denotes a woman entitled to high respect. When we came to Dobu it was necessary to supply a name and title for the missionary's wife, as the Dobuans had no suitable term. My wife and I had been accustomed in Fiji to 'Marama,' and we introduced the word into Dobu, whence it has passed into currency throughout our Papuan Mission, being used when necessary in



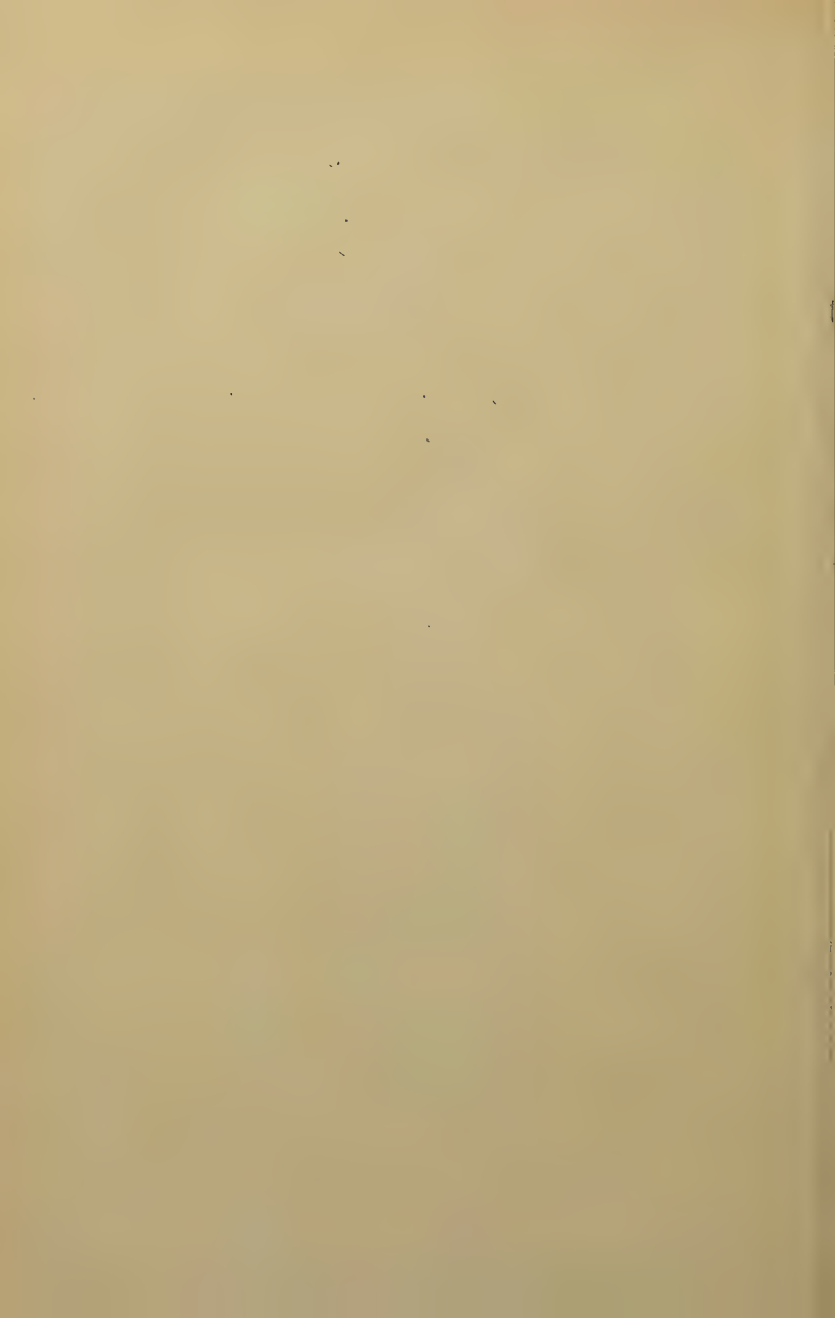
PANAEATI CANOE DECORATION

Photo: Rev. J. W. Burton.



FERGUSON ISLAND CANOE

[Face p. 144



conjunction with the name of the place of residence—thus, Marama Dobu, Marama Kiriwina. Its use for this intended war canoe was indeed a sign of a changed and changing Dobu.

On my wife's part the honour involved a few gifts, including flags for the launching. She and I delighted to watch the completion of the work, and it was a revelation of native taste and skill to note the carvings and the decorations of cowrie-shells, carried out with immense care. But, before the final touches were added, the canoe was secluded in a shed specially built for it, and no woman, not even Marama herself, was allowed for one moment to see it. It was explained to me that a woman's touch or as much as a woman's glance would make the canoe so heavy that it would be impossible to paddle it. When I sought to get at the inwardness of this the only reply given, and probably the only possible one, was that such was *bubuna Dobu* (the custom of Dobu).

The completed canoe was a noble craft of its kind. Bow and stern were finished with elegant carved work. At one end was affixed an indecent representation, which was afterwards removed by my persuasion, though they had no idea whatever why I objected to it. The whole was a triumph of the canoe-builder's art. The 'Edugaulans are the Vikings of those seas, and many of their number must have felt that their glory had departed when this splendid canoe was to carry no warriors to Eneute.

On the day of the launching, crowds gathered from far and near, scarcely able to believe that this wonder of the converted canoe had really happened. The occasion brought together dangerous elements, and it would have needed very little to make serious trouble, for many olden feuds were represented. Indeed, the crowd was becoming restless and mutterings were in the air, when we heard the hum of men's voices in the near distance chanting the accustomed magic formulae. Women took up positions with mats in their hands, in front of the canoe house, while men laid the round and slender trunks of trees on the ground, on which to slide the canoe toward the water. The big door was thrown back and the great canoe drawn out before the eyes of the admiring crowd. The men in charge shouted, and then called out the words of dedication to Eaboaine. The women danced, and flung their mats over the carved bows of the canoe, which was now pushed into the water. As it floated off, a thing of grace, only one man could be seen on board. Exclamations of praise of its beauty were heard on every side, while a few daringly criticized the lightness of its outrigger and prophesied a liability to capsize. The builders had made no mistakes ; and when suddenly there sprang into position a full crew with paddles, which they plied for a few swift and perfectly symmetrical strokes, turning the canoe and bringing it close in shore, it was seen that its proportions and balance were perfect.

All was now ready for the show trial trip. Flags were hoisted at each end of the canoe. Gaganumore stepped on board, his mass of hair almost hidden with the white feathers stuck in it (the white feather is the Dobuan sign of doughty deeds in war, and the number Gaganumore was wearing denoted him the hero of many fights). In perfect rhythm the paddles struck the water and the canoe shot away. At a distance from the shore Gaganumore began to use his sling, the crack of which could be plainly heard as he discharged betel-nuts, first from the bows, and then, after dancing along the canoe, from the stern (the crack of the cord when the sling is discharged is comparable to the report of a rifle-shot—the startling sound is often the most effective part ; for this island sling is an inaccurate weapon). He continued this until the canoe again neared the beach, when a couple of fowling-pieces gave a salute from the land. As the graceful native craft came in from her trial trip I was careful to note—as would be the whole crowd also—that it was turned stern foremost, a sign to all beholders that it was a canoe of peace. From the beach women now stepped into the water and threw uncooked yams to the men on board, who flung back gifts in return. This done the *Marama* was moored ; and from a platform ashore Gaganumore dispensed the feast of slightly cooked pigs, dogs, yams, and other like toothsome bits. A dog's ham, a yam weighing thirty pounds, and some betel-nuts were the official present to the

missionary. A native feast is picturesque as seen at a distance ; at close quarters it is not so. The native appetite, in the ordinary way restrained, is at such a time over robust and vigorous, and the proverb, 'fingers were made before knives and forks,' is too strongly illustrated. The quantities devoured were great ; but food is carried away from these gatherings, more than is eaten on the spot. The supply was sufficient to send every one home more or less laden ; and the feast was a notable success.

After we returned to the mission house the new canoe was paddled past our outlook, until its bows pointed to Eneute. I wondered what it meant, and whether, after all, the old savage instinct had proved too strong. I called to my wife, 'Look what these fellows are doing. Is our work to go for nothing !' Just then the chief's nephew, who had taken the older warrior's place on board, jumped on to the platform of the canoe, and, taking a young coconut in one hand and a knife in the other, split the nut open at one stroke, and poured out its contents. 'What was that for ?' I asked of Gaganumore, who had walked with me to the house. 'Oh, that was a last fling at them,' he replied ; 'we do not mean to fight them. But if these times of peace had not come upon us, and we had not become as women, we would have had our revenge. It is all over. We have said we will not fight them.' I felt that the chief was taking a 'lingering, longing look behind' ; his self scorn, 'If we had

not become as women,' showed that for the moment at least his heart was in the brave days of old ; but to judge that he was giving up the old because the new order simply left him no option would be unfair to him. He was no mere primitive, discerning time-server. A new-born force was at work in Gaganumore. I could see that he was making a tremendously hard surrender, after a fight within himself greater than he had ever led against Eneute ; and, as I stood by his side, I had a warm feeling of sympathy and admiration for this life-long warrior, with the light of battle not yet gone out of his eye, nor able to forget the war-cry of his tribe, once feared far and wide.

Soon after this Gaganumore offered to take me on the new canoe to visit some of the tribes, enemies until very recently. We had a crack crew, and the canoe thus manned made a typical South Seas picture as it raced across the dimpling waters, to be hidden presently behind some green cape, graced by the lofty coconut-palms that crowned it. Our coming was a stirring event ; but most discussed in village after village was this strange, incomprehensible, new thing—peace, represented in visible form by this magnificent converted canoe.

Another notable use was made of it when our Dobuans went over to Normanby Island to plant yams, as was their periodical custom. When Sunday came round a flag was hoisted, and the *Marama* went across to bring the gardeners over to the services in

the church. The canoe designed in fierce hate and revenge had become a ferry-boat for Christian worship.

A little later there came a time of food scarcity in parts of the Group, as sometimes happens in these supposed 'isles of all plenteousness.' The old enemy of Dobu, Miadeba, suffered specially. Gaganumore came to me and asked whether it would not be well for him to go over in his canoe, and offer to bring over to his own village some of the needy Miadebans, to dwell and be fed there until the hard times on their own island were over ; for Dobu was not suffering seriously. He did so, and such was his kindness to his guests that one of them remained permanently, a peace link between these hitherto immemorial foes.

Another fact completes and rounds off the story of the canoe. Some of the crew learned its lesson so well that I was able after a time to use them among my first native preachers. Truly, the conversion of the war canoe was complete from stem to stern. Often, as I looked at its well-wrought, pleasing shape drawn up on the beach or afloat on the mirroring waters, I said, remembering its original designation of savage revenge, 'The wrath of man shall praise Thee.'

We were greatly annoyed by continued thefts from the mission house and the teachers' dwellings. Anything removable was quickly and elusively taken. Prehensile toes were used for the purpose. Visitors

to the Mission were allowed a good deal of freedom of access ; we wanted to learn their language, their mentality, their outlook on life. They came in numbers, and any articles lying about, small enough to be secreted about their scanty dress, were very likely to be missing when they had gone. They would pick them up with their toes, raise the leg behind their backs, and secure the prize. Our teachers did not quite understand our patience and forbearance, and wondered that we did not call in the authority of the British Government, when an official visit and a well chosen threat would have made us practically secure in our possessions. There was also the very serious consideration that if we allowed this thieving to go on it would bring upon us the contempt, and worse, of the Dobuans themselves.

When this thieving had reached what I regarded as its extreme limit, I determined to have it out with the people of a village where I was quite sure a quantity of stolen goods were being held. I approached the village, but did not enter it, and presently, as I expected, a representative of the village came to invite me to its hospitality. 'Are you not coming in?' he asked. 'No,' I replied, 'you might kill me.' Much surprised, he answered, 'We could not do that, you are our friend.' 'You do not steal from a friend, do you?' I said. The shaft went home, for it is their custom to respect any property belonging to a friend.

'Well,' he replied, 'come into the village and we

will talk about it.' 'No,' said I, 'I will not enter your village until the goods you have stolen are returned. I will sit on this log till to-morrow morning.' This I found was a good stroke on my part, being according to local custom.

The man returned to the village and gave an account of his unsatisfactory interview with me. A council was called and my ultimatum discussed. After a time, to my great delight, I saw a procession of villagers approaching me, a woman leading it. She said, 'We are sorry'; and a number of purloined articles were laid before me. I saw at once that they had not brought nearly all, and I said, 'Now that you are sorry at being found out, I want you to show that you are really sorry by bringing everything you have taken.' They returned, and brought other articles. Once more I was dissatisfied, and they, crestfallen, again went back to the village, and now brought with them native articles in place of the stolen ones which were no longer in their possession. 'Now,' I said, 'you must bring these to the mission house and put them in their places.' To this they demurred, fearing some plot to entrap them, but, yielding to my assurances, they came along. Hearing of something going on, quite a crowd had gathered. When full amends had been made, I said, 'Now I shall visit your village. Let us have a talk.' The tension was off and we were the best of friends. On leaving us, they said, 'We shall steal no more.' They were as good as their

word. The next Sunday, as a proof of confidence in them, we went to service leaving the doors and windows of the mission house open, and we had no further trouble on that score. But, lest it should be thought that this was entirely the result of moral suasion (and much of it was), I am bound to add that some fear of Government cognizance, now that they had been found out, influenced their conduct. Though the last thing we should have thought of doing would have been to invoke official protection.

Let me now present some separate incidents and reminiscences. I had the following problem of the native mind with regard to the administration of justice submitted to me at Dobu. A Chinese trader had been fatally attacked by a band of Dobuans, but succeeded, as he fell, in shooting one of his assailants. A Government party came upon the scene and obtained the surrender of the man who had actually flung the spear that killed the Chinaman, and the death sentence was exacted. Afterwards some of the people, greatly puzzled, laid the matter before me. They asked, 'What is wrong with our law and why is white man's law so different? Is a white man so great that he is worth two of us? One of us killed the trader, and he killed one of us. That is as it should be, a life for a life. But now the Government comes and takes another of us, and he is hanged. That makes two lives for one life, and that is not fair and equal.'

I did my best to explain that British law punished the actual wrongdoer and no other, that guilt was personal and not communal. I had no hope at the time that they saw the force of my argument. They would merely decide that white people had strange ways of their own ! Nevertheless, the Papuan is by no means essentially stupid, and he soon begins to understand in part at least the white man's code, that the man who did the deed, and not some one else, must pay ; at any rate, he adapts himself with a practical philosophy to this, to him, revolutionary system, though he still wonders why any change of his old standards should be considered necessary. It is through the teaching of the missionaries that a real adjustment of moral values is brought about, in the awakening of the individual conscience and a sense of personal accountability to God and man.

Our South Seas Island teachers—from Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga—present many varieties of personality and ability, but, taken all round, they are a fine lot, sincere and earnest in their work. The wonder is that they are what they are, considering, ‘ the hole of the pit whence they were digged.’ Sir William Macgregor, who never sentimentalized, bore eloquent testimony to the fine qualities of these humble helpers. ‘ Let me say a word for the coloured teachers,’ he said. ‘ The poor simple soul leaves his own little world and warm-hearted friends in the South Seas

to devote his efforts to his fellow men in an unknown country. . . . Scores of them have died silently and splendidly at their posts. . . . Only those who see the South Sea teacher at his work can appreciate and sympathize with him.' By this time it is well known in the islands from which teachers are drawn what are the difficulties and risks involved in their work, yet the supply does not fail. The places of those who fall in the field are filled.

Mosese Nasalo was a village pastor in the Rewa circuit, in Fiji, when I was in charge of it. When I met in Sydney the party of teachers bound for Papua, I was rather surprised to find him among them, for I had not thought of him as an adventurous spirit. 'What, Mosese, you here?' I said. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'when I heard that you were going to Papua, I prayed about it, and the Lord told me to come. Don't send me back, because I am not married or because I am not clever. Surely, I can tell them about Jesus Christ who died to save us all. Please let me come.' And I did.

It was quite remarkable to find a grown-up Fijian unmarried. Mosese was not a woman-hater, and when spoken to on the matter of his bachelorhood he would simply reply that somehow he did not wish to be married. Arrived in Papua, the teachers were presently sent two by two to their posts, and Mosese, who was of slight figure, went off with his colleague Samisoni, a tremendous fellow, hence his name.

Mosese's difficulties with the language were great, and his first attempts to preach in it resulted in an imaginary tongue. But he had a burning heart which communicated itself to others, and he won converts by his love and zeal.

Malarial fever played havoc with Mosese, and this had upon him its inevitable effect in overwhelming mental depression and great physical languor. One day he came to me much distressed. 'Oh, sir,' he cried, 'you don't think me lazy, do you? I fear that my brother teachers think I am, and that I waste my time and take my money' (£10 a year) 'without earning it; but the malaria will not let me.' He was seated on the mat, telling me his sorrows, when suddenly, before I could prevent him, he fell before me, and cried, 'Sir, let me kiss your feet.' 'No, Mosese,' I said, 'you must not do that; we will both bow together at the feet of Jesus.' I prayed, and presently Mosese was comforted and went back to his post.

After a time one of the Fijian teachers confided to me that he did not think Mosese was lazy, but what he needed was a wife—how could he do his work if when he was sick he had no one to nurse him. When I inquired of this friend why Mosese did not marry, he said it was just because he did not wish to do so, which seemed to him mere stupid obstinacy. Evidently pressure was brought to bear upon this hard-shell bachelor, for soon after Mosese came to me to talk the matter over. He had gone so far as to justify his

position by pointing out that there was no Fijian woman available for him ; to which his friends had replied effectively that there were Papuan women who were now good Christians. I rather supported this view of the case. Mosese, thus encouraged, then said, ' Sir, I have come to propose.' We had by this time some young women attached to the Mission station for training ; and, rather to my surprise, the unimpressible Mosese named as the one he proposed for the prettiest girl of the number. It is not allowed in native society to speak direct to the lady ; the proposal is through an intermediary, and in this instance through me.

I told the girl of Mosese's offer, and spoke well of him. She turned up her nose, very literally so—*ubusutooro*. When I told him of the refusal, he was not cast down, but said cheerfully, ' Let us try another,' and proceeded to name another comely damsel. The result again was *ubusutooro*. Then he chose a third, and still—*ubusutooro*. Mosese seemed, if anything, more cheerful each time. Then there dawned on me the craftiness of this guileless soul, the depth of this simple bachelor ! He had chosen the prettiest girls because he knew they would not have him !

Mosese's fortunes were much discussed. He did not mind, and, having done his duty, felt relieved and went on with his work. But he was not to be left in peace. One of the Mission girls, not handsome, but a good sort, came to me, saying that she was sorry for

Mosese, who had no wife to take care of him when he was sick, and with my consent and his she would marry him. When I spoke to him, not failing to commend the girl, he only shook his head and said he thought he wouldn't get married. After this he was left alone. But, while I saw the humour of Mosese's affairs, I saw the pathos, too. He was a lonely soul ; and malaria had taken advantage of his temperament to do its worst.

His ill health became more pronounced, and I arranged for him to return to Fiji, on long furlough. He sent his reply thus : ' Tell the missionary that I am grateful to him, but I have a revelation that I should not return to my native land, but die here. Tell him that heaven is as near here as there.' Only those who know the longing of the South Sea islander for his own familiar birth-place, its shores and hills, its speech and customs, can understand the high courage of Mosese's words.

His weakness steadily increased, and the end drew near. As one Sunday morning dawned, he said to his friends around him, ' I shall die to-day. Dress me in my best preaching suit ' (it consisted of a white shirt and a white loin-cloth), ' oil my face and comb my hair, that I may be ready when the call comes.' This was in keeping with what all our teachers desired when death drew near ; and the time at which the end will be is deeply impressed upon them—the impression tending to fulfil itself. It is no trouble to them to slip away at the anticipated hour.

Mosese waited calmly for the close. At midday he asked, 'Don't you hear singing?' 'No,' was the reply. 'It is the music of heaven for me,' he said. Toward evening he cried, 'Look!' 'What is it?' asked his friends. 'There is a beautiful white canoe coming from the skies,' he replied; 'it gleams like pearl; and when it comes nearer I will step on board. Do not weep. All is clear.' So passed Mosese Nasalo, humble and 'called, faithful, and chosen.' As I considered it, I said, 'Let my last end be like his.'

Among the Tongan teachers in the pioneer party which landed was Joni Kuli. Of all our South Sea helpers he was the most striking figure; every feature and limb of him suggested fine strength of character. His dark eyes were both commanding and humorous, looking out from beneath a towering shock of black hair and a well-formed forehead; his natty trimmed beard became him well; and his easy, athletic poise—free, alert, unconscious—gave an impression of absolute physical fitness. But the two compelling factors in Joni Kuli's splendid composition were his walk and his laugh. His stride was majestic and unstudied, that of a king, and his laugh was that of a happy child.

As a preacher in his own Tongan tongue, he brought into play every part of his personality—tense, psychic—in his moving appeals. No wonder that congregations were swept by his natural gifts aflame with

spiritual fires. In Papua his influence among the natives was very great. To them he was the embodiment of leadership, and they gazed at him with unconsciously admiring eyes.

I had experience, more than once, of Joni's fine seamanship, and there was no one I would rather be with than he in a storm on those treacherous seas. The Rev. James Watson, who had Joni Kuli as his colleague in toils and dangers, has recently written of him, 'Joni was a great man—and still is, in his own land, by all accounts. I have very happy memories of long voyages amidst perils oft on "the blue water where the great winds blow," where Joni and I, with a small four-ton cutter, sailed about the Louisiade, the Engineer, and the D'Entrecasteaux Groups. What a cheery, trusty shipmate he was, and an adept withal.

'Well do I remember how on one occasion, in my anxiety to land at Kwato (a station of the London Missionary Society), I dropped the anchor too soon for Joni to complete the fine parabola which was to impress the station folks with the fact that an artist was manipulating the helm of the little *Waverley*. My regret at the fiasco, and the look on Joni's face, were almost enough to send me overboard after the anchor ! I had completely spoiled an impressive occasion.

'However, I think I rehabilitated my credit as a sailor in his eyes when the *Waverley* was the only vessel to leave the harbour of Samarai during one fierce cyclonic storm. I decided to put to sea, for we had

sick teachers on board and were anxious to get them to Dobu for attention. Then, as we met the storm, did the light of battle come to Joni's eyes. Our passengers had to be stowed below, and the hatches put on, owing to the heavy seas. Poor fellows, ague and fever at the out-stations had made them careless of life, anyhow.

'With almost bare poles we tore through the waters ; Joni, eager, every faculty alert, was steering ; while the compass and direction were my responsibility. When the storm almost blotted out the visibility, there would come Joni's quick question, "Are we going on the right course, Taubada ?" "Yes, Joni." "Are you sure, Taubada ?" So the *Waverley* went on, beating, thrashing its puny but defiant way.

'We did the trip to the East Cape in what was, to the best of my knowledge, record time ; and when we tore in through the opening in the reef to the calm water within, Joni in his bearing might have been bringing H.M.S. *Hood* into port in triumph.

'Joni was not naturally a patient soul, as will easily be guessed ; but, for all that, in what patience he could possess his fiery self ! On one voyage aboard the *Waverley* we were trying from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. to make a small harbour on the coast of mountainous Misima Island. The wind, sweeping down from its heights through deep ravines, drove us out to sea again and again. Joni was grim but cheerful, as over and over again we failed to make port. "Next time we

shall make it, Taubada," he would say ; and at last we did it, and Joni was well content.

‘ Incidentally it was just as well we had not done it earlier, for we were saved from “ butting in,” on a cannibal feast which had taken place a few hours before.

‘ To know Joni Kuli was to love him, brave as a lion, with the gentle heart of a woman and the gaiety of a gladsome schoolboy. With this temperament went a deeply reverent devotion to the Christ who was to him the supreme Reality.’

Such is the tribute to Joni Kuli of one who knew him intimately. Turning to my own records, I find that when, after ten years of service in Papua, he returned to serve in his native land I wrote of him to the Rev. Dr. Moulton of Tonga, ‘ I only wish we had a dozen such as Joni Kuli on these islands.’

It was Joni Kuli who gave to a congregation in a large church in a Sydney suburb an illustration which has become a classic example of the swift and notable imaginative gift of South Sea islanders. Arriving in Sydney on their way from Tonga or Samoa or Fiji to Papua, these teachers were filled with wonder at the sights of the city. The house and street lights (gas in those days) greatly interested them, and here Joni Kuli found an illustration. Speaking in the church, which was illuminated by great chandeliers, he said, ‘ I have been inquiring about the lights I see in the streets and houses and churches in Sydney. I am told that it is gas which is carried in pipes from

one central source to all parts wherever it is needed. So there is a great centre from which the light of the gospel has been carried. It is England. Many years ago it was carried across the seas from England to Tonga and to Samoa and to Fiji.' Then with a fine sweep he pointed to one gleaming chandelier after another, 'That is Tonga.' 'That is Samoa.' 'That is Fiji.' 'How brightly they shine!' Then again, dramatically pointing to an unlighted chandelier at the back of the church, he cried, 'But what is that? Dark! Dark! That is poor dark New Guinea. But we go to light up dark New Guinea, also, with the gospel of Jesus Christ, and it, too, will shine bright with the love of God.' Every word of the speaker was tense with apostolic zeal, and no one who heard the speech of Joni Kuli would ever forget it.

A few years after our landing at Dobu a terrific hurricane swept across Dobu and adjacent islands. Its effect was that of a broom or a steam-roller, carrying before it or levelling everything in its track, save for a few forlorn vestiges of plantations and gardens and villages that survived its ruinous outburst. The mountain-sides, too, were scarred by landslips and gaps torn in the virgin forest, the result of the mighty winds and torrential downpour.

My wife and I set out after the hurricane had abated to visit some of the teachers' stations, to learn what damage had been done and how they and their

people were faring. We met with many instances of what was thought and being said about the cyclone. In one case a great local sorcerer had been appealed to with a gift of three sticks of trade tobacco and other payments to follow. 'What!' said he. 'Did this wind come out of my mouth? Had it come from the north I could stop it. The north wind is mine.' Another sorcerer charmed some water and scattered it on the howling tempest to allay it. One of our converts dared to say to him, 'What are you doing? God will not help us in that way.' It was a changed Dobu when an ordinary villager might even whisper in secret, still less speak aloud, a word to discredit the casting of a once undoubted charm.

Others regarded the hurricane, which followed closely upon the one before it, as the result of the presence of white men on the island. It was only four years gone (December 1898) when the country was devastated in this same fashion. This present hurricane had come in quicker succession than had ever been known. The oldest men said that they could count only one hurricane in their lifetime. Plainly white men and missionaries had upset the order of nature in Dobu! Our native Christians were perplexed, for they had prayed during the storm, but it wrecked their gardens and their houses. One old man, a catechumen, said to me sorrowfully, 'I think I had better give up coming to my class. God did not answer my prayer, and you could not help me.'

What is the use of praying?' I was able to give these simple souls a new point of view, and they got a clearer and surer outlook, and were comforted.

During the storm messengers were sent to see if I was sleeping or watching. It was said, 'If he sleeps all will be well, but if he keeps watch, not so.' With the numerous family we had gathered at the mission house, its roof threatening to lift and float away at any moment, I was little likely to slumber.

It was freely asserted that I had 'worked' the hurricane because, by token of the barometer, I had given warning of its coming. How could I do this if I were not master of the winds? It was believed that I kept the storm power in the aneroid hanging on my wall, and could loose it at will. A deputation headed by a teacher came to ask me to prevent cyclones for ever. In vain had the unwilling teacher protested that I had no such power. 'Did he not tell you to prepare, because the hurricane was surely coming?' was their conclusive answer.

On the Sunday I preached to crowded congregations on the religious significance and lessons of the storm, the effects of which were to be seen in ruin on every side. I took the opportunity to explain the barometer, and was able to make science the vehicle of spiritual truths. Both on Dobu and Ferguson Island these addresses were a means of marked good, and I felt that some new truths had dawned upon these awakening minds.

The people bore their losses bravely and cheerfully, and set to work to clear away débris, rebuild their homes, and re-make their gardens. Gaganumore returned at this time from a two months' voyage to the eastward, where he had collected eleven *bagi* (native bead strings with pendants of great value), and seven fine ornamented native belts. He was at sea as the hurricane gathered, but was fortunately able to gain shelter. I was glad to see him safe and sound.

Nature soon rehabilitates herself in these tropic isles, and ere long the landscape smiled once more in all its cheerful array.

The only one of our Mission party to die from violence was perhaps the gentlest soul of all. Seluaia was the wife of Josaia, a Tongan teacher, who volunteered for the new Mission. On the way to Papua a short stay was made in Sydney, where the handsome appearance, the overflowing earnestness and happiness, and the excellent singing of this couple evoked the enthusiasm and admiration of the meetings at which they spoke and sang.

Seluaia had a distinctive personal charm, with the dignity and self-possession which is one of the strange characteristics of so many of the South Sea races, but specially of the Tongans (and Samoans), who have a fine natural port and bearing of their own. But it was when Seluaia spoke of spiritual things that there

came over her another elevation—the lofty, yet humble expression of an inward vision and experience, very impressive in its obvious sincerity.

Her husband was a fine man, in whom I had the utmost confidence. For this reason, after he had been with me for some time at Dobu Island, I appointed him to Panaeati, where a capable, reliable teacher was needed. There the two settled down to their work, but had scarcely done so when tragedy broke in upon it.

One Sunday morning, Seluaia was alone with her baby in the native house, which she had made a model and a wonder to the people around. Her husband had gone to conduct a service, but in the ordinary way the solitary woman was perfectly safe. Suddenly an infuriated man rushed in and struck her with a knife, wounding her severely. With a mother's instinct, she snatched up her baby, and ran from her assailant into the open road. The man followed her and smote her again and again, until he left her for dead or his madness abated.

The cause of the attack was that one of the wives of this man had gone off with a native of another island, a visitor to Panaeati. With the view of revenge as cultivated in these islands working upon his savage anger, he went out to find the first stranger to the island, upon whom he might wreak his vengeance, and the one he found was the gentle, defenceless Seluaia.

When Josaia reached home it was to see his wife,

who had dragged herself back to the house, lying bruised and bleeding to death. She said, 'I expected him to kill me, but I prayed that I might be able to save our baby.' Josaia, in his grief, besought her to live and stay with him, but she, feeling the approach of the end, gave her last messages for her people and the Church in Tonga, the message ending, 'and tell them that my mind is at peace.'

Josaia wrote to me, telling me his sorrowful story, closing thus, 'So I write to you to give you Seluaia's love. Her death was like a sleep. When I looked upon her I could see that she was at peace and that she was willing to go.'

When the news became known among our Church people in Dobu there was great mourning, but of an unusually subdued character because of its depth, though tears, too, were abundant. When Seluaia's little child was brought from Panaeati to be sent to Tonga to the care of her mother's family, emotion was moved afresh, and new tributes of affection for the gentle martyr were widespread. It is now thirty years since the Mission boat, the *Dove*, came sadly to anchor at Dobu from Panaeati, the Captain unwilling and almost unable to tell me what had happened there. I can better judge of it now, and I see plainly how profound was the influence of Seluaia's tragic death. A sense of the *wickedness* of the deed, and that was a new conception in Panaeati, was created; while Josaia's Christian resignation and hope stood out in

strong relief against the utter darkness of native superstition on the island.

The murderer was tried before a District Magistrate and sentenced (by the Supreme Court) to ten years' imprisonment, but at the end of five years was liberated on the ground of good conduct and in consideration of the provocation he had received and the native custom of revenge. He returned to Panaeati, but did not show himself in the current life and affairs of the island. To his amazement, he received a message from Josaia that Seluaia had forgiven him before she died, that he also had forgiven him, and that the Christians of Panaeati would not turn their backs on him if he came to church. He came and continued to come, until his heart grew tender and his grief real. He was a true penitent, and became a convert who always remembered that he had been forgiven much.

Some considerable time later, when my wife and I were on a visitation to Panaeati, as we were entering the plainly built church, I pointed to a man who had just entered and was now bowed low with his head to the ground, and whispered to her, 'That man was Seluaia's murderer.' Mrs. Bromilow admitted afterwards that there came to her for the moment a shuddering aversion, until she remembered how Seluaia's forgiveness had redeemed this man. Truly it could be said of Panaeati also, 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'

CHAPTER IX

OTHER STATIONS

It may have occurred by this time to some of my readers that I am leaving out of the picture those whose names were given earlier as my colleagues in opening up this Mission to Papua. In explanation of any apparent neglect of my brethren, or of egoism on my own part, I trust it will be enough to say that it seemed to me necessary to make the story of Dobu continuous and not to interrupt it by touching too soon upon other stations. Specially would I like it to be remembered that this book, modest in size, is not a history, even in outline, of the whole Papuan Mission (though it will surely be written some day), which would require a very much larger canvas. This is mostly a record of some personal incidents and impressions. I am glad, however, that in this chapter the names of my well-beloved fellow pioneers will appear, at least sufficiently to indicate the way in which they took up their work with all their soul and strength. I was blessed in them with the most zealous and loyal and capable colleagues one could possibly have chosen.

Before Dr. Brown left Dobu on the *Lord of the Isles*, after seeing our first steps toward settlement, a

conference was held on board the *Merrie England* as to the next station to be occupied by the Mission. Sir William Macgregor was present, to advise with keen interest and sympathy. He had just returned from a visit to the Louisiade Group, and, spreading out maps and charts, he pointed out Panaeati as the strategic point for our work, specially as the canoe building for the whole of the Group was centred there. It was decided that as soon as possible the Rev. S. B. Fellows, the Rev. J. Watson, and I should proceed in our new vessel, the *Dove* (the gift of Methodist children in Australia) and make a beginning at Panaeati.

Two months after our arrival at Dobu we set sail for the Louisiades, taking with us two Samoan teachers and their wives, who were to be left at Ware (Teste Island), taking charge of that station from the London Missionary Society. There sailed with us also our whale-boat, captained by Joni Kuli, who had a Samoan and a Fijian teacher, with two Papuans, as his mixed crew. As the Captain of the *Dove* had not a well-found crew, I offered my services to him, which he was glad to accept. Soon after leaving Dobu, and losing sight of waving handkerchiefs from the conspicuous mission house, we had a head wind, and the beating capacity of the *Dove* was tested. She behaved most admirably, and tack after tack was beautifully made.

Some dirty weather followed. Squalls, which are sudden in these waters, are usually followed by calms ;

but the price of safety on the South Seas is constant watchfulness. In the evening, after the blow of the day, we expected the weather to settle down comfortably, as it often does. The opposite happened ; and, instead of the anticipated improvement, a gale struck us. Fortunately, no easy assurance had dissuaded the Captain from keeping his eyes skinned, and he saw it coming. There was not a moment to lose, and, leaving the tiller to me, he got to work lowering the mizzen peak, at the same time calling to two of the teachers at hand to take in the jib, then himself rushing forward to the mains'l ; but before the halyards could be let go, the gale and rain were on top of us. ' Luff, sir, luff,' he called to me. ' Helm down,' I shouted back. How that boat did heel before coming into the wind ; but she came all right. ' I thought she would have gone over,' said one and another afterwards. We had the whale-boat in tow ; and, as soon as the Captain of the *Dove* had handed me the tiller and hurried off, I hailed the whale-boat. ' Look out there,' I shouted ; ' be ready to lower sail ' ; for, with the expectation of a calm sea and gentle breeze, her sails were up. ' All right, sir,' responded Joni ; and, suiting the action to the word, all was snug when the gale struck the little craft. This was the sort of thing loved of Joni Kuli, born seaman.

It was a bad night that followed, with no chance of sleep. With stays'l and reefed fores'l we proceeded on an uncertain track. When morning broke the rain

was so heavy that the air seemed turned to water, and we could not take up our position, though the Captain believed we were not far from Ware (Teste Island) ; and so it proved, for presently, during a temporary clearing, the island showed up ten miles or so ahead, rising, a purple mass, out of a silver sea. We were all soaked, and the tide was against us ; we were glad enough to run into shelter in Fortescue Straits, where we lay in smooth water under the shelter of the hills. The rain continued to come down in torrents, but we got the fire alight in the stove, made some tea and cooked some yams, and then slept the sleep of the weary.

At Ware the two Samoan teachers entered upon their homes, vacated by their predecessors. From there we sailed to the island of Tubetube, which I was anxious to visit as a likely spot for a Mission station. The island had been much visited for the sake of the beche-de-mer, which abounds on the reefs around it. Beche-de-mer is a kind of sea slug, which may be as much as two feet in length. It is obtained by diving, and the process of curing is by boiling and drying in the sun. It has long been greatly in demand among the Chinese, as everybody knows ; but is now used, I believe, in France and England also, as the foundation of a soup considered by connoisseurs a delicacy. This trade in beche-de-mer had brought Tubetube into touch with white men, and pidgin was largely understood on the island. The people expressed

themselves as ready to receive a missionary, but desired that he should be white. 'What for white man no come? You go Ware—he no savee dim-dim (English). Me likee white man, he come.' And thither came, not long after, the Rev. J. T. Field and his brave wife, who had voyaged from Australia to Dobu to be married to him. He had been the greatest possible help to me at Dobu, and all his qualities were brought to bear upon Tubetube, with marked devotion and success.

By way of 'setting up housekeeping,' Mr. and Mrs. Field had as their residence for some time a structure of poles and corrugated iron, providing one room, divided into two by a sail taken from the boat. The doorway—more properly, opening or entry—the only one, was filled, more or less, by a piece of awning, also from the boat. The occupants made no complaint, and, on the contrary, reported that they were 'comfortable and happy.' Mr. Field, while busy with much preliminary work, leading the hired natives with his axe or spade or mattock in clearing the site for the station, was able to write at the end of three weeks :

'I am digging away at the language, adding to the vocabulary day by day, having a written list of over four hundred words. Some of the words are long ; we have nothing like them at Dobu as a general thing.

'The construction is similar to Dobuan, although it differs in several particulars in the use of the pronouns. However, it is rather early yet for me to talk

about this ; longer experience will enable me to say more, and most likely to change my opinions.

‘ I have been holding services each Sunday, and large numbers have attended. My talk has been a mixture of Tubetubian and Dobuan, helped out occasionally by an interpreter. Many of the men here understand Dobuan ; in fact, there are numbers of Dobu men who have married Tubetube women and now live here altógether.’

The loneliness and utter isolation of such a post as this—a typical one—was a severe strain upon a missionary’s wife, accustomed to the happy, busy, social life of the home circle from which she has come. Surrounded now by a wild people whose language presents apparently hopeless difficulties, whose persons and habits would be, save for a great pity, utterly repugnant ; the weeks and even months passing with no news from home and of the outer world ; with no possibility of advice or help in sickness or other exigencies ; with the test of a depressing climate and domestic problems which absence of supplies creates ; with all these to meet in many forms and phases the missionary’s wife takes her place among the heroic women of the ages.

Leaving Tubetube, we set a course for Hazard Isle, and then for Emerald Reef. A change of wind bore us off, and sailing, as we were, over an unsurveyed coral patch, it was time, when the lead showed six

fathoms, to drop anchor ; for these coral patches are exceedingly treacherous. During the night a tide rip got us, sweeping the whale-boat, in tow, right on to the *Dove* ; we, therefore, started off with shortened sail, and had an unpleasant, uncertain night. When morning came we were not able to pick up our position, the sky being sheeted with rain ; but presently the weather cleared, and we had a good run to the Conflict Group, a chain of small, uninhabited coral islands, encircling a lagoon, where we anchored for the night. Next day brought us within a few miles of Panacati, but it was too late to negotiate the passage of the reefs, which is difficult enough in broad daylight, and we made into a sheltered lagoon for another night.

A large canoe approached us, but only within hailing distance. I called out to those on board that the *Dove* was a Mission boat, and they then came nearer, but very cautiously, with sail lowered a little, luffed into the wind, and the crew standing ready to hoist, if any suspicious signs were noted. It was a fine sight to see their expert management of the responsive, graceful native craft. At last their fears were so far banished that two men swam from the canoe to the *Dove* and climbed up into the bows, where they stood ready to dive overboard at any moment. They would come to no closer quarters, and I sent my presents forward to them. Another canoe now approached, the occupants shouting to their two friends on the *Dove*, and soon a number were swimming around us



DOBUAN DECORATED ARCHITECTURE

[Face p. 176

with upturned, watchful faces. Finally they made up their minds to trust us and we were guided to anchorage. Fellows, Watson, and I went ashore, and having stated our purpose in coming to the island, we were shown houses which we might hire as temporary residences.

On the following day (Sunday) we held service on shore. Mr. Fellows' portable organ was a great attraction, and I preached in pidgin English. The congregation was attentive, except during the prayers—during which, as instructed, they bowed their heads; the women, specially, putting their hands to the back of their necks in undisguisedly weary fashion. On the Monday we chose a site for the Mission station, an elevated spot, courting the breeze, with a beautiful outlook across a belt of green to reef and bay and ocean.

The teachers were soon accommodated with native dwellings, and a start was made at once with the erection of a similar style of house for Messrs. Fellows and Watson, who asked for nothing better, but for good reasons desired to have it *fresh*. The people evinced no enthusiasm at the coming of the missionaries, and, on the other hand, showed no opposition.

The Panacatians are the best canoe-builders of all the island groups around. Their canoes are constructed not from the basis of a single log, but of planks built up on ribs from a separate keel. These canoes are purchased from long distances, payment being

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made mostly in stone axes and adzes. Owing to their trading qualities they have some knowledge of English, which proved exceedingly useful to the newly arrived missionaries ; but the speech of Panaeati differs from that of Dobu, of which the two missionaries had knowledge, though a number of roots are common to both languages. On one occasion Mr. Fellows, in conversation with Sir William Macgregor, spoke of the number of irregular verbs in the Panaeatian language, whereupon Sir William smilingly replied that he did not believe that there was one regular verb in all the languages of New Guinea.

The occupation of Panaeati was a most important step, as it was proposed from this centre to reach very shortly other islands of the Group. Unfortunately Mr. Watson, who possessed a remarkable gift of both attracting and controlling the natives, proved to be a very bad malarial patient, and was compelled, after brief but noble service, to leave the field. He has found in later years another difficult missionary sphere among the wild aborigines of North Australia.

Leaving my two colleagues at their new post, I went on board the *Dove*, and, with a favouring wind, Dobu was sighted in twenty-nine hours. With my binoculars I could make out Mr. Bardsley on the veranda of the mission house ; then I saw Mr. Field coming off in the boat, and, with a rush of gladness, my wife and daughter walking down to the beach attended by a

large escort of women. All was well, and Dobu was home to me.

Later, I visited another island of the Louisiades, Rossel Island, a hilly, wooded spot, lying somewhat apart from the rest of the Group, and inhabited by a people showing distinct racial differences from the general Papuan types. To them attaches a story particularly ghoulish among South Sea savageries. On this island was wrecked in 1858 the ship *St. Paul*, bound from China to Australia, with some three hundred Chinese labourers on board intended for the gold-fields.

The officers and crew took the boats and escaped, leaving the Chinese to their fate. The islanders appeared to be very kind, and regularly supplied the ship-wrecked passengers with food, removing them to the land in lots of five and ten. Those left on board supposed that their compatriots were taken off in these small batches because the canoes were small or the distance considerable; and those whose turn came to be taken went off happy in their deliverers' care. They were killed and eaten batch by batch, until only one remained, who was rescued by a French steamer and landed in Australia. A gruesome story truly, which has had a long run, but is now being subjected to re-examination.

Another Group called to us—the Trobriand Group. My first visit to it was made in the Government steamer

Merrie England, by invitation of Sir William Macgregor. In order to establish friendly relations with the people there, he took also the two successful warriors, Gaganumore and Kedokeda, well known as such in the Trobriands, who could speak at first hand of the new order of peace they themselves were accepting. It was only after many assurances that these two, who not long before were by no means on good terms with the Government, could be induced to take the voyage. Their tribesmen declared they would never return, but would be held prisoners by the Government. It was no small tribute to the personal influence of Sir William that his word triumphed over all the evil prognostications of the native prophets. Thus was British rule among savage peoples built up on British honour.

In two days we reached our destination. These islands are low-lying, level coral formations, and lack the picturesqueness of the volcanic groups. The people are particularly interesting in that they do not practise cannibalism, are extremely industrious, and are proud of the results of their labour, in which there is a stimulating rivalry. Their skill in house and boat building is great, and chiefs' houses and the larger canoes are decorated with carvings and colours of excellent design and workmanship. Being of this character, the Trobrianders are not renowned in war. But, upon this picture, pleasant thus far to look upon, there fall the shadows of customs unspeakably degrading.

The first village visited was Kaduwaga, the houses of which were built in long lines, two or three deep, along the beach. The difference in the lay-out of the villages and the design of the houses in the Trobriands compared with those of Dobu or Panaeati is very great. At Dobu the houses are saddle-shaped, on piles ; at Panaeati they are like a whale-boat turned upside down ; and at the Trobriands they are slanting right down to the ground.

After we had anchored, canoes manned by crews of fine physique came alongside, and amid much excitement we went ashore. At once we were surrounded by a crowd who reminded me greatly of the Fijians. By the aid of an interpreter and Kedokeda I told them why I had come to their land, and a service was arranged for the next day (Sunday). The service was remarkable for the quiet behaviour of the people ; there were about three hundred present. Our English party of four sang a hymn, and I prayed and preached in Dobuan, which some of the congregation could understand in part. After the closing prayer, when it became evident that the end had been reached, all present called out, '*Wo ! wo !*' just as Fijians do to their chiefs in token of respect.

We then strolled through the village, and I noticed how people as they passed us bowed their bodies in exact Fijian fashion. We were invited to take seats in front of a chief's house, around which a large number of people gathered, several of whom came up

to us, carrying yams, which they laid at our feet. One man rushed up to me with a string of white shells, which he tied round my right leg, under the knee, saying ‘*Tamagu!* ~ *Tamagu!*’ (‘My father! My father!’) From this action and other intimations I judged the Trobrianders to be a more vivid and responsive type than Papuans in general, and afterwards found this impression justified. As I left the island I knew that my visit and promise of a missionary would be much discussed. A preparatory expectation had been created.

We weighed anchor and made for Kitava, another coral island, lying low and shadow-like in the distance, but presently showing up its feathery palm-tree tops, and, finally, the running surf on its beaches. The *Merrie England* lay at anchor under the shelter of a little islet, but from her decks we could see no sign of life on Kitava; evidently our coming was a matter open to suspicion. After this first hesitation, however, a large number of men came off to us, a few of them in canoes, but most of them swimming and making use of pieces of wood as auxiliaries. They were very excited, and it was difficult to get into any useful communication with them paddling restlessly in the waters around.

Sir William and I went ashore in the whale-boat to a beach where a fleet of canoes was drawn up and a small crowd of men had gathered, among them being Monaea, the chief, a weird figure covered with a black

dye, the emblem of mourning. We learned that some near relation of his had died a few days before. Through an interpreter the doubts and fears of the assembly were dispelled, and the peaceful intentions of the Governor and missionary explained. We visited six villages, and must have met at least six hundred men. In each place Sir William caused the purposes of the British Government to be made plain, the behaviour expected from the islanders, and the protection to be afforded them. He also had them informed concerning the coming of a missionary among them. To all this they listened with strained attention. They made rather a pathetic sight, vaguely grasping the general idea of what was said, and more than half fearing the new things that were going to happen to them. I moved about among the people in a friendly way, taking notice specially of the children, of whom there appeared to be an unusual number. I adopted two boys and two girls in different villages, giving them the names of Saragigi and Marama, to the great delight of their parents. The father of one of the little girls followed me to the boat calling out inquiringly the new name of his child, in order to get it correctly.

Two days later we called at Kanikaibua on Murua, Woodlark Islands ; the *Merrie England* anchoring outside the reef in a heavy swell, no gentle rocking, but a highly distressing pitch and toss. Taking the whale-boat, we entered a lovely blue-green lagoon in which

were several canoes from the Lachlan Islands, fifty miles away. Going ashore we met a native, Jack by name, who spoke very good English. To our surprise, we found some others with quite a smattering of English. We went inland and entered three villages, where the men met us, but women and children kept out of sight. A promise of presents for the babies, however, brought mothers and little ones from their hiding-places, and made us good friends. The well-kept gardens, upon which a great deal of labour was evidently bestowed, were sure signs of an industrious people ; but their excitability convinced me that any one sent to them must have wisdom and self-control, or there would be trouble.

On our return to the *Merrie England*, Sir William took with him some members of the Mawana tribe, whom he wished to make peace with the Waikoia people on the other side of the island. It was characteristic of him ; he was a father to the Papuan medley of his scattered Province, and no trouble was too great and no detail too trivial for his great heart and complete administrative capacity. Steaming around, we made a course among small islets and reefs to a fine anchorage at Guasopi. Two years before this two European traders had been murdered in the vicinity, and the Government had secured the surrender of the perpetrators by their tribe. I visited a village on the island of Murua, and spoke of *tapwaroro*, a passing word, truly, but it would not be forgotten.

Other more hasty calls were made, and I was again at Dobu, to find all well.

My next visit to the Trobriands was made in a less imposing craft than the *Merrie England*, though even she was no floating palace in either size or appointments, and was a great roller. On September 3, 1892, after my first visit, Mrs. Bromilow and I, with Ruve and a teacher, Angelu by name, set out aboard the *Dove* for those islands. Soon after starting we were becalmed, not 'like a painted ship, upon a painted ocean,' though making no headway, for we rolled from side to side continually on the long deep swell, and turned all ways with the tide. After more than twenty-four hours of this a breeze sprang up, and we moved gaily until we anchored for the night under the lee of a small island. All was weirdly still, and our crew became nervous as we swung at anchor amid the great silences, with mysterious, moving shadows on the water beneath us—caused by moon and clouds—which the crew declared to be reefs inhabited by evil spirits that swallow up canoes and their occupants daring to sail across these haunted reaches.

With a call at Sanaroa and Tewara, we reached the island of Vakuta, one of the Trobriands, on the third day. We could not take the *Dove* close in shore, but some canoes came off to us. Those on board them were distrustful of us, until one of our crew called out my name (Saragigi) and business, when their paddles

at once struck the water and they made for the sides of the *Dove*. We hastened ashore, and were led at once to the chief's house, where a crowd gathered round. The women positively screamed with wonder and delight at the sight of my wife and daughter ; and it was only with difficulty they could be restrained from their excited comments while I conducted a short service from the chief's platform ; a strange attempt, it is true, but made with the belief that, apart from any direct understanding of it, an influence would attend it through a Presence which I knew to be with us.

Lopi, the headman, had with him his five wives, each one carrying on her head a basket of yams, which she laid at our feet. He pointed to his bevy of wives, and said to me, ' You have only one.' I replied that we were *tapwaroro*, and added, ' See how good my wife is.' I am not able to hope that he saw my point. We left early next morning for Kiriwina, but were compelled to anchor in a pellucid lagoon of many hues, two miles from the residence of the principal coastal chief. The whole district was evidently thickly populated, and I had no difficulty in making up my mind that the Mission station must be somewhere about here. There were two chiefs to be conciliated, the coastal chief Pulitara, who possessed, as I afterwards discovered, ten wives, and his inland neighbour Enamakala, who boasted seventeen wives, each having her own separate house.

Pulitara, having heard of our arrival, came off to the *Dove* in his canoe. He was a handsome man and looked his part as chief. I arranged to visit him next day. When, at the appointed time, our schooner's dinghy neared the shore, a trader whose cutter was anchored close by offered us his little cockle-shell of a ship's boat to land in, which we accepted. No sooner had Mrs. Bromilow and Ruve stepped into it than the natives waded out, picked it up, and carried it with its occupants to the beach, afterwards coming back for me and carrying me in the same way.

After some ingeniously conducted conversation with Pulitara, and arranging to see him again, we set out, with an escort he had provided, for Enamakala's village inland. We could get only a vague idea of the distance, expressed by pointing to the position of the sun at the times of starting and arrival. We had not been long on the way before our daughter showed signs of weariness, for the road was over rough, broken coral. Some of the escort at once made a seat of saplings and creepers, on which they carried her. At each of the villages we passed through, the natives appeared with spears and were evidently hostile. But when my name, Saragigi, was shouted to them the spears were immediately dropped. It must have been about six miles before we reached our journey's end. The chief, an exceedingly fat man, was awaiting us, with a crowd around him. His many wives gathered about Mrs. Bromilow and Ruve, gazing upon them

in wonder, and then presenting them with grass skirts. When my interview with Enamakala was about to end, I said I would hold *tapwaroro*. The crowd was evidently not impressed with the solemnity of the proceedings, and showed signs of being amused. There was no doubt of the amusement of the chief himself when I asked all to close their eyes during prayer, for I could feel the platform shaking with his suppressed laughter ; and I had reason to believe that he was by no means alone in his mirth. However, when the very brief service ended, all called out the approving ' *Wo, wo !* '

On our return journey we made short calls at several villages, with a brief service at each. Enamakala accompanied us to the bounds of his territory, and then returned feeling rich in the possession of the umbrella I presented to him. Mrs. Bromilow began to limp—and no wonder ! Then native courtesy rose to its full height ; they also, every one, began to limp, and thus removed the reproach of bodily weakness from my halting wife, who could be unyielding to outward fears, but not to blistered feet.

We reached Pulitara's house weary and footsore. But, in spite of my wife's over-fatigue, I was very glad, yet not so glad as she was, that she had taken the journey. Her presence and bearing were a notable object lesson for the men and women we had met, setting them thinking, talking, and wondering. They had seen a new order and a different world. There

would be much talk among the women at the yam-gardens for many a day.

The chief presented a pig to us, and accompanied us to the schooner. I learned, some time afterwards, that tribal bards had made songs about us and *tapwaroro*. On the latter subject they gave an amusing account of shamming to be asleep (closing the eyes at prayer) as part of it ! I heard, too, that Pulitara had expressed himself in favour of occasional visits from the missionary with *tapwaroro*, which would do no harm if it was not too frequent, but objected to the settlement of a missionary. His opposition was easily explained by the fact that as chief he was himself a leading practitioner of sorcery, and therefore did not wish for the introduction of a rival system.

Before we left we were urged again and again to leave our daughter behind. Needless to say, we kept her close by our side, and maintained a vigilant watch until we had her safely on board the *Dove*.

At this point I may anticipate by saying that while this book is being written there has been dedicated on this island of Vakuta the first church building of solid concrete erected within the whole of this mission field. The island is small, the population correspondingly so, and the cost of such a building seemed so far beyond their means that the Rev. A. H. Scrivin, with his headquarters at Kiriwina, in charge of Vakuta, could not encourage the idea. But the people had set their mind on it, and out of their poor little earnings persisted in

raising the amount needed. It was a prolonged effort, and at last, with very little external aid, the church was built and paid for. Mr. Scrivin says that it is impossible for an outsider to conceive how tremendous was the undertaking. Under his direction cemented tanks were constructed in connexion with the church, sufficient to provide a fine supply of good drinking water for the village, meeting a constant and serious need. As I looked first on Vakuta, no people on earth could have seemed less likely to formulate and carry to completion, with all their soul and strength, such an ambitious and heroically self-sacrificing token of Christian devotion.

On our return voyage a call was made at Wamea, in the Amphlett Group, which consists of a considerable number of islands, some of them very small. They present a most picturesque appearance, with steep, rocky hills touched with green growths, the weathered tints of the broken fronts being marvellously etched in the strong sunlight; the forms assumed by these hills are most curious, and one can see in them pyramids, cupolas, and other rough architectural studies which nature seems to have sketched. The Amphletts make a wonderfully beautiful archipelago.

A quiet-looking old chief came off to us in a canoe, and we arranged for a service ashore, next day (Sunday). In the morning at daylight the chief returned to say that the people would be ready when we came ashore. When we landed we found a large

number of men and boys awaiting us, but no women were to be seen. When it was noted that Mrs. Bromilow was with me, word was evidently sent round, and a few women came down the hillside—a second bevy following later. The people appeared friendly, and the chief said, ‘Wamea is yours. Come back in three moons, and I will have a pig ready for you.’ It was the handsomest thing in his gift, this lordly dish.

It was close upon two years before the proposed settlement of a missionary at the Trobriands could be made. One of the sorrows of every missionary is to see necessitous, appealing openings which cannot be entered upon, or only after distressing delays. This next time I was accompanied by the Rev. S. B. Fellows and his newly-wedded wife; Mr. Fellows being transferred from his successful work in Panaeati to this now more urgent field.

The story of Mr. and Mrs. Fellows at the Trobriands, with Kiriwina as their centre, is one of sustained heroic labour in face of tremendous difficulties. Some of the white traders of the Group did not approve of the coming of the missionaries, and did not hesitate to spread among the natives outrageous reports concerning them and their purposes. One of the traders, whose reputation had spread throughout all the surrounding Groups, was known as Nicholas the Greek. Amazing stories were told of his unscrupulous and reckless daring; and no statement concerning him was considered too wild to be true.

In ordinary life he was quiet in his bearing, and he was not unwilling to do kindnesses. At the same time, he possessed terrific elemental force which found convenient outlets in the unrestrained conditions of life in these southern seas. No exploit was too risky for him to undertake. Proverbially, whatever he pointed his gun at was dead, for he never missed. He appeared to have a charmed life, and declared that it was not possible to touch his body anywhere without touching a scar. Many of the stories about him, however, were too highly coloured.

He was wont to affirm that he ought by right of occupation and control to be Governor of the Trobriands as a Grecian colony. I asked him on one occasion what he would do if he were Governor. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, 'I would first of all pass a law for the protection of natives'—against all but himself, he might have added.

Nicholas the Greek determined to hinder and humiliate the missionary from the start. Before the Sunday when the first service was to be held, he had a shanty erected on the beach to draw away the natives, and arranged for a demonstration of conch-shell blowing and drum-beating to drown the voice of the missionary. During the preceding Saturday night a gale levelled the shanty to the ground.

The natives of the Trobriands presented peculiar difficulties to the missionaries. Though in many respects they were more intelligent and capable than

their neighbours of other Groups, yet their entirely non-moral outlook upon their common life as men and women made them more unresponsive to the Gospel than were the wilder savages of other islands. Nevertheless, here, as everywhere, the Gospel found its own secret way into hearts and lives that seemed to be so remote from it.

Mr. Fellows by his fearlessness and devotion to his work lived down the ill-will of the whites, who could say nothing against a man so self-sacrificing and courageous. Many a time did this colleague of mine prevent tribal fights by taking his stand between the belligerents, a target for the spears of both sides. Government officials paid tribute to him, and the once unfriendly whites offered him help in various forms, such as giving every possible assistance to float the stranded Mission boat ; and even Nicholas presented some of the timber for the building of a church. These things were well enough in their way, but the real help the missionary needed was the example of Christian living among those of his own race.

The Rev. Ambrose Fletcher came from Australia to succeed Mr. Fellows at Panaeati. I recall the enthusiasm with which he and his newly-wedded wife entered upon their work there and, later, elsewhere. I take a specimen of this work from one of Mr. Fletcher's letters with its descriptive charm, as representing not only his work, but that of all the missionaries in these

island Groups with their necessarily constant sea passages.

Mr. Fletcher wrote (June 3, 1895), 'A few weeks ago my wife and I took a trip in our circuit cutter to Bwagabwaga on Misima, an island with about forty-five miles of coastline, with high precipices running very often sheer down into the sea. Misima, at its nearest point to Panaeati, is said to be distant only fifteen miles, but the teacher's station at Bwagabwaga is quite thirty-five miles from our station.

'We were up at 5 a.m. and made an early start. The day was a perfect one, though the wind was fresh, for the first part of our journey a head wind, with, as it happened, a strong tide as well. The lagoon-like expanse of water between here and Panapompom is an immense tide-flow either for or against, and, if against, a mere distance of seven or eight miles means possibly a trip of three or four hours. But, with Panapompom at last at our back, we flew along, part of the journey taking us across ocean, where one gets a good swell. We arrived at our destination at 8 p.m., in the pitch dark. The blackness of the night was intensified by the immense heights of the precipitous coastline of Misima. Upon landing in our dinghy we were nearly swamped, the landing-place being only a narrow opening in the rocks. The rollers and surf looked and sounded very weird by dim lamplight, in the solemn darkness of the now drizzling night. It rains incessantly at Misima, and no wonder, since

the towering land, covered with forests, courts the clouds in mid-air. Viewed from Panaeati, Misima or St. Aignan (for it bears two names) more often than not is hidden in clouds.

‘We slept well that night; though the teacher’s wife was away at Panaeati, and he was down with fever. The villages here are all confined almost to the water’s brink, owing to the fact that cramped space is afforded them because of the pressing mountain slopes. There is a smell of unwholesome dampness caused by the soakage from the hills. Their practices here of burying the dead are the worst I have seen yet in New Guinea. As many as three graves were to be seen under a house.

‘In spite of the drizzle the scenery was very enjoyable. It is magnificent. We sat down at one spot to drink it in. It was not a matter of looking down at the luxuriousness of vegetation, but of looking up. Misima is characteristic for its massive headlands, jutting rocks, precipitous seashore, and mountains rearing their heads high in air. Here upon sand-beach and rugged rock the bellowing ocean spends its force in foam. The indentations of the shore are prettily overshadowed with palms, and filled with water of a clear and beautiful green.

‘The people here are not a lively class. Their shyness and undemonstrativeness assumed an aspect almost of sullenness, but, with a little coaxing and constant salutations on our part, we at last succeeded

in getting them to come out of their shells. The Misima natives have a bad name for their treachery and unfriendliness; but we had the satisfaction of gaining the goodwill of those we met, and upon leaving we received quite a demonstration. The congregation on Sunday numbered at each service about a hundred.

‘Next morning my wife was down with fever . . .’

My first visit to Woodlark Island (or Murua) was in 1892, when I was offered a passage on board the *Merrie England*. The island, which lies 120 miles eastward of Dobu, is mostly of coral formation, but is also mountainous, with some hills of quartzite, from which are obtained many of the stone adzes in great demand throughout a wide area in these seas. The island is well wooded, and, in spite of an exceedingly heavy rainfall, is healthy, owing to its formation, which provides good drainage. The *Merrie England* made calls at the eastern side and southern end of the island, but the only result for me was to increase my regret that I had no teacher to send to its needy people.

Early in 1897, gold having been discovered on the island by Messrs. Ede, Lobb, and Solberg, a rush set in. Steamers ran to Woodlark from North Queensland fortnightly, and adventurous prospectors were soon on the field to the number of about four hundred. The call of the island now became twofold, indeed

threefold. There were the white diggers, the industrial labourers from other islands, and the native population. I sailed across with Mr. E. G. Glew, a lay missionary, who was to regard these three different sets as comprising his flock.

The voyage was not a simple one, though it was not far. The intervening sea is freely sprinkled with reefs and shoals and subject to strong 'rips,' and inshore has what sailors call dirty water. My Fijian Captain, Epieli by name, taking a post at the masthead, gave his orders from that vantage-point, and brought us safely into a bay through a passage in the reefs. Later an official survey was made, and guiding-buoys were placed.

Fortunately a resident magistrate had just arrived, and we were able to arrange for a Mission site in the newly-founded mining settlement. The miners, on the whole, welcomed us. I was able to secure for the miners' hospital a most capable nurse-in-charge, Nurse Brown, whose work was invaluable, and many a stricken digger had cause to bless her ministry.

In this connexion there should be named with high honour a medical student, Mr. Taffe, who had found his way to Woodlark, and for many years did devoted and skilful service. Often he not only prescribed for his patients, but in the days when there was no nurse he took upon himself that duty with gentle kindness. A *post mortem* examination of a native, who had died of a disease not diagnosed, caused, not unnaturally,

unrest among the native population, and the good medico was a marked man, not safe everywhere on the island, until his and others' explanation sank into the Papuan intelligence.

Even he had an occasional white opponent. Once he was asked why he was bestowing special personal care on a man who had tried to do him harm. 'What,' he said, 'am I to be vindictive?' A party of miners, speaking of him and desiring to give him a superlative character, agreed that he was 'like Jesus Christ.' He died on his adopted isle, unselfish, great-hearted "Doc" Taffe, and the miners erected a memorial to their friend.

The services were held in the dining-room of the combined hotel and store, until a little wooden church was built. The proceedings were apt to be unconventional. Some of the congregation seemed to think that 'Hear, hear' was a suitable response to a prayer; not meant as an act of irreverence. A collection as part of the service would be demanded by the men, with the request that it be delayed until the bar was re-opened and change could be obtained. One disturber of the service was promptly knocked down, and for this and other reasons ordered to leave the island.

Mr. Glew worked with a steady persistence that gained the respect of the miners. The natives of Woodlark Island have proved to this day very difficult to win, but the Mission there, if a hard fight, has been

faithfully maintained by South Sea Island teachers. In 1904 Mr. Glew was attacked with fever at Dobu, where he was in charge during my temporary absence. To give him a better chance of recovery he was taken to Samarai, where he died. The gold-mining on Woodlark Island had no great run of success; the field became practically an abandoned one, leaving a tragic number of white men's graves to be covered by the quickly returning tropical growth.

My first visit to Goodenough Island came as a later extension of the Mission. Concerning this island and its people, Sir William Macgregor has an interesting note in his Introduction to Sir Hubert Murray's *Papua*: 'It may be mentioned that in all the journeys made by me in New Guinea we never lost a human life. True, we had some twenty or thirty men wounded in encounters with different tribes, but none killed, though the constabulary and others at times had to face hostile hordes armed with spear, club, and bow and arrow. Perhaps the most formidable of all were slingers, when posted on vantage-ground, as on the north-east coast and once on Goodenough Island. As to this last place, it may be noticed that there have been lately several amusing articles in English papers on an expedition sent out to explore that island, which is represented as practically inaccessible to Europeans. The expedition will probably be surprised to find some good Christians on Goodenough Island.'

The 'good Christians on Goodenough Island' were

only potential, though real to 'faith's far-seeing eye' at the time I sailed thither, accompanied by the Rev. Ambrose Fletcher, in the Mission boat from Dobu, manned by my native crew from the Mission school. We made a course by Ferguson Island with a smart breeze, but the sea was too heavy to allow of a landing there. Looking for a more sheltered spot, our man at the tiller let the boat broach to, with the result that we shipped a succession of seas, and were nearly swamped. Later we found a haven, before the swift-falling tropical night shut out the nearer view of the coastline.

The following morning we passed close to Wagipa Island, where some canoes came off to us. The occupants told us that their women ashore were weeping for fear at the approach of our boat. We reassured them, bought some yams and fish from them, and left a good impression in prospect of a future visit. We now sailed round to Bwaidoga Bay, a horseshoe bend which forms one shore of Goodenough Island, facing the lofty mountains of Ferguson Island.

On one side of the Goodenough bend rises majestic, as viewed in full from the ocean level, a massive stony range, reaching a height of 6,000 feet, overshadowing the little villages built along the low coral formation, where taro, yams, and bananas grow to perfection.

As we rounded the point of the bay and stood into shore, we saw that the men watching us from the beach were armed, and, as no women were visible, it was

clear that they were ready for hostilities. As we uneasily surveyed the situation we noticed one of them making signs which we recognized as the code of peace. We gladly gave the countersign, at which, as if by magic, the spears were laid aside, and we were soon ashore. Within ten minutes' walk of our landing-place there must have been a population of at least five hundred. I explained the purpose of our visit and inquired as to their reception of a missionary who would teach them the *tapwaroro*, which would bring to them peace and a new life. It meant for them an entire reversal of their old ways, for the people of this island were so fierce that even Gaganumore always thought twice before attempting a raid upon them. They had a method of fighting at sea that was greatly feared—grappling their enemies' canoes with long, hook-ended poles.

To Bwaidoga presently came the Rev. and Mrs. Ambrose Fletcher, of whom I shall speak in connexion with a later happy visit of mine. Bwaidoga was to be consecrated also by the ministry of the Rev. Andrew Ballantyne and his devoted wife, who had already served in the Mission as Sister May Jeness. With true missionary zeal, at the certain risk of health, he journeyed into the hills of Bwaidoga and across to Ferguson Island. He was attacked by the terrible blackwater fever, but refused to leave his post. Then he went to Kiriwina to take charge temporarily of that station. There he took hold of the work with

great energy in spite of his enfeebled health, and there he died. Mrs. Ballantyne in her lonely widowhood chose to stay at Bwaidoga to complete a Life of Christ in the language of their flock, which together they had entered upon.

To return to our voyage : leaving Bwaidoga, we spent the night in the straits, multitudinous stars above us, and as many and as bright reflected in the waters beneath, and in the morning sailed into Kwaibwaga Bay, but could not find any villages and saw only two men, who made off into the bush. We left some presents in a canoe-shed, tokens of our friendly purpose. On our returning course we landed at Ferguson Island, where we had an interview with some excited natives who told us that they knew about the missionaries' peace established in Dobu ; but on their island there were, they said, men who were quick to kill on the least provocation. Afterwards on the east coast of the island we met other natives, who said, ' Yes, we understand Saragigi's peace, and if it is the will of Eaboaine and yourself we also will receive it.' So had the influence of the Mission gone abroad. I said that before leaving I would conduct *tapwaroro*, and was about to begin a short service when a voice from a tree requested me to wait until the speaker had secured the axe-handle he was about to cut. I bade him come down and get his axe-handle afterwards. He did so with an agility I admired, and immediately after the service regained his post in the tree.

In contrast with my first visit to Goodenough Island, I turn to the record of my second visit, after Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had been eight months in occupation. The mission house at Bwaidoga, an unpretentious enough building, stood on one of the breezy levels that, clad in verdure, ran down to the contrasting break of the coast, with the varied blue and green of the shallow waters and the purple of the wide sea beyond. In the morning, as I looked upon the fair panorama, there came across a narrow inlet a small flotilla of canoes, paddled by children who were coming over to school. Mr. Fletcher was away on distant duty, but the school of 130 children was being carried on in his absence by James Howson, a half-caste Fijian teacher. Mrs. Fletcher took a class in singing, a lesson which was followed vociferously by every member of the class.

After school Mrs. Fletcher went down to the beach with the chattering crowd, and when she put off in a canoe with some of her 'boarding-school' girls to cross with the flotilla, all the company screamed with delight. In these young people one saw the salvation of their island.

On the Sunday morning it was reckoned that three hundred and fifty men and women were present at the service held beneath the trees. Some children's hymns, already translated by Mr. Fletcher, which had been committed to memory, were sung, and undoubted interest in the service was shown. At

midday Mr. Fletcher arrived in his boat, and in the afternoon we crossed the bay to James Howson's station, where Mr. Fletcher preached to the people in their own tongue. At the same time Isei, the second South Sea Island teacher, was preaching at a place farther back among the hills.

After such a day on this newly-opened Mission field, as I looked upon the changeful splendours of the sunset cast on sky and sea, there came to me a sense of exultation mingled with a profound contentment of soul ; but the inward light that came to me was not of the setting, but the rising sun, even the Sun of Righteousness risen upon Goodenough Island with healing in His wings.

I have spoken of the Dobuan language as having considerable currency within these island groups. This must be understood, however, in a limited sense and as confined to a small, utilitarian vocabulary. The amazingly frequent change of speech, at very short distances, was brought perplexingly home to us with each extension of the Mission. In the area touched from any one station the missionary needed to be a veritable polyglot. The hope of the Mission was that Dobuan could be adopted as the literary language of the whole field. It is impossible to give the Bible and other books in each of the languages of this Papuan babel. Portions of Holy Scripture and a catechism and hymn-book have been provided in the tongues of

certain more important centres, and catechism and hymn-book have been translated into yet others.

It is satisfactory to know that the system has now been adopted of training all native students at one central institution (of which more presently), where they become familiar with Dobuan, carrying it thence wherever they go, as leaders of their people. Thus it will become more and more common, and prove to be not only the standardized medium of higher religious and general knowledge, but also an increasing bond of national unity.

CHAPTER X

DEVELOPMENT

WHILE the evangelizing work of the Mission in the open field was being steadily pursued, its direct and indirect results becoming increasingly evident, what may be called the institutional side of the Mission was developing. The inward life of the Mission was bound soon to express itself in various forms, and there was no need for us to look critically around for channels of expression ; they opened before us and the life of the Mission flooded into them.

The care of children began, as already told, with the rescue by my wife of an infant about to be buried in the arms of its dead mother. Several others were saved from the same pitiless custom of Dobu. These tiny bits of human salvage made necessary, as the first adjunct to the mission house, a native nursery. The small occupants were different only in colour from white children and possessed all the charm of childhood, its capacity for affection—and for mischief.

One of them, to whom was given at baptism the name of Anna, was a special favourite with Mrs. Bromilow. Anna had, no doubt, ‘ a way with

her,' and her dark eyes were a childish fortune to her. Even I 'fell' to her insistent demand for a morning biscuit at my hands. Hers was the story of a short life. We were thankful to have made it a happy one. Marie and Minnie were the tomboys of the circle, and apt to be disturbers of the peace through sheer overflow of animal spirits. Visitors, including His Excellency the Governor, were specially interested by this attractive, jolly pair. Minnie died of malarial fever while still a child (malaria spares neither child nor adult in Papua). Marie is now a comely nurse under a qualified Australian matron in our Mission Hospital at Salamo.

Looking back across the years, my wife and I dwell upon no part of our work more tenderly than upon our nursery in its earliest days. Since then it has grown out of all recognition into the extensive Home at Salamo ; this noble development being largely the result of the far-seeing, untiring courage and devotion of the Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Gilmour (of whom more later). As we turn to those days of simple beginnings, children's faces pass before us—Tiny Tim, who could never have attained to man's stature, dwarfed as he was by deformity, always cheerful, a great favourite with British sailors, who on occasions visited the mission house, to whom he used to sing ; Samo, a blind, gentle child, rescued by our daughter ; one after another such as these pass before us.

Our nursery was to the Dobuans a continual object

lesson on the sanctity of infant life, far more effective than spoken words could be, so obvious that it could not be missed. This happy band of children, rescued and cared for, set in their midst, before their very eyes, was a settled challenge and condemnation of *bubuna Dobu* ; this new valuation had its steady effect.

The women of Dobu, with their quite remarkable status, presented a specially promising missionary sphere. To Mrs. Bromilow came first the vision of a more definite and intensive work among these distinctive Dobuan women, and that it should be undertaken by women missionaries—Missionary Sisters as they came to be called. The position of women in Dobuan social economy has already been referred to, but needs to be further explained.

It would be a mistake to suggest that the women of Dobu receive any chivalrous recognition. To see the Dobuan man walking lightly, carrying only a spear and a lime calabash, while his wife follows beneath a load of firewood or yams far beyond her proper strength, would give the idea that she is a poor, down-trodden drudge. It is only fair to remember, however, that this habit of the man is the outcome of the generations gone when he needed to have his hands free to meet the sudden attack of an ambushed foe, and to go in front of his wife to defend her and the household stuff she carried. The lot of Dobuan women is not an easy one ; their duties are neither few nor light, but, on the whole, their share of work



WOMEN CARRYING YAMS

Photo: Rev. J. W. Burton.



WOMEN DRESSED FOR DANCE

Photo: Rev. J. W. Dixon.

[Face p. 208

is not outrageously unfair, and they have recognized rights and an influential place in the community.

In the yam-gardens, the care and cultivation of which is of vital importance, the men do the rough labour of clearing the land, digging the holes or trenches, and making the mounds for planting (yams need large, well-prepared spaces in which to develop their great bulk), and preparing the stakes for the tripod to which the climbing foliage may cling. The women keep the ground between perfectly weeded and clean, and train the growing plant with utmost neatness and care ; the effect being that of the pleasing lines of a hop-garden in Kent. In due time they carry home the crop of yams, a large basket poised on the head being used for the purpose. But the women choose to vie with each other in the weight they can carry, and this has become the custom of the country, which no Dobuan woman would dream of altering for comfort's sake.

On festal occasions there is much rivalry in this matter, and women will follow each other, stepping as lightly as they may in spite of their heavy loads, swishing their coloured grass skirts, newly made for the occasion (the art of skirt swishing is much practised ; its attainment is recognized as the final touch of style, and it is capable of expressing the mood and temper of the wearer). A woman by a great effort of will compels herself at these times to carry a weight that makes the cords of her neck stand out in purple ridges,

her reward being the plaudits of the men of the assemblage.

It is the part of women to sweep the villages and to gather shell-fish on the reef. The celebration of the return of a trading or fighting expedition is prepared by them, and an eager watch is kept for their arrival. Men build the houses ; the women assisting in preparing the thatch, which is not a heavy charge upon them, seeing that they own the houses in which they live after marriage. In public affairs they take their place as by right, and village land may not be sold without their consent, which on occasion they will withhold.

On this point of women's place in Dobu (and in greater Papua) it will be interesting to have the added testimony of Sir William Macgregor. He was present at a great missionary meeting in Brisbane at which I referred to this subject ; addressing the meeting later, he said that he would emphasize my remarks on this point, and went on to say that he had often had practical proofs of the influence exercised by the women of these islands. Only a few months before coming to Brisbane he had found it necessary to visit a district where the people were fierce and untamed. It had been reported to him that this too bellicose tribe had attacked a neighbouring tribe and killed nine or ten of its members.

Such doings could not be allowed to go on unchecked. Sir William, therefore, landed a body of

armed native police under the charge of a Government officer to demand the surrender of the offenders, but the tribesmen were too wary, and not to be found. When Sir William, with the carriers, came up to the police party he learned that the belligerents had taken up a commanding position near by. He decided to make an attack before the weakness of his own position was discovered ; and again the natives effected a safe retreat, with the loss of one, a woman, taken prisoner. Sir William questioned the woman, whose evidence showed that her tribe had not made the reported murderous attack on their neighbours. He then sent her off to find her tribe and persuade them to return with her, under promise that no harm should be done them. In a few hours she was back, followed by the somewhat doubtful and timid tribe, and Sir William Macgregor was able to leave behind, to be much discussed and wondered at, a new comprehension of British rule and justice.

He went on to say that he had known instances where attacks about to be made on white men had been restrained and turned aside by native women rushing forward and laying hold of the spears already poised for throwing, while other women waved a mat as a sign of peace.

I have dwelt upon these features of Papuan domestic and tribal life because of their ethnological interest, in addition to their bearing upon our Mission work. But with these features there are others which make the

degradation of womanhood unspeakably deep, upon which it is impossible to enlarge in these pages. We saw in the higher status of Dobuan women on the one side a medium through which we might redeem it from its debasement on the other, and make it a purifying influence in Dobuan life at its very source. The agency needed for this was an order of Missionary Sisters.

What Mrs. Bromilow herself was able to accomplish may be better expressed in the words of Sir William Macgregor than in my own. In an Introduction to Sir Hubert Murray's important and intensely interesting book entitled *Papua*, he wrote, 'Perhaps no missionaries did more good in Papua than Mrs. Lawes and Mrs. Bromilow, two ladies who should always be remembered with affection by the natives of Port Moresby and Dobu.' How true that statement is concerning the first of these I know by abundant testimony at first hand, and of the second by what my own eyes have seen. A like tribute is due to a far larger number of the too often unhonoured, but most noble order of missionaries' wives, and among these should be not a few of the darker faces of wives of the South Sea Island teachers. This work already done, however, was only proof of the wider field waiting for more women workers.

The idea of Missionary Sisters in these islands was a new one, and, like all new ideas, it met with a good deal of adverse criticism. There is no need to dwell

upon this, since the employment of Sisters was finally approved by the Mission Board, and in 1892 the pioneers of the order, Sister Eleanor Walker and Sister Jeannie Tinney, arrived in Dobu. Since then there has been no failure in the increasing succession of such brave and gentle souls. The failure has been in the provision of ways and means for equipping and sustaining in the field a far larger number of Missionary Sisters—teachers, nurses, leaders, and helpers. The cry of Papua is still for more of this devoted order, whose quiet influence adds untold value to their specific service. They create an atmosphere of grace incomprehensible to the Dobuan mind, yet permeating it and making possible the culture of better things; while the personal knowledge of Jesus Christ is ever the end they have in view, whatever they teach—simple domestic arts, household hygiene, child nurture, sewing, or school-work.

As our missionary nursery had come into existence to meet a direct and pressing need, so did our two 'boarding-schools.' The children of our South Sea Island teachers had a claim upon us for education, and in many instances it was very undesirable that they should grow up in some contaminating Dobuan village. Central schools were required for them. Then a number of young people came to us begging to be allowed to work for us at the mission house that they might be taught more fully concerning *tapwaroro*. This was in itself a new development in Dobuan

character, to be appraised only by those who had had experience of their inherent meanness and their insatiable demands for tips on any and every ground, or no ground at all. To offer to work without pay was clean against Dobuan nature. The Mission never asked for free labour, and this spontaneous attitude was as gratifying as it was novel.

We could only regard this as a great opportunity, and to meet it we arranged for two compounds, for boys and for girls, on either side of the Mission station, and a room in the mission house was surrendered as an additional dormitory for girls. We could have had a much larger number than we were able to receive, and refusals were hard to make. The arrival of the Sisters was urgently needed, meanwhile our South Sea Island helpers were doing excellent service on the staff.

The problems of our 'boarding-schools' were both tangible and intangible; the first being, of course, the easiest to treat, of which the following are examples. The boys brought together belonged to different tribes, which, in some instances, had been involved in chronic strife. The burying of the hatchet was a hard lesson to learn, but an essential one. Fortunately the atmosphere of Dobu had been much cleared and calmed by the authority of the British Government, but old animosities still rankled deeply. Spears were still carried as a regular thing, and old enemies looked askance at each other. To eat food cooked in one common pot

was a severe strain upon our boys of inimical tribes. It was not the custom of Dobu—hitherto a final word.

One lad came to me in great consternation, exclaiming, 'I cannot stay any longer. I have just found out that a boy with whom I have been eating out of a single pot belongs to a tribe that killed and ate a man of my tribe. If I do this my body will swell until I die.' A fatally swollen body was the accustomed curse of magic or infringement of *bubuna Dobu*. It took much patience and affection, mingled with authority, to persuade him that no evil would come to him by his setting aside a traditional enmity, but that, on the contrary, to treat this other boy as a brother would bring to him God's blessing. I knew it was a tremendous thing to ask, but this lad fought his fears and remained at the school. It was really a heroic confession of *tapwaroro*. Indeed, it was wonderful how few yielded to the spell of their inherited superstitions or to the vicious attractions of their old life. The words of Jesus were being fulfilled, 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace ; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted and divideth the spoils.' The long, dark, satanic domination, complete and unquestioned, in Dobu was yielding to the new power in the field, the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Discipline had to be created and maintained, and the material we had to work upon was rawest of the

raw. But rough and ready methods were inexpedient, even if they would have been effectual—which they would not have been. We set out to introduce a system of self-discipline. It may seem to have been wildly idealistic among these boys and girls whose sole standards were customs which had no moral demand save a blind obedience, who had no knowledge of any general principles of conduct.

Every week a meeting of each department was held under the guidance of a South Sea Island teacher or his wife, when freedom of speech was encouraged. Minor breaches of rules were dealt with at once, and more serious ones were referred to me. In these latter cases I usually endeavoured to lead the culprit to assess his own punishment. It was an attempt, by no means always successful, yet yielding excellent results, to bring into action the dormant Dobuan conscience. We instituted something approaching an order of prefects, the more easily understood based as it was on the familiar idea of Sir William Macgregor's village constables. It is true these primitive officials were imperfect models, since they have been known too often to be amenable to bribery and corruption, and even to use their authority for purposes of blackmail ; but woe betide that constable when the Government had evidence of his nefarious abuse of authority. On the whole, the constables serve valuable ends in Papuan law and order.

We relied greatly upon sufficient occupation ; school

lessons for both boys and girls ; work in the yam-gardens of the settlement and other duties for the boys ; household work with its mysterious arts for the girls ; games (including cricket for the boys, of which more will be said), and for the girls some novel exercises and recreations ; and at the close of the day curfew bell. Needless to say, morning and evening worship were the important features of each day. The Dobuans, in common with the Pacific Islanders, generally have a distinctive musical sense, the women possessing excellent singing voices. Old and young were eager to learn the hymns I translated as soon as possible for their use, and in going about among the people one heard in the houses, on the beach, or at the yam-gardens the strains of familiar tunes to Dobuan words. At the Mission settlement, except that it was so good to hear the singing, there were times when one wished for quiet, as different tunes came from this side and that, meeting but not mingling at the missionary's study.

The psychological side of our schools was tremendously interesting. Some of the girls broke the rule against smoking. ' Well ! ' I said in a questioning tone. In reply, they asked me to set them to some work that would make the sweat pour out of them. A girl sought me in my study and begged that I would give her a flogging (quite out of the question in any case, needless to say) if I saw that wickedness was getting hold of her. Poor child ! A little while afterwards she

came to tell me that she was going back to the old evil life of her village. What a fight had gone on within her since she came to me earlier, feeling then the tempting urge of former ways. 'Let me go,' she cried. 'The devil is too strong and has got hold of me and I want to go.' 'You asked me to give you a flogging,' I said, 'if I saw that evil was possessing you.' 'Flog me if you will,' she answered. 'It will make no difference. I am going back.' I took my unvarying course and bade her listen to me. Then while she sat, native fashion, on the floor I talked to her quietly until some of the passion had abated. I asked her then to tell me of the love of Jesus she had felt. I spoke to her of that love that would make a pure and beautiful Christian woman of her. As I did so there came to this tempted, struggling Dobuan girl both the inward experience and the outward expression of the woman of New Testament story who washed the feet of her Saviour with tears. She did not leave the school until her course was completed, and became a helper of many by her teaching and influence to the end of her life.

An institution—the term must be taken with limitations—was also added to the Mission station, for the training of native teachers and pastors. Those received into it were young men who had given signs of religious sincerity and earnestness. They agreed to become my whale-boat crew and thus serve the Mission, while adding to their knowledge of their future work by visiting the stations of teachers already in the field.

They made as staunch a crew as I could have wished to sail with.

On my first visit (already described) to Goodenough Island, accompanied by the Rev. A. Fletcher and Joape, a Fijian teacher, as we were about to start, the crew, seven in number, had gathered ready to man the boat, when a little crowd of their women relatives surrounded them and implored them not to go, for it would be going to their death. I did not apprehend serious trouble at our destination, but the people of Goodenough Island were traditional foes of the Dobuans, and treacherous in peace as well as fierce in war. The sight of Dobuans might arouse the spirit of revenge, swift in action. The frightened women appealed to the affection and fears of my crew, and the situation was developing piteously. It was ended by the quiet resolution of the young men, who said, 'It is all right. We shall go with him; and if we die we shall die at his side.' No wonder I took such as these to my heart and saw in them the material from which could be made, by the grace of God, teachers and leaders of their countrymen.

Very soon after our visit to Goodenough Island it was made plain that it was no fit spot for a Dobuan to venture upon alone. A trader desired to obtain a site for a station on the island and went over for this purpose in a cutter with a native crew. One of these was a Dobuan. I warned him not to sleep ashore at night, but to stay aboard the cutter. He chose to

spend the night on land, and as he slept was killed. When the news reached Dobu, the lad's mother was overwhelmed with grief. She walked to and fro on the beach, tracing what she thought to be her son's footprints and calling him loudly by name. It was a moving expression of the broken heart of a mother.

I return to the point at which I diverged, the Teachers' Training Institution. The words of Sir William Macgregor, after one of his official cruises, during which he visited Dobu, may be quoted. He wrote : ' It was gratifying to find that the health of the principal Mission station at Dobu was good. There are altogether about fifty persons resident there. This includes some fifteen or sixteen youths, most of whom will probably eventually become teachers. About a score of young girls are receiving an education there under Mrs. Bromilow and the Sisters, which will fit them to become the wives and helpers of native teachers. I have no hesitation in saying that the Dobu Mission is at least one of the most successful which I have seen in the course of a somewhat unusual experience. One of the most gratifying and most promising aspects of it is, in my opinion, the excellent commencement that has been made in getting together this nucleus of the youth of both sexes for educational purposes. The young men forming the student corps are not being educated into the idea that a teacher's life is to be an easy or a selfish one. Instead of doing less work as students than devolved upon them before

in the freedom of pronounced barbarism, they perform more manual labour than ever fell to their previous lot. Their food-gardens were, last crop, the best in the district. They are living on food grown by themselves, and seem bent on showing other members of the community that the students are to lead the way in industry as well as in letters. This is undoubtedly the proper spirit by which such an establishment should be animated. If it can be maintained it will result, in less than a score of years, in providing all the important eastern islands with a complete network of native teachers. It were vain to suppose that this can ever be attained in any other manner than by training native teachers on the spot, and the native students could never be maintained in sufficient numbers by the most wealthy Mission, unless they themselves grew the major portion of their own food. The demeanour and aspect of the students was all that could be wished. If they do become teachers, it will be for the work itself and not merely to have a profession.'

Yet another branch was added to the Mission by the reception of several children 'mandated' to us by the Government. These children, orphans or otherwise uncared for, were placed in our charge. They gave us a further opportunity for the education of natives who might be fitted to carry in their own persons those Christian ideals and characteristics in real life which would work powerfully in the community.

Meanwhile, the work of the Mission in the villages

around the various stations gained steady successes. We had no mass movements such as had been seen in Tonga and Fiji, where at the command of a chief there might be a public acceptance of the *lotu* (religion), leaving the missionaries with their real evangelizing still to be done ; but individual inquirers and converts were making their profession of faith in increasing numbers, while a new spirit was taking possession of the life of the people generally. Notable testimony to this changed aspect of Dobu was borne by Sir William Macgregor. Writing officially of the Dobuans at the time of the inauguration of the Mission, he said, ' There is no doubt that the islanders were the most murderous of all the inhabitants of the Possession. Although they had, by the time the Mission was founded, been made acquainted with the rough side of the Government, they were still so wild and untrustworthy that it was deemed prudent to follow the pioneers of the Mission to Dobu a few days after they had left Samarai ' (it will be remembered that Sir William proceeded aboard the *Merrie England* to Dobu at that time). Less officially, but perhaps more forcibly, he had said to Dr. Brown, who was going to look at Dobu as a likely centre for the contemplated Mission, ' Now, Brown, take care of yourself at Dobu, or they will knock you on the head. They are about the worst natives I know in New Guinea.'

Six years after the commencement of the Mission, Dr. Brown was once again at Dobu, and Sir William

Macgregor was again visiting the island. Of this occasion Dr. Brown wrote, 'On Friday, July 9, the *Merrie England* arrived at Dobu. Mr. Bromilow and I went on board, and were kindly received by His Excellency Sir William Macgregor. As the Governor's visit was of necessity a very short one, he came ashore at once. My readers will remember that in 1890, when I paid my first visit to Dobu, Sir William warned me before setting out that I must take great care or I might get knocked on the head, as the natives bore a very bad character. I landed on that occasion on August 4, 1890, and again on June 13, 1891, when the Mission was commenced; so that it was not quite seven years from the time when His Excellency gave me that good advice, and just six years from the commencement of the Mission, when he again landed at Dobu. But this time about sixty students, and the girls under the care of the Sisters, were drawn up on shore, all neatly dressed, and as His Excellency stepped on the beach they sang the National Anthem in English. His Excellency took off his hat, and stood both amazed and pleased at such a reception. He then went to the church; he also saw the girls put through some drill, and heard them sing, and highly complimented Sister Minnie on the success of her work. I have often recalled a remark made by him during our conversation that day. He asked me what was the great change I had noticed in the appearance of the people since we first landed. I

mentioned several things. But he replied : " No, that is not it at all. Don't you see the people have quite a different expression on their faces now ? The change is not a matter of dress, or even of manner, but an entirely different appearance and expression." I had often noticed this, and we missionaries had often talked of it. As the people are brought under the influence of Christian teaching there is not only a softening of their facial expression, but also the signs of intelligent interest, which were certainly absent before.¹

I have spoken of cricket as one of the recreations of our boys (really young men) at the Training Institution. An early gift to the Mission, from a friend in Sydney, was a set of cricketing material, with some duplicate parts. The gift evoked from some who did not see far enough ahead certain light remarks about replacing head-hunting by cricket ! The gift presently proved itself a most happy one.

In the older Missions cricket had been adopted as both recreational and educational, an admirable outlet for spare energy, and a fine training in self-control and fair-play. In Tonga, particularly, cricket became so popular that it reached the point of public obsession and seriously interfered with necessary work, thus threatening the essential supplies of the community. It is on record that after its introduction into Tonga

¹ *George Brown, D.D., Pioneer Missionary and Explorer.*

(not in the earlier days of that Mission) the plantations were neglected ; the coconuts lay rotting on the ground ; yam plots were untilled ; while the whole population played cricket or watched the matches. Village played against village, and, as all the men took an innings, which might mean from fifty to seventy batsmen on each side, matches lasted for days, with return matches quickly following. Parliament was summoned (for the tiny kingdom of Tonga has its Parliament, of no less than British pattern) and cricket was regulated by law, to be played on Tuesdays and Thursdays only ! We had cricketers, therefore, among our South Sea Island teachers.

No trouble of the Tongan kind occurred with us, though the game caught on and was soon acclimatized. To-day it is played at most villages where anything like a cricket-pitch can be laid out. Bats are cut out and balls manufactured with native skill, where more correct implements cannot be obtained. No Papuan in the old times could bear to lose in any contest, but simply let off his rage in any work of destruction which suggested itself, quite irrespective of the sufferer. The spirit of cricket, as it dawns slowly upon him, is all to the good.

The quickness of the native's trained eye helps him greatly both at the wicket and in the field. As a bowler he is swift, but unsophisticated ; though latterly he may have developed more science. At a match at Samarai I saw a wiry little Papuan take with

his first ball the wicket of a distinguished official.

Among native Papuan pastors and teachers, Sailosi (Silas) may be selected as an outstanding figure ; not that he is of impressive appearance, but on close observation one may discern in his face something of the imprint that noble character eventually bestows. For twenty-five years Sailosi has proved his fidelity, and is still at his post.

His first location as a teacher was a difficult and dangerous one, demanding capacity and high courage. It was at Bwaidoga ; and between the Dobuans and Bwaidogans there existed a perpetual and deadly feud. The Dobuans were the more successful raiders, and swept down at intervals upon Bwaidoga to pillage and kill. Sailosi knew quite well the spirit of hatred and revenge his coming would awaken, but without demur he proceeded to the spot where the fact that he was a Dobuan might very well be his death-warrant. My memory warms with affection and admiration as I think of simple-hearted, stout-hearted Sailosi. He shall tell his own tale here, in the form in which he told it to the Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A., who, as General Secretary of Australian Methodist Missions, was visiting the Papuan field. Mr. Burton permits me to relate the story from his book, *Our Task in Papua*. He writes :

We put up at his house, and after the evening meal we got Sailosi to tell his story. A hurricane-lamp flickered in the

draughty hut ; two missionaries were stretched on the coarse mats ; Sailosi's little boy lay asleep with his head on his mother's lap, and Sailosi's face lit up as he told some of the incidents of his life.

‘ My father and mother were both cannibals. I remember the old feasts of men and pigs. When I was a little fellow of about ten or eleven I went with an English trader, and stayed with him on his boat for about five years. I did not like the water. We went to Tubetube, and there I heard that the missionaries had come to Samarai, and had gone to Dobu to look for a place for a Mission station. By and by Mr. Field came to Tubetube, and he engaged me as his cook. I learned from him about the new religion, and felt it to be good. Mr. Field found out that I was a Dobuan, and he sent me back to Dobu to my own village. Near my village there was a Fijian teacher called Pilate stationed. I went to a class-meeting one Sunday morning, and I heard things that touched my heart. I asked Pilate whether I could live with him for a month so that I might learn more of the new way. I stayed a year and became a catechumen. I noticed a great difference between my own people and those who had come under the influence of the new religion, and thought much on this. I saw that theirs was a better life, and I wanted to follow it. I found higher desires in my heart. I then went to Dr. Bromilow at Dobu and stayed with him for some years. I became a teacher under his instruction. It was decided to open a new station at Bwaidoga, which was then a very wicked place. I volunteered to go wherever God wanted me. . . . It was Bwaidoga, the place where my enemies lived. I said to the Fijians and Samoans, “ You left your villages and I am leaving mine. Hard things may come, but pray for me.” My wife Nancy came with me. Her father and mother were cannibals also. I worked with a Fijian called Maikele. Once I was sent to gather the people for worship. They got their spears and threatened to throw them at me ; but God took care of me. I found it hard to learn the language. Once the people wanted to buy things from me on a Sunday. I said it was not our custom, and they were angry, and threatened to kill and eat me ; but I prayed to God, and they changed their minds. Afterwards I went

to Ubuia, and while I was away from home the people set fire to my house and burned it down. Some of the little schoolboys rescued some of my goods. I had to build another house. The people did this because they did not like my asking them to put away their evil. I had much sickness. We lost two children, and our hearts were bruised.

‘In one of the villages a child was born, and because the mother was not married they threw it away. Some one put it in a basket and hung it in a tree. I heard the report of this, and went to find it. I brought it back to the village and asked if any one would like it ; but none wanted it, so I took it home. It was only a day old and very weak, but that day Nancy gave birth to a child—a girl, and she suckled the baby boy I had found along with her own child. And here they are. I had many temptations to do wrong, before marriage and after it ; but whenever I felt temptation I flew to prayer, and God kept me from falling. I am always happy in serving Christ, and, whether the work is heavy or light, I have joy in doing it. All through my life I have prayed much, as Dr. Bromilow taught me to do, and I have had many answers to my prayers. My desire is to serve Christ until He calls me to Himself.’

I have learned, as I write this, that Sailosi’s daughter and her husband are now at the Training Institution at Salamo, preparing as teachers ; while his eldest boy is a lay preacher and serving the Mission as the Rev. J. K. Arnold’s head-boy and engineer. Sailosi himself, born of cannibal parents and remembering the old ghoulish feasts, grows old as the grand old man of the native staff.

One of the first to be sent out from the Training Institution as a teacher of his fellow countrymen was Lasaro Banobano, who is still on the effective staff of

the Mission. He was very young when his father died, but he remembers his father giving him early lessons in head-hunting, and he is able to recall a great day when the warriors of the tribe returned flushed with victory from one of their periodical raids, in which his father gained much honour by bringing in twelve human trophies of his spear, a noble contribution to the cannibal feast that followed. Such was the introduction of Lasaro to the ideal Papuan life.

To his tribal home, Bwaiowa, on Ferguson Island, came the Fijian teacher Edoni to disturb this ideal. With his own hands Edoni built his house and a church, laboured long enough to win some tentative converts, and then he laid down his life, victim of the fever which smote him down again and again, but not before Lasaro had begun to desire to know more of the Gospel the faithful Fijian had preached and lived.

Another Fijian teacher came to occupy the vacant post ; and to him Lasaro told his desire. The result was that presently he went to Dobu, where he passed from stage to stage at the Institution, until he was sent out as one of the first band of Papuan teachers. As they went forth to face and challenge the conditions which once held them, and were still strong sevenfold cords about their countrymen, we rejoiced with trembling. There was no need to tremble for Lasaro. He has filled one post after another with fidelity. He is now at Begasi, where he teaches a day school, numbering ninety. His methods are his own—very much so ;

his scholastic curriculum is a minimum, but he teaches higher things. On Sundays he preaches in the church, from a pulpit carved with native art. His congregation knows him well, after ten years' daily acquaintance with him ; and Lasaro is able to bear that test. Such is one of the first 'students' of our simple, unpretending Training Institution.

CHAPTER XI

AN INTERIM MINISTRY IN AUSTRALIA

My story has now been brought to a stage at which the Mission may be regarded as well established, and settled to its great work ; not that the field was fully occupied. Alas, far from that ; but an effective entry had been made, and the influence of the Mission was being felt beyond its specific spheres. I have endeavoured to present typical facts and incidents such as, I have hoped, might give an adequate conception of these strangely complex people and the effect of the gospel upon their treasured, prescriptive savagery. Having done this, I shall not attempt to follow the growth and development of the Mission further ; this will be the worthy task of other hands ; though I should count it an honour to proceed to speak of later years, and later colleagues and helpers whose service is so distinguished, and their personal fellowship so golden a memory to me.

After seventeen years in Papua the health of my wife, which had been shattered by very frequent attacks of malarial fever, was professionally declared to be reduced to a state in which further residence in that

infective land was no longer possible. Twice she had been carried on shipboard in a condition of dangerous weakness, to be hurried to the reviving air of Australia. She had fought a long battle with this insidious and relentless foe, and had now to retire wounded from the field, however willing still to fight on. We had to face the fact that our work in Papua was ended—as we then thought.

The Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A. (General Secretary of Australian Methodist Foreign Missions), has very truly written, ‘Possibly the greatest practical difficulty our missionaries face in Papua is malaria. The whole work has to be interpreted in terms of malaria. . . . No one can understand Papua who does not understand malaria, and possibly no one understands malaria who has not suffered from it.’ My wife and I can set our personal seal to this declaration, knowing its truth too well from our own experiences and the sufferings and fatalities we had to look upon among our teachers and among the natives. Quinine is an antidote of immense value, but the real specific has yet to be discovered—may it be soon ! Meanwhile, malaria takes its grim toll.

As we prepared to return to Australia, we found, needless to say, that our roots had struck deep in the soil of Papua ; but how great the final wrench of parting was to be we had yet to learn. These people were our people, their speech our speech, their trust and affection our comfort and joy. The seventeen

years had been wonderfully fruitful. We landed among savages ready murderously to resent our coming ; bound, as with iron bands, by cruel and abominable customs. And now, at the close of seventeen years, there were within the area of the mother station of Dobu two thousand baptized adult church members ; children were being educated in numbers large enough to tell mightily on the future of their different islands ; the Training Institution now at Ubuia, had sixty male and fifty-one female students who would be capable of excellent service and great influence in their communities ; the number of Papuan native teachers and pastors already exceeded that of the South Sea Island staff who came with me to Dobu at the founding of the Mission.

Such were some of the results that could be readily tabulated, but results that could not be scheduled were to be felt and seen on every hand ; a new spirit was perceptible. The ethnologist, Dr. Malinowski, who spent a considerable time in New Guinea, engaged in research, after more than one stay on Dobu wrote of the Dobuans, ‘ They are the general favourites of the whites, form the best and most reliable servants, and traders who have long resided among them compare them favourably with other natives.’ He refers to their former fierceness of not long before, a matter of a few years only, when they had borne the worst reputation of all the Papuans, but it does not occur to him, apparently, to attribute their good behaviour to the

influence of the Mission. To us who knew the past of Dobu, the retrospect from the advanced period of seventeen years was marvellous in our eyes. We saw just as clearly how much still remained to be done, how far ahead the goal still lay for Dobu, but that it had travelled so far in so short a time filled us with thankfulness and confidence for the future.

Our departure was quite too much for the people and for us. The Papuans possess a gift of easy tears, the tears of children ; they weep readily ; but some of us who have left childhood far behind still look back self-pityingly upon our childish tears, which were very real, and welled up for the time being from the bitter springs of *Marah*. At the Training Institution the demonstrations of sorrow were overwhelming, and the only relief was to shorten them. Not once was the word *kaioni* (farewell) spoken ; it was the impossible word. When at our final leave-taking we broke through the groups on the beach and looked upon them from the departing vessel, a blurred mass, with their lamentations coming across the waters to be lost in the breaking of the waves on the reefs, and presently saw one familiar island height after another sink away in the distance, we realized how completely we had left our hearts in Papua.

Arrived in Australia, it was not long before I was able to take up in the churches of Methodism the advocacy of Missions, for which for the present I was set apart. In this work I was greatly assisted by

Mrs. Bromilow. Fresh from a field possessing for Australia large interests of a more material kind than that of Missions, I was frequently interviewed by newspaper representatives. If they did not get from me all they wanted (though some of them made the little I gave them go a long way), they were kind and helpful in bringing our Mission in Papua before their readers.

I shall not tarry to speak of incidents by the way, which took me into all the States of Australia and into New Zealand. The way was made easy, so far as utmost kindness could make it so, and our meetings showed that the missionary spirit in the churches was ready to flame afresh.

Two contrasting stories in connexion with my meetings may claim mention. The first of these belongs to my visit, accompanied and helped by Mrs. Bromilow, to Western Australia. There we went to the great gold-fields, then at the height of their fortunes, their populous towns supplied with water from a reservoir no less than three hundred and fifty miles away. Football matches were a popular diversion on Sundays. On the Sunday we were there a great game with a notable visiting team was played, and in the evening some of the players and a number of the spectators came to the church, attracted by the announcements of my address on 'Savage Papua,' with some Papuan musical items.

When our campaign was ended and we went on board the steamer at Fremantle, we found among our

fellow passengers a party of footballers from Boulder City. We anticipated a possibly boisterous element in these vigorous fellows, and were considerably surprised when some of them who had heard me speak at the gold-fields asked us to conduct a sing-song on the Saturday night. We were, of course, delighted to join with them, and Mrs. Bromilow took the piano. A varied programme, with some hymns included, was kept going until long after ten o'clock, the men promising at the close to attend the service next morning.

The saloon was prepared for divine worship, and at eleven o'clock a number of passengers took their places, while I occupied the desk, with its customary draping of the Union Jack ; but the footballers were as yet conspicuously absent. I was so sure they would keep their promise that I delayed the commencement of the service, when suddenly the sound of feet, as though a scrum was taking place on deck, broke the silence. This was followed by further sounds of struggle, and then the footballers appeared, forcibly *carrying* their manager, who had declined, as we presently learned, to attend the service. Finally they dropped him on the floor, one of his captors saying loudly, ' Here is a man who would not come to church.' The unwilling member of the congregation made a last vain attempt to escape, and then—prepared to make a virtue of a necessity—he joined in the singing with the best.

The team requested me to give my lecture that night

on 'Papua and its People,' and at the close of it some of them asked me to teach them a Papuan war-cry, which they could use in awful concert before separating for their places on the field. I did so next morning. I do not know whether it led them to victory.

The second incident I will relate was unknown to me at the time of its happening, and came to my knowledge long afterwards from the one most concerned in it. This meeting was held at a period when I had with me two Papuan converts who had been brought to Australia to tell their own story of divine grace and, on returning to their own land, to report concerning the interest of the Church in Australia in the Papuan Mission, and also of the wonders they had seen in White Man's Land.

The meeting to which we went was held in a small church in an outer suburb of Sydney. As we walked from the railway station to the church, the appearance of my dark companions, with their uncovered heads, save for a mountain of fuzzy hair, their bare legs and unshod feet showing below their decent white loin-cloths, created much interest ; and among the curious onlookers were some youths waiting for anything that might be going on. They decided to come to the church and get some fun out of the meeting in which these two barbarians were to take part.

They listened with more or less of attention to what I had to say, with the exception of one, professedly a Roman Catholic, to whom the story of the gospel

among savages came with a moving force that was a new thing in his experience. When the natives in turn spoke through me as interpreter, and spoke with brightening eyes and faces aglow and evident sincerity of speech, this youth was strangely stirred in heart and mind. At the close of the meeting he bade a hurried good night to his friends, and went away to ponder the revelation that had come to him through these converted savages, the vision of the grace of God in Jesus Christ and the new life bestowed by the Holy Spirit. There came upon him, too, as he afterwards told, a deep sense of shame, and he said to himself, 'What ! has it come to this, that, born in a Christian land, I need to be told the meaning of the gospel by these South Sea natives who were cannibals but yesterday !' The new light grew and prevailed, and he entered into the experience he had felt and seen in these Papuan witnesses.

The years have gone, and the youth, no longer a youth, is an earnest worker in the Methodist Church, endeavouring to convey to others the knowledge that came to him along so strangely circuitous a channel, from Australia to Papua, and from Papua back to Australia, in a tongue only made comprehensible to him by an interpreter.

After more than a year of travelling in the interests of the Missionary Society, I was appointed by the New South Wales Conference to the charge of the Strathfield Circuit. From the adventurous care of separated

island groups, from congregations of actual or whilom savages, from preaching in a primitive language in which one had to struggle to compress and express with utmost simplicity the great truth of the gospel, to pass to a congregation with its settled Church traditions, in one of Sydney's most approved and ordered suburbs, was no light undertaking.

I shall not linger upon any part of my Australian ministry. It would be pleasant to do so, but it does not belong to the purpose of this book ; and I will only say in passing that I look back upon four exceedingly happy years of ministry at Strathfield, made so by the loyalty and affection of my people. I had the advantage of the preceding work and influence of the Rev. C. T. Newman, making for me a prepared path. There came to me the privilege and joy of seeing members steadily added to the Church and many other signs of progress.

While at Strathfield I received the honour of the Doctorate of Divinity of the University of Aberdeen, which I could only regard, first of all, as that ancient University's recognition of missionaries in the field, and also an acknowledgement that in reducing a South Sea tongue to grammatical and written form and the translation of Holy Scripture into it, a piece of literary research work was accomplished, upon which the seal of academic distinction might be placed.

At this time I was elected President of the Conference, the highest dignity the Methodist Church in

New South Wales can confer. In this, too, I felt that the dignity came to me as a representative of my many fellow missionaries, while I was assured of the wish of the Church to express its generous estimate of my Papuan service. In my official addresses during the year I found myself led to select for particular emphasis the original notes of Methodism, its evangelism, its doctrine of personal spiritual experience and of Christian fellowship, and specially to affirm that direct evangelism must be a constituent part of the ordinary preaching and pastoral office. This I believe to be the steady secret of the Church's growth, while not depreciating the value of special supplementary evangelistic services, which have their proper and necessary place. The delightful support I received in my office from both ministry and laity made the onerous duties of President mostly easy to carry.

From Strathfield I was moved to Stanmore, a suburb nearer the city and less tranquil in its outward setting, being more closely populated, but a pleasant and breezy situation, giving from the Parsonage glimpses of historic Botany Bay. The church is spacious, and its fine congregation has an attractive element in the large section formed by the boys of Newington College, one of the oldest and most famous of the great public schools of the State, at that time, and still, under the headmastership of the Rev. C. J. Prescott, M.A., D.D., who was my neighbour by contiguity and my good friend and brother personally

and ministerially. The five years spent at Stanmore were for the most part under the shadow cast by the Great War. The long-drawn tragedy gave to the services of the Church a poignant solemnity, and in the atmosphere of those dark days the work of a minister became more direct and intimate. Many personal incidents of my ministry at Stanmore yield to me memories of the divine blessing upon my work there. I recall with more than pleasure the happy, intimate comradeship of my ministerial colleague, the Rev. A. J. Burt, whose devotion and ability were a constant source of confidence and strength to me.

My next appointment was to Parramatta, fourteen miles from Sydney, and, next to Sydney, the oldest town in Australia. It possesses still a number of old-time Government buildings and residences dating from former Colonial days. Among these is Government House, unpretentious enough, once the country residence of the early Governors in succession ; its noble park, of some hundreds of acres, is planted largely with trees of the old country, after the habit of immigrants who love to reproduce in the new land features of the old, far away. Parramatta gave me a fine church building, with a congregation disproportionate to its size, but as loyal a congregation as a minister could possibly wish to have about him. With this most excellent support I settled down to a solid programme of advance ; my wife, as always, giving herself effectively to special spheres of service. Scarcely had we

received the sure tokens that the church—named the Leigh Memorial Church, after the first Wesleyan minister in New South Wales, an apostolic soul who became also one of the first missionaries to the fierce Maoris of New Zealand—was to see revival and prosperity, when there came a second time the call to New Guinea. It broke in unexpectedly upon our plans and involved serious personal questions, but it was far from unwelcome. Papua was written deep as ever upon our hearts. Many dissuasives were put before us by kind and anxious friends, and in particular the repeated suggestion, ‘You are not as young as you were’; and this was true enough—of me. If the considerations involved were not so negligible as to leave us nothing to weigh and ponder, our decision was unhesitating and whole-hearted. It was Papua for us once more, and as freely as at the first.

The call, or recall, came to us, as life’s great calls so often come, along seemingly ordinary lines. Some time before this I had attended a Missionary Study School held at Springwood, on the Blue Mountains. At one session I had said that I thought a missionary career was too frequently brought to a final close when malarial fever made one’s work no longer possible in such a deleterious climate; whereas it would be quite open for such a one to take up work in another, non-malarial field. I had been ready on leaving Papua to go, after necessary recuperation, to Fiji again or to India. The Rev. John G. Wheen, at that time General

Secretary of Methodist Missions, as keen in his missionary sympathies as heart could be, and my close friend, talked with me about this and I opened my mind to him.

Time passed and I was settled in my Australian work. Then the tragedy of the Great War broke in upon Church work as it broke in upon every department of life. One result of it was the depletion of our Mission staff, in which Papua was involved. When the Board of Missions met the situation was a serious one—there were the stations, but where were the men to fill them? It was a situation so exigent, the danger of parts of the distant flock being ‘scattered as sheep not having a shepherd,’ and the lines of supply ceasing. Some time was spent in prayer, and again the position was examined. Presently Mr. Wheen suggested, not without emotion, that I should be asked to return to my old field; and finally it was agreed, the Board sharing Mr. Wheen’s emotion, that the matter should be placed before me. My wife and I were much moved when we received the Mission Board’s suggestion, but we were moved rather to exultation at the thought of being again among our own Papuan folk. We were very sorry to leave our kind and loyal Parramatta congregation, but, since that must be, we rejoiced in heart at the prospect of our tropic home and work once more.

CHAPTER XII

RETURN TO PAPUA

WE left Sydney for Papua again on May 22, 1920, aboard the *Marsina*, bound first for New Britain. I found myself rather a storm-centre among my fellow-passengers. They had pronounced views as to 'how to treat the natives,' which practically amounted to this, to 'keep them in their place,' their place being to serve the white man at his will and pleasure. As to Missions, these were right enough, so long as they did not go too far; and anything beyond the taming of the natives for service was too far. I do not mean that every one put the matter so bluntly, but it was evident that subconsciously the natives were looked upon as an 'asset,' properly going with the land which the white man is so kind as to come and occupy. That natives should be treated humanely was, of course, agreed, and that up to a point his rights should be recognized, but Government and missionaries were in danger of coddling and spoiling them.

Our talks and debates were good-humoured enough, and nobody wished to make things unpleasant for me. I contended that one who had scores of times sailed stormy seas with natives for a crew, had known them

in their original savagery, had seen their inner thoughts and feelings, had lived for many years in their very midst, might claim to know more of them than those who knew them chiefly as 'labour,' only to be duly fed and paid. I had to say, also, that the work of the missionary is not that of an advance agent for commerce, though he often turns out to be that ; but his work is spiritual, and by it he stands or falls. But the idea that these brown natives are not as other men are dies hard, even among those who are willing to 'give the beggar a chance.'

We arrived at Samarai almost exactly twenty-nine years after our first arrival there on the *Lord of the Isles*. Then Samarai was a disjointed collection of a few stores and bungalows in a setting little removed from nature in its *primaeval* forms, prominent among which was the swamp where *anopheles anulipes*, the malaria-bearing mosquito, had its breeding-ground. Then commerce had scarcely invaded the beach, and I remember the intense delight with which our South Sea teachers' party sunned their mats and themselves on the open strand. We found a new and greater and healthier Samarai ; the swamp had disappeared—drained, filled in, and levelled, and now occupied by public offices, stores, and residences, while the *anopheles anulipes* had been so completely banished from the whole island that the only fear of malaria now is its introduction by a visiting ship. There are well-made paths, with great displays of tropical plants,

notably the croton coleus, forming brilliant avenues over which nature has splashed her colourings at random, with dazzling effects.

Our arrival at Samarai, too, was in striking contrast to that of twenty-nine years before. Then our coming was an event of keen public interest to the little settlement, now it was scarcely an incident of the day ; then to be bound for Dobu was an adventure of magnitude, now it was merely commonplace. Between the two there lay the years of missionary enterprise and Government administration ; each in its own sphere a strikingly notable and fruitful work.

We found at Samarai the Rev. A. H. Scrivin (Acting-Chairman of the Methodist Mission) and the Rev. A. W. Guy, who had kindly come thus far to meet us as escort to our old field of labour, to which they had succeeded ; and let me say that a finer succession could not have been desired. The Mission boat, a fourteen-ton motor auxiliary ketch, named after me the *Bromilow*, was to take us across the intervening sixty-five miles of sea. A day of torrential rain delayed our departure (these tropical downpours are massed water, and blot out the nearest prospect with an impenetrable curtain), but presently we were aboard, with the Rev. J. E. Jacob and Miss Twyford, now entering upon missionary work, and, with sails set and engine going, we cut through the friendly blue waters.

We made for East Cape, the extreme point of Papua on the south-east. The channel off the Cape is the

entrance to the open sea between the mainland and the D'Entrecasteaux Group. It was here that the Mission boat *Meda* was lost in trying to beat through, with the currents running strong and tricky. At East Cape, which is one of our stations, we were welcomed by the villagers, headed by an old friend of mine, named Pumikini, who, being by nature a man open to new ideas, had come across to Dobu during the early days of our Mission there, to see how the notorious Dobuans were accepting the new *tapwaroro*. He returned with a good report, and became the missionary's forerunner. Two other old friends greeted me : Foisanga, a Samoan teacher, a great linguist, to whom the picking up of a language came quite easily ; he more than picked it up, he became proficient ; and Lemeki Muiowei, a Dobuan who went with me to Australia to help me in preparing for the press eight of the Books of the Old Testament. It was indeed like old times to meet them again, good Christians and excellent Mission workers, considering where they started from.

Leaving East Cape before sundown, we made for Normanby Island. The track was not plain sailing for the uninitiated ; there were shore reefs and coral patches to be avoided, but the native captain knew these waters by a trained instinct and could feel the course by night, almost as well as he could sight it by day. The reefs around here are very treacherous, there being usually no perceptible warning break upon them. Picking up a small island by its prominent

position, we anchored in a little harbour, perfectly still, not a ripple upon its mirroring depths. Familiar spots were now close at hand ; the chocolate-coloured hill of Bwebweso, already spoken of as the place of departed spirits, according to Dobuan belief ; Bwakera, where, shortly after our arrival at Dobu, a white trader was murdered by the natives, because one or two of their fellows had been lost at sea while working on an English boat, with which the murdered man had nothing whatever to do. The people of Bwakera were among the few who would dare the Dobuans in open battle, and when they met it was a test of savagery in fight on both sides, with ghastly issues.

We were now nearing Ubuia, to which, it will be remembered, the headquarters of the Mission had been transferred from Dobu. Ubuia is a charming little island, a radiant spot of earth, fair and colourful. Miss Hodge, of the Mission staff, has written a description of our welcome at Ubuia, in which she took part, and for some particulars I am indebted to her account of it. On the day we were expected a crowd gathered at sunrise (so we learned), to scan the horizon for the *Bromilow*, and throughout the day hundreds kept watch, each hoping to be the first to announce the vessel in sight. But our delay in leaving Samarai, unknown to them, had disarranged our times and dates, and night fell without our appearance. Next day at dawn the little island was again astir and on the watch seaward ; presently a sail was descried, and the excitement



DR. AND MRS. BROMILOW

Photo : Crown Studios, Sydney.



DOBUAN YOUTH OF TO-DAY

Photo Rev R. E. S. Taylor.

[Face p. 248

grew. The sail drew nearer, and it was not the *Bromilow*, but the skipper was able to report that the expected Mission vessel was not far away. At 9 a.m. we were off the island, and masters of ceremonies ashore began at once to reduce the crowd to order, while officials took their places at the wharf. It was the biggest thing Ubuia had ever attempted. The students, clad in white and each carrying a palm-leaf, came first on to the wharf; native teachers and pastors, Papuan and others, occupied places of honour; the crowd, bedecked in gala dress, carried palm-leaves; a number of banners were displayed—one bore the Papuan word *Kagutoki* ('Welcome'), two others set out the Fijian words for the same, *Thuru mai* ('Enter') and *Mai vakathengu* ('Rest here'). As the boat came near enough for forms to be distinguished, the multitude—for such it was in Ubuia—broke into cheers (writes our kind reporter) and then followed a hymn, one I had translated in the early days and a great favourite. Thus we drew up to the wharf; over the lovely islet and the smiling faces of the people the sun had risen high, all nature was aglow, and all hearts were glad.

When we stepped ashore we found ourselves looking into many familiar faces, and the years rolled back. To our own surprise, and to the more emotional surprise of the people themselves, we were able to recall one name after another, as we shook hands in long procession. Mrs. Bromilow's old girls, now

proud mothers, gathered around her to present their children, delighted when she touched them, saying ' *Tubugu* ' (' My grandchild '). The language has this one word for grandparent or grandchild, and it is used reciprocally : ' *Tubugu* , ' says the one, and ' *Tubugu* , ' replies the other.

The day was one of reunions, and a continuous reception on our part, and night found us ready, in spite of aching arms, to sleep soundly, with the familiar murmur of the breaking surf and the gentle rustle of the palm-leaves as our grateful, but needless lullaby. With the morning came the gradually increasing chirrup of insects, the twitter of birds in the groves, and the organ-like note well befitting the beautiful *manucodia* (one of the species *paradiseidae*), followed by sounds less dreamy and reposeful, but not less welcome, as households woke up to the work and enjoyment of another day ; and a great day it was to be.

The more ceremonial welcome was now to take place. The whole population turned out for the occasion. Not without difficulty and many words, the excited crowd was marshalled into a hollow square, seated in ranks on the ground. Within the square was placed the official party, headed by the Rev. A. H. Scrivin. I was quite conscious of the emotion in the air, and, if I felt my eyes becoming dim as ' a flood of thought came o'er me, ' I knew perfectly well that the company must not see it, or all would be dissolved in tears, if tears of joy. But this did not happen ; and

the proceedings, in which Ubuia was to excel itself, began with beaming faces all round.

The first item was the presentation of a whale's tooth by Simioni Momoivalu, the senior Fijian teacher on the Mission staff. A word must be said about Simioni, for he is one of the most steadfast souls I have ever met, good as gold and true as steel. Incidentally he is a man of noble countenance, and the wear and tear of time will never take from him the expression that makes one feel on sight that he is a man to be trusted. He served, with steady, dependable zeal, for twenty-five years in Papua; and now in his own native Fiji he still carries on. A splendid record.

His address that day was a fine piece of oratory; and nowhere does oratory count for more than with any South Sea audience. They are swayed by it, like their own gracefully bending coconut-palms beneath the winds.

Another participant was Epieli Boti. His story is worth telling, I think. Epieli's brother in Fiji was also his chief, and more in evidence as the latter than the former. This chiefly authority was exercised too freely to be endured by Epieli, and he determined to leave Fiji; but emigration required the official permission of the Government, and he had little chance of getting it. He managed, however, to get away secretly on a ship bound for New Zealand. From there he shipped as a deck-hand for Sydney. Next he found

his way to Thursday Island, off the Australian coast, and adjacent to Papua, with which it had close communication. He had the good fortune to get taken on to the crew of the *Merrie England*, and so reached Samarai, where he found the Mission. Under its influence his religion, which had been too formal a *lotu* in his own land, became a new power within him, and his desire to serve Christ found scope on the Mission boat. His ability as a sailor and his general trustworthiness had won for him the position of Admiral of our little fleet.

The speakers that day were reminiscent, as would be expected. The old times and the present were set in picturesque contrast, and the occasion was one of thanksgiving and rejoicing. This part being finished, there followed the inevitable *sagari* (banquet), in which the equally inevitable yams and pigs formed the more substantial part. Next, a move was made to the grassy plot in front of the mission house, where the girls gave an exhibition of hoop-drill, the wives of the students following with a rhythmic display; and the kindergarten, decked with yellow streamers, went through a programme in finished style under their director, Miss Pickering. And this is Papua! we said. How changed the scene. The presentation to us of yams, according to ancient custom, could not be omitted; and Mrs. Bromilow and I found ourselves barricaded with these, over which we looked to express our thanks.

Sunday was a memorable day. It dawned 'in glory and solstitial blaze,' and the over-crowded church, open though it was on every side, was like an oven—but what of that ! The morning service was a continuation in solemn form of our welcome, or rather a *Te Deum* for our return. An address was given by Sepuloni Logaru, one of the oldest of the Papuan pastors, and also by Madiu, a native of Kiriwina (Trobriands). As I listened to these two there came to me with a new intensity, after my absence, the overwhelming conviction that here before me was the unanswerable argument for Christianity, here were 'the signs infallible.' It will be readily believed that I was greatly moved as I preached to this packed congregation, so ready to respond to my words. A second service completed the day, and my wife and I said to each other, 'It is good to be back again.'

Two days later we proceeded to Dobu, skirting the coast under the shadow of Mount Solomonai, always impressive in its aloofness, however caressed by the sunlight. In the distance we could see the steam from the hot springs of Dede. The broken summit of Dobu, with its crumpled edges, was a sight to gladden our eyes. Once, Sphinx-like, hiding we knew not what, it was now a most friendly, homely bit.

Sister Pearce has written of the long preparation made for our welcome by the people of Dobu, and how at dawn on the day of our arrival all were astir and excited, not less than twelve hundred gathering on the

open grounds of the mission house, watching for the first glimpse of the vessel. As the *Bromilow*, dressed with all her bunting from masthead to gunwale and mizzen peak, came into sight, a number of the men hurried off to get afloat with the largest of their old-time war canoes. With the crews in their places, they shot out from shore, while conch-shells made a terrific fanfare, drums were beaten furiously, and on the platforms of the canoes those in command danced defiantly. It was a dramatic re-setting of the former days of war translated into a demonstration of joy and welcome. As the conch-shells and drums ceased, a hymn was sung, a soul-stirring contrast, artistically conceived, and it was arranged by the Dobuans themselves.

There being no wharf, a special landing-ladder had been fitted to the whale-boat, on which we went ashore, stepping on to the sand spit below the mission house. Then began the hand-shakings—no light affair. Again old friends were readily recognized, and for the younger who could not be named there was the reciprocal ‘*Tubugu*.’ One of the most prominent in the welcome was Mwalota, who had just captained one of the demonstrating war canoes, formerly a sorcerer of great repute, of whom people stood in awe as the possessor of powers of life and death ; which he had used skilfully and pitilessly. He was also a prominent member of the Kula. He had no fame as a warrior, but was more feared than the mightiest fighter. Another, who greeted me wordlessly, too moved to speak,

was Wiliami (bearing my first Christian name), a friend of the missionary almost from the first. He was the owner of the adoption tree given to me, of which the story has been told earlier. In a fight he was furious, and never made a yielding peace, but at other times he was quite remarkably sober-minded, and evinced an independence of thought that was unusual. At an early stage he condemned sorcery, realizing how it cursed and blighted Papuan life. He was a great authority on the folk-lore of his people, and possessed an exact verbal memory, never changing a word in repeating a story. On one occasion when we were together he said to me, with the blending of child and man which makes the native so attractive, 'You are my friend from my heart.'

Another prominent figure was Eduadi (the Dobuan form of my second Christian name). He was a very complete cannibal when we first became acquainted, but nobody would have dreamed such a thing of him in later years, most benign of countenance ; and of spirit too, I believe. Yet others were Mounawa, the first native of Ferguson Island to become a preacher ; a man of enterprising parts, for he made himself a good Fijian speaker, just to satisfy his desire for superior attainment ; Geioa, from the village where occurred the last act of cannibalism on Bwaiowa ; Baese, whose position in a fight had been that of a non-combatant dressed in fearsomely fantastic array, his duty being to perform in sight of the enemy a series of threatening

gestures which should dismay them with fears of the occult.

My friend Gaganumore was dead. His nephew came to meet me, but would not mention his uncle's name (the usage of Dobu does not permit it) ; he talked to me, however, of old times, inferentially involving his uncle as he did so. Gaganumore's favourite-niece sent me word that she was still mourning for her uncle, and therefore could not come abroad. Later I went to see her, and she so far broke through the old customs as to attend the church services.

A late comer was Billy, from the east coast of Ferguson Island. He had no canoe of his own good enough for the crossing, but had chartered three, in which he brought a party of not less than forty. With these he came to the mission house to present the ceremonial yam. Billy's religious knowledge was very limited, but he was following the gleam, and as I think of him I say, 'There are last that shall be first.' As he welcomed me and placed the yam at my feet, he burst into tears. His words, a little later, cut me deeply, 'Where is the missionary for our coast we asked for long ago?'

Returning to the first day of our welcome, after the prolonged hand-shakings, there came a brief respite for refreshments, and then the ceremonial yams were brought forward, with other edible gifts. It was a presentation on a vast scale for Dobu, and the result of long forethought and labour in the gardens.

The donors came singing in procession, and the piles before us grew apace. We would willingly have spared them their toil, but they were having an abundant reward of their labour in this gift such as Dobu had never approached before.

Following the gift, a representative headman of the island made a speech, addressing us as 'Father' and 'Mother'; others followed, each expressing his joy at our return, and the whole company smiled and wept in turn. I replied to their greetings, and when I told them that I would, if God willed, complete the translation of the whole Bible into their own tongue there came a general gasp of pure gladness—the treasure most longed for was coming at last. With hymn and prayer this part of the programme, but not the whole, was closed.

On the next day (Saturday) festivities began again. The native staff of the Mission, with the help of the students, had prepared a banquet for all comers. Dancing, of which performers and spectators never weary, followed for some hours. Fresh relays took the green, while onlookers criticized and applauded. But early hours are kept in Dobu, sunset saw the people in their homes again, and soon the island was as quiet a spot as the restless sea around it ever allows it to be.

Sunday morning saw a great congregation when Holy Communion was celebrated. It was an intense delight to me to note by this, and many added tokens as time went on, how the work of the Mission had

deepened and extended under the wise enterprise of such devoted workers as the Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Scrivin. As again and again I thought of past and present, then and now, it was the parable of the mustard seed illustrated before my eyes. On this Sunday morning there was the attentive, devout congregation ; the hearty singing ; and the language readily upon my lips, which once I had struggled with so painfully, blundering so badly. It was to be my regular experience now to find a congregation of five hundred at church at Dobu on Sunday mornings, and fifteen hundred in the open air in the afternoon on Ferguson Island.

We found a new charm in the familiar scenery around us, and we settled down readily to the old life. Our weatherboard bungalow did not possess all the latest conveniences, and, as of old, a good deal of the furniture was adapted from packing-cases ; but before us lay the changeful beauty of the Straits, and in view were distant heights, ' never twice alike,' as we used to say, while the glory of the sunsets in their inconceivable colour-effects, changing every moment, were such as no palette on earth can reproduce or even suggest. We took up our island life as though we had never left it, and did not seem to miss the morning paper or the postman's daily calls. Readjustments were not needed ; we simply stepped into the old home and old ways again.

I had a reminder of early days, when a request was

made concerning my adoption tree, given to me as the token of my admission into Gaganumore's tribe. Wiliami was now the headman ; he told me that the tree had grown to a great height, but was decaying at the trunk, and a hurricane would be likely to bring it down, its fall endangering the houses within reach of it. He desired my permission to have it lopped and felled, begging me to accept another and younger tree in its stead. I consented, of course, and went over to the village to accept my new tree. Wiliami pointed to it and said, ' You see that tree ! It is bearing fruit in its strength. Let that be yours to carry on the love that is between us.' I duly thanked him, and asked that it should belong in succession to the Rev. R. E. S. Taylor, who is now in charge of Dobu.

A main object of my return was the completion of my translation of the Bible, of which I will presently speak. In order to carry out this work it was necessary that I should be able to make use of first-hand information upon the language in its purest idioms, and get the finest shades of meaning. My successor, as Chairman of the Mission, the Rev. M. K. Gilmour, insisted that on my return I should again occupy that position. I protested, but, when he told me that, if I did not, he would be compelled to give up plans of extension which were exceedingly urgent (which I knew full well), and needed his constant guidance and supervision, I could no longer refuse. I ought to say also that Mr. Gilmour was altogether unwilling that my

position should be any other than head of the Mission, though he was prepared to relieve me of some of its duties.

My voyages were fewer than of old, and the visitation of the stations was made easier by the motor power now attached to our Mission boats ; but touches of adventure like old times were not lacking, of which our return from Woodlark Island is an example. We left the island early in the morning, in order to have as much daylight as possible for negotiating some awkward reefs. At sundown we set our course for Cape Pearson, sixty miles away, when the outlook changed and a nasty squall came on. We reduced canvas and took every precaution, but at daylight we found ourselves at least fifty miles out of our track, having passed between two islands in the darkness. Our arrival at Cape Pearson was a great relief to the teacher there, who knew of our intended visit ; a cyclonic storm had struck the Cape, working great havoc. But such an experience was one of the commonplaces of missionary travel. The calm courage and splendid seamanship of our native crews is beyond all praise, and very many times they have brought our little craft safely through conditions in which the least lack of perfect efficiency would have made all the difference to the margin of safety. It should be added that the missionaries themselves well deserve, each one, a master mariner's certificate.

On this matter I will quote the words of the Rev.

J. W. Burton, General Secretary of our Missionary Society ; he writes : ‘ Further to add to our troubles, the stations within our area are far from each other, and rough seas intervene. It has been ever a surprise to many in the homeland that the Papua district estimates for boats, charters, and freights is such a heavy item ; but on the spot one sees that it must needs be, and surprise is exalted into sympathy. At first one is inclined to ask, Why not a large boat instead of so many small ones ? And it seems, from a mere looking at the map, a comparatively easy thing to arrange an itinerary for such a vessel ; but the entrances to the reefs are so narrow and dangerous, and the fringing shore reef often comes so far out to sea, that only a boat of shallow draught can get near many of our stations. The writer will never forget a trip in a small launch from Oiabia, in the Trobriands, to Bwaidoga. It was 2 a.m. when the Chairman, the Rev. M. K. Gilmour, aroused us, and in the grey moonlight, with the ragged shadows of palm and shrub haunting the path, we made our way to the jetty. The engine, for some inexplicable reason, would not start, and it was 4.30 before we got away. We ran into foul weather, and all day long battled with heavy seas—seas far too heavy for so small a craft. The boys were magnificent, and, though blinded with biting spray, and drenched through and through with seas that washed overboard, they stuck to the tiller. The engine-boy, though sick with fever, attended to the little

oil-engine, which did not miss a stroke. The Chairman of the District was in his element, for he loves the sea, but there were moments when . . . anxiety knitted his brows. Of course, when at nightfall calm water was reached, he made light of it, and hinted that they often had trips much worse than this ; but I, who have had much tossing on stormy waters in frail crafts, am confident that the margin of safety was often passed, and that we have no right to allow our missionaries to travel in such unsuitable craft. There will be a great tragedy some day, and we shall reproach ourselves that we had not safeguarded valuable life a little more carefully.'

Soon after my return, a new departure was made by the formation of village councils, an attempt to awaken an intelligent interest in a wider field of affairs, and to develop a capacity for self-government. The constitution of the councils was not on the basis of Church membership, but of native birth. In the meetings of the councils, members were encouraged to look abroad and think, and to express their thoughts. Some were quite unable to get the idea of a council, but some who were less bound opened up a way for their duller fellows, with the result that meetings became alive and interesting. I remember the shame I felt when at one meeting a member arose to urge that a taboo should be placed upon bad words which were being introduced by villagers who had returned from plantations where, as indentured

labourers, they had worked under white men. My countrymen !

The Native Tax levied by the Government was the subject of discussion at many meetings. (The incidence of this tax will be set out in another chapter.) At one meeting a member stated his objection to it very strongly. ' If,' said he, ' there is to be a tax at all, let it be a voluntary gift such as we make at the missionary meeting.' In reply to this one of my old boys became personal : ' My father,' he said, ' do not take any notice of him. I know that he gives hardly anything at the missionary meeting ; and, besides, the Bible says, " Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's." ' My old pupil had been well instructed and had an apt memory. But the objector was not to be easily silenced, and urged that the village should lead the way in refusing to pay the tax. ' Let the Government take us all from everywhere to gaol, which they cannot because we are so many.' This certainly was ' strike talk ' of a kind familiar in very civilized countries. I was able to explain the bearing of the tax, and how it was to be used entirely for their own benefit. When the tax-collectors went their rounds there was practically no trouble, though criticism was expressed here and there. On the other hand, collectors had at times a sort of public welcome ; and one village assessed at a lower rate than an adjoining village, instead of being glad to get off lightly, was jealous of its neighbour honoured with a heavier charge.

Sunday observance was a question raised, specially with regard to canoes that had gone to distant fishing-grounds and were at sea on that day. It was the decision of the meetings that fishing expeditions should arrange their departures so as to be able to spend Sunday ashore. Under wise direction these meetings tended to create little by little a larger world of thought and interest and local responsibility.

I found that the Kula circle into which, it will be remembered, I had been initiated—a great honour at the time—had rapidly deteriorated into little more than a mere ordinary trading concern. It was originally conducted under strict rules, and had its prescribed routes and ports of call and its prescribed forms of exchange. It had not been able to survive the incoming of the white man's commercial enterprise and trade methods. I decided to retire from this once interesting and influential society, in whose secondary trading I had never taken part. Several of our native pastors were members of it, and the undesirability of this, now that the Kula had lost its ancient significance, became apparent. These pastors themselves acknowledged that, while their membership of the Kula was an honour they wished to retain, it involved them at times in trade disputes. To repudiate their membership, to which they had been solemnly admitted, would give a wrong impression ; they were, therefore, directed to reduce their active participation in the debased Kula until it practically ceased altogether. Coin was

coming more and more into circulation among the natives, and it is pleasant to record that one of its early uses in the Mission was an amount subscribed by cheerful Papuan givers for the ' Save the Children Fund ' (Armenia), during the Great War. Papuans are not well enough off to be able to give without some self-sacrifice ; and their natural close-fistedness has been already more than once referred to. This voluntary act of our Papuans greatly touched us, who knew what it meant. Perhaps He who in the days of His flesh ' sat over against the treasury ' may have said of them, as He said of the poor widow, ' They have cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury.'

CHAPTER XIII

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS OF PAPUA I HAVE KNOWN

It has been my privilege to be admitted to terms of friendship with three Lieutenant-Governors of Papua. As I write of them it will be necessary to put restraint upon my expressions of admiration and regard, but in doing so I shall feel that I am recording less than is due. Let it suffice for the moment to say that in them all the highest qualities of British rule over inferior races have had their complete expression.

The first assertion of British authority in New Guinea, it will be remembered, was the proclamation of a Protectorate over that portion of it now officially designated Papua. The Protectorate was an indefinite, but not at all meaningless term, and under it the natives held their country with a security which certainly would not otherwise have been theirs. But when this was followed up by annexation, a positive British control was established, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Macgregor being first Administrator, a title altered later to Lieutenant-Governor. His task was no less than to create a province of the empire out of an unexplored land inhabited by savages and cannibals,

and to do this without any force at his command. It was a remarkable experiment.

He was taken to his post by H.M.S. *Opal*. Arrived at Port Moresby, where the seat of Government was to be established, the royal commission was read and the oaths of office administered by Captain Bosanquet, the commander of the ship, and the Administrator took over a territory of more than 90,000 square miles without, as he has said, 'a single soldier or policeman to support the new administration.' He wrote long afterwards in his Introduction to Sir Hubert Murray's notable book *Papua*: 'The position of Administrator was not unlike that of a man dropped into deep water with his hands tied behind his back, and is worth recalling on account of some winged words of Captain Bosanquet, who frankly informed me he was specially instructed not to land any men for police or similar duty in the Possession, "but," he added, "if I see you fellows beset anywhere with your back to a wall, I shall not look on with indifference." I shall always remember those few words, and treasure them as worthy of a British sailor.'

It has been truly said that the keynote of Sir William Macgregor's general policy is found in an appendix to one of his dispatches, 'to deal righteously and justly with the natives, to pacify the country, and to develop it into a British Colony.' Happy is the Empire that can send such as he to command upon its furthest, rudest frontiers. I will quote further from the

Introduction already referred to : 'The great tasks before one were : First of all to consider the form in which legislation should be initiated, so that when the proper time came New Guinea should become a part of federated Australia, with a native population intact, without which the Possession would be useless. There was, of course, no legislature to begin with. The Land Law was drafted by me, but was very carefully revised by Sir Samuel Griffith' (Chief Justice of the High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia), 'with whom on this question I was in fundamental agreement. It is the palladium of Papua. I understand that it is claimed that the Land Laws as now modified in Papua are held up as being a model, on liberal principles. . . . I understand that in certain quarters it is now thought the native had too much consideration in that settlement, and that he now begins to take full advantage of his position. If that is so, it may be regarded as a pleasant proof of vitality in the race, and a dawning power to look after their own interests.'

I still retain the first and last letters written to me by Sir William Macgregor. They are both thoroughly characteristic of the man, though revealing features of his personality not open to all, for he was not a man who carried his heart on his sleeve. The first letter was dated Suva (Fiji), June 17, 1886, addressed to me at the Mission House, Rewa (Fiji). It was a letter full of sympathy and solicitude concerning my wife, who was at that time in Australia on account of her

health, and exceedingly ill. This reminds me of a later touch of gentle thoughtfulness—one of many—on the part of Sir William. On our arrival at Dobu, while we were still making the *Lord of the Isles* our ship-board residence, Sir William gave to our little daughter a very beautiful king Bird of Paradise. I thanked him for the gift, and he replied, ‘Not at all ! I have been thinking what it would be like for my wife and daughter to come and live among these cannibals.’

My last letter from him was from Scotland in the year of his death (1919). He spoke of his park and meadows ploughed up for crops of grain and potatoes during the Great War, and, after referring to our old times together and to the world tragedy and its aftermath, he went on to write, ‘I have finished writing out, in seven volumes, every word in the Greek New Testament, for my daughter, and am now revising it, with additional notes, historical, geographical, &c.’ He referred to an edition of the New Testament in Greek, a costly edition which he advised me not to buy, as the print was not good and the textual notes often inane. He had bought a better one second-hand for two shillings !

I knew that he was a student of the Bible and that he constantly took about with him a copy of the Greek Testament, and often spent hours over it on Sundays, but that he should write it out and annotate it with his own hand, at an age when writing is apt to become burdensome, was a somewhat surprising action—and

yet so entirely like him, so thorough and so unsparing of his labour.

I had many opportunities of seeing Sir William Macgregor's methods in Papua. Much of our own Mission area had not been officially visited, and he took me with him on several of his voyages to the islands, to which, in view of future Mission work, I was very glad to accompany him and join in his interviews with the people. Tramping in the sweltering heat along narrow paths through the tropical growth, counting the houses in the villages, taking observations of any and every sort, keeping a watchful eye on the changing situation—all this was tiring work. On our return after a long day I was very glad to subside for the evening into a deck-chair. Not so Sir William ; he would spend the evening in his room, collating the information gained. He was a tireless toiler, and was a wonder to not a few of his companions who were themselves neither unwilling nor weakly.

He was unwearying in his study of native life, and no trouble was too great if he could secure in the smallest degree an added understanding of their outlook. He wrote, 'There was also much labour in preparing the twenty or thirty dialects that were printed during the first decade of the administration. This will be understood from the fact that I spent three days in a new tribe before I could find out in their language the words, "what is that?"' But it was in this way, by personal touch, often at great risk, he

secured the confidence of the savage people he had come to rule through 'peaceful penetration.' He was always approachable. He never despised the native. But when his word was spoken, his word was law. He once said to me, 'When you are in doubt, wait ; but when you have made up your mind, go through at all costs.'

Sir William Macgregor has named the two features of his administration which gave him in the retrospect the greatest satisfaction—'The two finest and best institutions I left in New Guinea were the Constabulary and village police and the Mission.' The idea of forming an armed constabulary force out of raw savages was truly a daring one. It has proved magnificently successful. The testimony of the present Lieutenant-Governor may be quoted on this point: 'The Armed Constabulary have been described as "savages in serge," and so, on their first enlistment, they often are ; and it speaks volumes for the mental alertness and adaptability of the natives of Papua that recruits develop so rapidly into useful members of the force. . . . If you take a man who is running wild in the bush with nothing on him but a piece of string and a streak of paint, you cannot by putting him into a serge jumper and *sulu* give him the steadiness and discipline of a trained soldier ; but, if you put him in the police barracks for a few months under a good sergeant and a white officer in whom he has confidence, you will find that you have got much nearer to it than you

would have imagined possible. There is one fact alone that speaks volumes for the efficiency of this force, and that is that, although they have never numbered more than two hundred' (now about two hundred and fifty), 'they have kept order among a savage population of very many thousands, and that it has never been necessary on any occasion, since the establishment of the Constabulary, to ask for assistance from outside.' It is not claimed that these recent savages have never used their position to their own advantage, lording it over their civilian countrymen in the way of extorting tribute of a pig, and in other ways. But, with such faults, they have behaved wonderfully well and with a growing *esprit de corps*. Thus has Sir William Macgregor's daring experiment more than justified itself.

The village constable has local authority as a representative of the Government, and takes the place of the hereditary tribal chief, who practically does not exist in Papua, except in the Trobriands. A chief obtains his position by force of character and capacity for leadership, which often mean rivalry and strife before the point is settled. Where there is a recognized chief, he is usually made constable. In his commission it is set forth that he 'shall deal kindly and justly with the people and shall always obey the lawful orders of the Government Secretary and the Magistrate. He shall not oppress the people.' It is his duty to exercise a general influence for law and order in the village, to see that ordinances relating to the natives



SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.
Photo : Poulsen Studios, Brisbane.



SIR GEORGE LE HUNTE, K.C.M.G.

[*Face p. 272*]

are carried out, and to provide information for the District Magistrate. Again, as with the Constabulary, the temptations of office with the village constable are apt to be too much for him, but he himself has a wholesome fear of being called to account for his abuse of power, and the system works quite surprisingly well. It is not possible to conceive of any other that could take its place.

Sir William Macgregor's second monumental contribution to the making of British Papua is, as he has said, the Missions, which owe so much to his understanding and sympathy and help. When he went to Papua he found the London Missionary Society and the Marist Missions (Roman Catholic) already there. He desired, as pointed out in an earlier chapter, to bring the whole of the Possession under missionary influence, with the result that the Anglican and Methodist Missions were established. He wrote in the Introduction already quoted, 'To encourage Missions in every possible way was considered a sacred duty by the Government. Not to do so would, indeed, have been a complete departure from the principles on which British or English colonization first originated.'

He used to speak of missionaries as his co-workers, and he delighted to acknowledge the courage and devotion of the South Sea Island teachers who came to work in Papua. I remember how, when I went in 1912 to Brisbane to speak at a great missionary

meeting, Sir William took the chair, and, after votes of thanks to the chairman and speaker had been passed, he turned to me, saying, 'Reply, and say that you are doing so for yourself and your old colleague also.' I may add that during my stay in Brisbane I was his guest at Government House, he having succeeded to the office of Governor of Queensland.

It was not that he was an official or honorary *patron* of Missions as an act of statesmanship, regarding them as an auxiliary of the civil government. His interest was that of a Christian believer; and accounts of spiritual results were heard by him with reverent faith. To him British prestige was a sacred trust to be employed in supporting and extending the blessings of Christianity. When he was in Fiji and saw that the chiefs were being initiated by white men in the use of intoxicants, a disastrous thing for these undisciplined native dignitaries, he totally abstained from his own accustomed very moderate use of them. In Papua he banished intoxicants from his table for the sake of others to whom they were a snare.

I might have spoken earlier of his wise and humane discrimination in punishing native offences. He set his face against general punitive expeditions and rough and ready, promiscuous retribution in dealing with native offences. With careful weighing of evidence, he would segregate the offending tribe, then the village, next the family, and finally the individual. This took time and trouble, but it was the introduction of a new

principle of justice which would in time transform the blind, unsparing customs of revenge in Papua, and make guilt and its punishment attach to the individual who committed the crime, and no longer to the tribe or family in common.

It was very difficult to introduce this idea of personal responsibility into a land where collectivism so entirely prevailed that the killing of a member of one tribe was expiated by killing any member, though entirely guiltless, of the tribe to which the offender belonged. Not long after our arrival at Dobu a white trader was murdered at a village some distance away. The Government officer in charge of the district swore in several neighbouring traders as special police, and, taking with him some of the native constabulary also, attacked the village at which the murder had taken place, burning the houses and shooting indiscriminately; though apparently there were no fatalities. Sir William was very angry at such random procedure, and the officer in charge was recalled.

Some reference, at least, must be made to Sir William Macgregor as an explorer. At that time Papua was an unknown country, with the exception of the partial ascents of the Fly River and certain others, and some partially successful attempts to enter the interior by land expeditions. It was reserved for Sir William Macgregor to achieve the distinction of forcing a path through the almost impenetrable jungle and fastnesses of Papua to the mighty summits that seemed to defy approach.

The difficulties of exploration on the mainland of Papua can scarcely be imagined ; at a point of one of his expeditions it took Sir William's party two days to drive a track of two and a quarter miles through the solid density of the tangled and matted tropical scrub. The mountains rise with terrific abruptness, ' the hill-sides are so high and precipitous that one can shout and be heard in a village which it will take a couple of days to reach.' ' It is easier,' wrote the explorer D'Albertis, ' to ascend the highest peaks of the European Alps with an alpenstock than to cross an ordinary hill in New Guinea.' The difficulties of transport are therefore immense, and a breakdown may easily be disastrous.

Sir William has stated that his explorations, with one exception, were undertaken not for scientific, but for administrative ends. The exception, the ascent of Mount Victoria, may be reckoned administrative or diplomatic also ; for other than British eyes were upon it, and Sir William's action was, as he wrote, ' to put a stop to others from outside ' ; he did so by forestalling them.

On this expedition Sir William and his party left Port Moresby on April 20, 1889, to face some of the most forbidding, refractory country, and on June 11 he stood, with the smaller party taken on the last stages, upon the south-west summit of Mount Victoria, 13,121 feet above sea-level, amid ' the deep, oppressive silence that reigned on this great, lone mountain.'

Another of Sir William Macgregor's important expeditions was the further ascent of the Fly River. This is a mighty stream. It is affected by the tides up to 150 miles from its mouth, at which point it is 600 yards wide. It is estimated that the volume of the Fly River is sufficient to supply every inhabitant on earth with 120 gallons a day (though one authority puts it as low as 60 gallons only). The voyage up the river was full of interest, frequent touch being obtained with the people on its banks, while both scientific and commercial interests were involved. Sir William, leaving the steam launch at 535 miles from the river's mouth, proceeded with a whale-boat until 610 miles was reached, and then entered a tributary, the Palmer River, ascending it with great difficulty another 50 miles. The expedition was a notable addition to the knowledge of the country—its geography, inhabitants, and resources. Thus by every means did this great Empire builder accomplish his high calling. But, above all, to me he stands forth as a Christian man, with all that the term can import.

On the eve of Sir William Macgregor's departure from Papua, after ten years of service there, to take the position of Governor of Lagos, I expressed to him the hope that his successor in Papua would be one who would continue on the lines laid down by him. Some time later I met Sir William in Brisbane, when he told me that he had been asked to suggest a successor,

and had named Mr. George Ruthven Le Hunte, of whom I will speak by his later title as Sir George Le Hunte. I first met Sir George in Fiji, where he was private secretary to Sir Arthur Gordon, the first Governor of Fiji, and served in other offices also in that newly constituted appendage to the British Empire.

In that most interestingly written book, *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, Captain C. A. W. Monckton, my very good friend in those days, makes the statement concerning Sir George Le Hunte, 'The new Governor was a man as different from Sir William Macgregor as chalk from cheese.' That he was the counterpart of Sir William no one would suggest, but that he was inadequate to the position I should by no means admit. It is not likely that Sir William would, without knowing what he was doing, suggest the one who was to take up the work he was laying down, and into which he had put his whole heart and soul. I have before me a letter in which he expresses his pleasure at the appointment of Mr. Le Hunte. The fact is that the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Papua was becoming more complex with the development of commercial interests and the increase of the native problem ; and to follow Sir William Macgregor was an undertaking not to be coveted. But in their ideals, their purity of purpose, their noble conception of office, they were alike ; and alike also in their entire sympathy with Mission work.

Sir George was fearless almost, as others thought at

times, to the point of unwisdom and carelessness. He had an objection to carrying arms, and took exposure to possible danger in a remarkably easy-going way, which gave anxiety to those who accompanied him. But he was a man of wide experience, who measured situations and had good reasons for his actions. He and I often travelled together, and at such times he always regarded himself as a fellow missionary. More than once we were in danger-spots. I remember, for instance, how we went ashore at a village and found it in charge of the women and old men, who would give us no information when we asked where the able-bodied men had gone. Their manner, however, was quite enough to awaken our suspicion, which was confirmed when we saw a spear with a tuft of human hair on it stuck into a mound of stones, an unmistakable sign indeed of what had been going on. I learned afterwards that the missing men were close by, and in two minds about attacking us. We were, of course, unarmed. It was on these journeys that we had our highest converse together, the memory of which I greatly cherish.

Between Sir George and myself there was established an intimacy, based on a religious understanding, which was maintained by regular if not frequent letters after he left Papua, having filled his five years of office. He went to South Australia as Governor, and, on the close of his term there, to the united colony of Trinidad and Tobago, after which he retired from official life. His ancestral home in Ireland had been finally abandoned

during the recent troublous times, and he settled in England at Crowborough.

He retained his interest in our Mission, and would make inquiries in his letters concerning individual members of the staff, thoughtfully kind as he always was. He would speak of the work of his parish church, of which he was a parochial councillor, and of the school at which, in spite of failing health, he kept up his weekly religious talk to the elder scholars, until the sudden end came.

I have always felt that it was a very sublime achievement to have maintained through a changeful life of affairs, judicial and diplomatic, in many lands, the spiritual vision characteristic of Sir George Le Hunte. Such as he render by the elevation of their personal character an invaluable contribution to the vital strength and security of the Empire.

Not willingly, but necessarily, I think, I refer to Captain Monckton's book again, on a matter in which I regard his judgement as more than unbalanced and doing grievous wrong to those he rhetorically condemns, particularly in his charge against a distinguished member of the staff of the London Missionary Society. Even the remembrance of our personal friendship, and the welcome occasions, still very pleasant to recall, when he arrived like a refreshing breeze at the mission house and brightened us with his converse and sympathy (he has written most kindly of me, too), must

not blind me to what I regard as a serious blot upon his brilliant pages.

Captain Monckton is not as judicial in his book elsewhere as one could wish, and Mr. Campbell, Government Secretary, is another whom, I feel, he misjudges hardly. The fact is the two were largely antipathetic mentally and officially. Captain Monckton had a strong leaning toward swift, and therefore at times indiscriminating, measures in dealing with natives. Mr. Campbell stood for 'peaceful penetration.' I need not say that I am quite sure the latter was right, and in the end far more effective. It is not pleasant to place in such serious opposition the names of these two, both my friends ; but I cannot let Mr. Campbell's name go by, one who understood the Papuans and sought their best interests with patient service, and regarded the Missions as his best allies. His coming to our station was hailed by us with greatest pleasure.

Of the present Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, Sir John Hubert Plunkett Murray, it is scarcely possible to write, for if one writes at all it must be in such eulogistic terms as one is scarcely permitted to employ concerning a high personage still in office—as I sincerely hope he long may be.

Sir Hubert Murray was appointed in 1904 chief judicial officer of British New Guinea, and in 1907, the possession having been transferred as to its control to the Commonwealth of Australia with the new

designation of Papua, he was appointed Administrator (later Lieutenant-Governor). I do not hesitate to say that the mantle of Sir William Macgregor has fallen upon Sir Hubert Murray, or, changing the metaphor, I will say that Sir Hubert, as a wise master-builder, has builded on the sure foundations laid by his great predecessor, while his work has become more intricate and exacting with each passing year.

The feature which I may be allowed to emphasize in Sir Hubert's long and distinguished administratorship is his great-hearted, large-minded understanding of and sympathy for the native population under his care. In his second book, *Papua of To-day* (a book of positive delight as well as being of imperial interest), he speaks in the Preface of the coming of the second period of British Government in Papua: 'It is only since that date that we have been able to define and develop our native policy; and it is our native policy that is the distinctive part of our administration, by which it will be judged as a success or a failure.' By this he stands or falls. Again, a few pages later, he writes: 'The native policy in particular has lain in the hands of the Papuan Government; and according as we have discharged our duty in this particular the success or failure of our work will be determined.' There he places the emphasis, and he has done it not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

It would be profitable for my readers if I quoted largely from Sir Hubert Murray's book, but space does

not permit, and the book is available. Let me give the following only as revealing in some measure his grasp of the situation : ‘ The magnitude of the changes which the arrival of the white man has made in the life of the native can hardly be realized by us. We are accustomed to speak of the enormous alterations in our life which have been brought about in a single generation, and the present unrest of the world is sometimes explained by the fact that, as a result of the war, the innovations which would otherwise be spread over two, or perhaps three, generations are being crammed into one. But with the Stone Age native of Papua it is not a question of skipping a few generations ; the Papuan on the arrival of the white man is confronted with an entirely new civilization, and is invited to step over a gap which the wisest and most gifted races have hardly crossed in twenty centuries. Thus it is obvious that, though the meeting of the Stone Age with the age of steam and electricity is not necessarily fatal to the representatives of the lower culture, it must in any case bring about changes which are nothing less than revolutionary in their social and industrial life, and which it is our duty to encourage or to check, or at least to mitigate, according as we see them to be good or bad.’

But I think that on his attitude toward the natives Sir Hubert reveals himself most when for a moment he speaks not as a Lieutenant-Governor, but as a man : ‘ There are doubtless many natives who are superior

to the Papuans both physically and intellectually, but I for one should never have the same feeling of mate-ship towards them as I have towards my Papuan friends.' This kindly human outlook upon his quaint subjects is the secret of the strong, solid, and—I must be allowed to add—brilliant success of Sir Hubert Murray's long administratorship.

Sir Hubert Murray's value of the Missions in Papua has been set out again and again, and the Missions can desire no wiser or truer friend. In the Preface to the book just quoted he writes, 'Doubtless many will be of opinion that I am too sympathetic with Missions and missionaries, and may think that I am influenced in that direction by my views on religion ; but I do not think I am' ; and he proceeds to explain this attitude on broad and general grounds as an Administrator who seeks the public good. Later in the book (in the course of which there are many kindly notes on the Missions), after a lengthened estimate of the work of the Missions, he writes, 'It is a tradition in Papua that Government and Mission should work together, and I feel sure that the tradition will continue.'

Again, he has written, 'Thirteen years ago I called attention to the inevitable disappearance of old beliefs and customs in Papua, and I went on to say unless the missionary is there to help him the native is left like a ship without a rudder, and will run a great risk of being wrecked in the sea of an alien civilization.' After the added experience of the thirteen years, he says,

‘ The missionary gives in Christianity a new interest in life which will take the place of the old system, which must, eventually, almost inevitably, fall into decay ’ ; and, again, ‘ It is here that the influence of the Missions is so important—so important in my opinion as to be absolutely indispensable.’ He is writing as Administrator, but no one can read his two books on Papua without becoming quite conscious, when he writes of Missions, of an implicit note of personal religious conviction. I do not hesitate to say, knowing many missionaries of the various Societies, ‘ that the tradition in Papua that Government and Mission should work together ’ will certainly endure while the Government has a representative so wise and understanding, so practical and sympathetic, as Sir John Hubert Plunkett Murray.

It will be seen from the foregoing pages that Papua afforded a unique field for the government and development of an inferior race upon altruistic lines, before less ideal forces had spoiled the opportunity. This experiment in Papua stands alone, I believe, in the completeness of its material and its methods. To Sir William Macgregor came the first high inspiration, but his policy never lacked the practical, executive character which one expects from the nationality his name denotes, and, while his primary care was for the native, he never lost sight of the white man’s burden and his corresponding rights. Then came Sir George Le Hunte, maintaining in spite of new difficulties the

same principles. There followed a period of unsettled administration which fortunately was not prolonged. Sir Hubert Murray brought to his office of Lieutenant-Governor supreme qualities, personal and administrative, and recovered and enlarged the best traditions of the first of his predecessors.

A foundation principle of the Government is that the natives of the soil must never be dispossessed of it. The Papua Act of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament recognizes the essential proprietorship of Papuans in the land that has been theirs from time immemorial. This, however, if made a cast-iron regulation, would work out in restraint of the progress of the country necessary for the native's good ; land, therefore, which is not nor likely to be put to any use by the natives themselves may be transferred to the Government and let out on long leases, up to ninety-nine years, to white occupants. But before this is done a careful review of the whole situation is made, and only when there is assurance that even with increase of native population this land will still be to spare is it handed over. The natives would often be ready enough to sell out their rights, and desire to do so, for immediate benefits or gratifications, but they are not allowed to do so on their own initiative, and the exploiter has no chance. A paternal Government takes a large, long view of the interests of its native charge, and holds the country in fee for it.

The problem of native labour is always a difficult

one, but here again the Government has laid down a principle—there shall be no forced native labour. The Papuan is not yet, however, capable of exercising freedom of contract in its entirety, and as a temporary system, pending future advance, a system of ‘indentured labour’ has been established. By this arrangement a native may ‘sign on’ for from six months to three years’ service, the ‘articles’ under which he serves being a clear statement of the hours of work, method of payment, scale of food, housing conditions, medical attendance, and rights of protection and appeal. Indenturing is from first to last under Government supervision. It would be quite too much to say that the ideal conditions always become actual, but, on the other hand, they have real force and practical sanctions, and, on the whole, work out with remarkable efficiency. As the natives become more accustomed to their work and white employers understand them better, the system justifies itself as being *for the present* the best that can be devised.

The great principle to be noted is that no undue pressure in obtaining labour is permitted ; the native Papuan has the right of choice in the matter, and before he is indentured must be taken before a Government official, whose duty is to see that he fully understands what he is doing, the official assuring himself, according to the words of the ordinance : (1) That fair remuneration is offered and will be duly paid ; (2) That the native is willing to enter into contract of service ; (3)

That there is no reason to expect that the native will be unfairly treated ; (4) That there is no reason to suspect that the native will not, at the expiration of service, be returned to his home by the employer. But the long absence of the men from their homes involving so much extra labour for the women ; the weakening of village and family life by the drain of recruiting ; the danger of recruits returning with the worst, rather than the best, of their contact with new conditions—these and other considerations make it desirable that the system of indentured labour should be superseded as soon as possible.

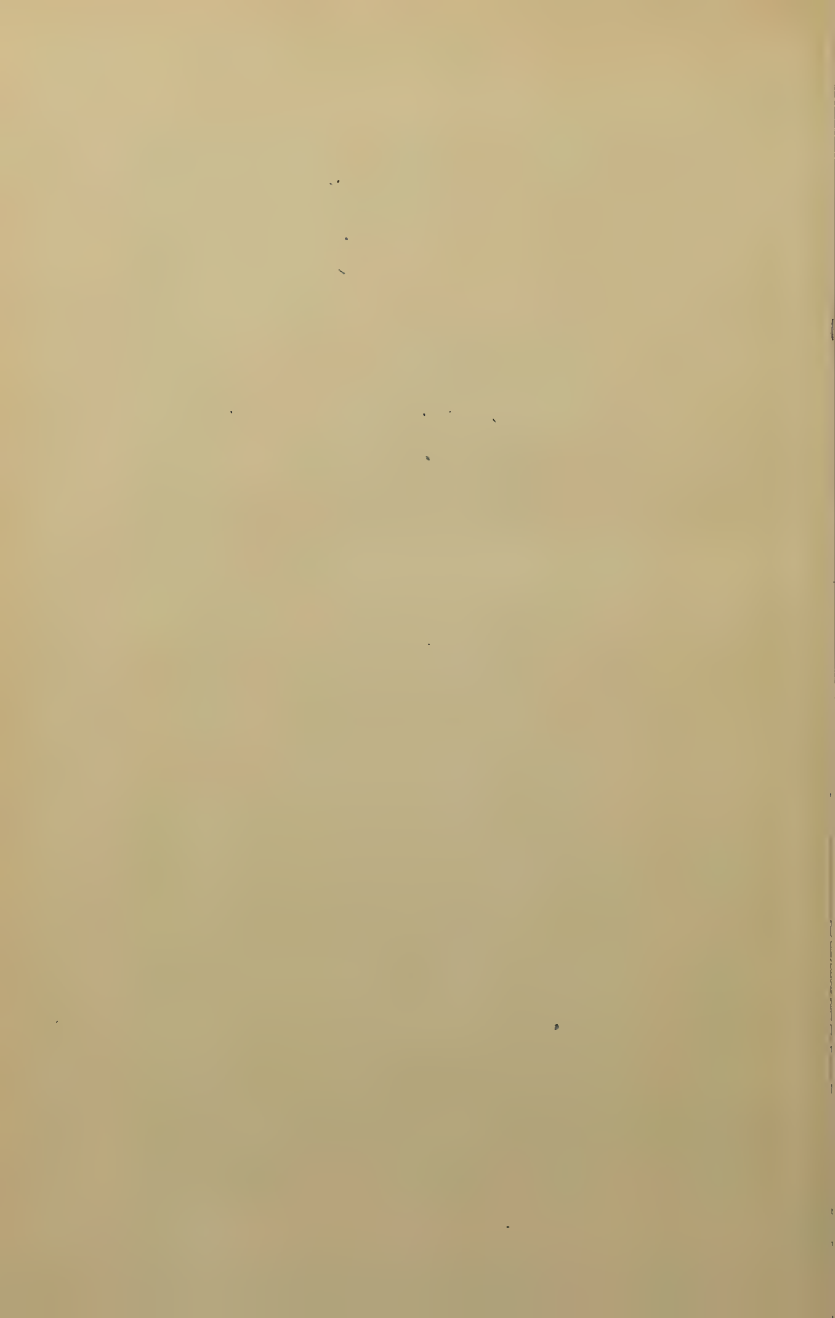
There is a native tax levied upon all males between the ages of sixteen and thirty-six, the amount varying from one pound to five shillings per head, with certain exemptions. The tax is not used for revenue purposes, but entirely for the benefit of the natives themselves, and is expended on the following objects, education—primary and technical (mostly to Mission schools)—the sanitation of villages, the study and treatment of native diseases, the establishment of native plantations under Government supervision, the payment of a family bonus, and ‘ the direct benefit of the natives of Papua as may be prescribed.’ Those exempted from the tax are native police ; fathers of four children ; those unfit for work ; Mission teachers and students ; and a whole village may be, for special reasons, excused.

Where there are four children of a marriage the mother receives an annual bonus of five shillings and



SUBJECTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE (DOBU ISLAND)

Photo Rev. R. H. Rickard.



an extra shilling for every additional child. This is intended to mark the approval of the Government of the larger household, as against the Papuan custom of limiting the family, to the imperilling of the future of the race. The occasion of receiving the bonus is a chief event of the year, celebrated with rejoicing. The tax is somewhat heavy, but it is not generally resented, and the tax collector is occasionally accorded a village welcome. The Papuan is becoming more and more capable of understanding the good intentions of the Government toward him.

All readers of these brief notes who wish to have in full the story of British-Australian rule in Papua, an effort to respond to the ideal of the League of Nations commenced before the League existed, should read Sir Hubert Murray's fascinating book, *Papua of To-day*. The words of the ideal as set forth in the covenant of the League may well be quoted: 'To those colonies and territories which are inhabited by people not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.' In out-of-the-way Papua the trust is being acknowledged.

It may be asked whether, after all, the Papuan is capable of responding to his opportunities, and how far he can go. In reply I speak from experience, repeating in part what I have already said, and first of all as to his spiritual capacity. I have seen the

Papuan in the Stygian depths ; I have seen his rise to plains of light ; I have watched him coming to himself, into possession of his soul. I have known the savage Papuan intimately, and have heard his unutterably vile stories and have been expected to admire them, and I have seen in such the birth of noble shame and true aspiration. It would be simply impossible for me, or any of my brother missionaries, to doubt the spiritual capacity of the Papuan ; each of us would say :

Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath
within.

As to the intellectual capacity of the Papuan, I speak again from my own experience, and I cannot agree that he should have a low classification in this respect. It is said that he is not able to grasp an abstract idea, but I have found to the contrary, in my work of translation, that, when I have desired to express a fine shade of meaning, my mentors have seen my point with clearness and given an apt setting to it. For example, I wanted a word for 'righteousness,' and my Dobuan literary helper gave me *paruparuna*, meaning 'straightness' and metaphorically 'straight-going.' I thought this would serve, but remarked that it was to be used concerning God Himself. He thought for a few moments and said, 'No, the word you want is *adunakela*, which means straightness without any turning aside whatever ; *paruparuna* would be the word for a

man, but *adunakela* for God.' It was no dull mind that differentiated at once in such a manner.

It has already been pointed out that on the practical side the Papuan is very distinctly a handy man. His primitive achievements in canoe building, making of weapons, and house construction proclaim him not only a craftsman, but also an artist. His response to new opportunities is very marked. He takes readily to any work he is put to, 'from tapping indiarubber to driving an oil-launch, from administering anaesthetics in the operating ward to the installation of telephones.'

The missionary, however, is not primarily concerned with this side of him and how he may be developed as an economic factor. The missionary is first concerned with the spiritual enfranchisement of the Papuan, believing that he is made for God and his one need is to find Him. But this is no narrow, restricted gospel, its ambit is as wide as human nature itself, and includes body, soul, and spirit in its beneficencies, raising all life to its highest in thought and deed, making it complete within and without. The education and training of the Papuan to be the man he can be follows the Great Evangel, as the other things are added to it. Some examples of this side of Mission work have been presented in the preceding pages, and conspicuous developments under my distinguished successor will be set out at the close of this book.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DOBUAN BIBLE

THE burning desire of the missionary to give to his people the Word of God in their own tongue is born of the necessity which unfolds itself before his eyes and grows more and more as his work advances. He realizes that the preached word must be sustained, made more fully intelligible, and its appeal enforced and enlarged by the written word. It is true, Christianity is not a religion of a book ; the Church existed before the Scriptures ; the Jewish Church before the Old Testament, and the Christian Church before the New ; but throughout the ages the Scriptures have been the necessary guardian and guarantee of the safety and vitality of the Church. The necessity for them arises early in the Mission field, and in no part of it more than in the South Seas, concerning which the words of Bishop Steere are as true as of his own Africa, where he translated the Bible into Swahili — ‘ Our work must be all unsound without a vernacular Bible.’

Moreover, the possession of the Bible can multiply the work of the missionary a thousandfold. He covers as large an area as possible, scattering the immortal seed, but he passes on. If he can leave the Bible, he

leaves the post occupied. He goes his way ; the Bible stays, a constant voice, to instruct, comfort, inspire ; and, where it is the first and only book, its fascination and impact are beyond the apprehension of those to whom it is, however precious, a customary, inherited treasure.

The missionary translator has to learn how to wait. The temptation of undue haste is very great ; but increasing knowledge of the language makes him realize how far he has still to go, and puts a necessary, if painful, brake upon him, as he asks wistfully how long it will be before he can wisely enter upon this appealing, coveted task of translation. Meanwhile, he zealously lays up in store, and toils to fit himself for it.

The Rev. A. W. Guy, himself a translator into the Papuan dialect of Bunama, speaking of the recently completed Bible in Dobuan, has expressed the difficulties which he knows so well. He writes :

‘ The completion of the Bible in the Dobuan tongue marks a step onward in the spread of scriptural knowledge among the Papuans. The stupendous task involved in translating and having that Word published can only be realized by those with an intimate knowledge of the structure of primitive languages. A literal, word-for-word translation from the English tongue into that of the people would not nearly convey the sense of the spirit of the message. In the literal translation the passage is leaden-footed and laboured, but

for the time it is the best the translator knows. He is not satisfied with it, and he broods over it, seeking that insight into the native mind and heart that will enable him to reveal the inner meaning of the Word to the consciousness of his people. One day, quite suddenly and accidentally it seems, while in conversation with a little child at play, a native idiom will illuminate a difficult sentence ; or, in the midst of a native dispute where one has been called to arbitrate, an expression used in anger or in mortification will give just the inspiration that will change the ponderous line to a swift-winged revelation of truth. And so through years of travail, in intimate touch with the everyday life of the people in village, in garden, and by the sea, and in deep reliance on the ever-present Spirit of God, the Bible is born into another tongue.'

The possibility of translating the Bible into a South Sea Island tongue might well seem hopeless, destitute as it is of words to express so many of the essential ideas involved. Yet the impossible has been achieved, and South Sea languages to a number approaching a hundred, in spite of what would seem to be their fatal limitation, have been made to enfold the Bible or portions of it. The explanation is that the Bible possesses a unique power to elevate and purify a language, and wields a transfiguring touch. For my own comfort and encouragement in Dobu I had the testimony of what had been wrought in Fiji, where the Bible had lifted a language from its debasement, discovered its

latent capabilities, filled in or bridged its chasms, purified and enriched its terms, and made out of it a national book 'understood of the people.' This is what had to be done for these Papuan isles.

Reference has already been made to translations into Dobuan of some portions of the Bible. In 1894, when I had been three years on the Island, I was able to give St. Mark's Gospel to the people. Four years later the other three Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles were added. Six years later the Epistles to the Romans and to the Corinthians appeared in Dobuan, and four years later still (1908) I finished the whole of the New Testament. This translation was revised and republished in 1925. Of the Old Testament eight books were given in 1919.

My hope of giving the whole Bible its Dobuan setting never slumbered. My ministry in Australia, however, prevented me from pursuing it as I could have wished, and my labour upon it was intermittent. It was my return to Papua for a second term that opened up new possibilities. Indeed, but for this the completion of the Bible in Dobuan must have been done by other hands. The necessity is so great for being on the spot, where conference with native minds can be obtained, and the most apt and truest forms of expression selected; many avenues of native thought may be exhausted before the translator can be content to appropriate this or that word or phrase as the best available.

For my later translations an immense advantage

had been secured when helpers, who had been through our Mission school and could read and write and think intelligently, were at hand. Dobuan when spoken is so full of vowels that it is exceedingly difficult to catch it with accuracy of detail for purposes of orthography. My natives could now reduce these redundant vowels to writing and explain and discuss points involved.

The best of my helpers was Eliesa, who assisted me with the first edition of the New Testament of 1908 and the second edition of 1925. He had the very necessary qualification of independence of judgement. The innate politeness of South Sea Islanders leads them to agree with the opinions and statements of their betters, and they often find themselves in a very real dilemma between what they really think and what the ingrained custom of ages demands that they should say. Eliesa was frank as an adviser, and would stand for a true Dobuan idiom, ruling out any introduced or missionary touch, until the vernacular had been ransacked. In fact, in his own way, Eliesa was a verbal purist, and invaluable on that account. When a point had been satisfactorily settled he would say, well pleased, 'My people will understand this.' One thing I had to remember with regard to my fellow worker—that a Papuan very soon feels brain-fag. Eliesa could not keep on long at his best, and I looked out for the signs that told me it was time to stop.

Eliesa brought to his work with me an imaginative perception. For instance, when I wanted a term to

express 'the choice one,' he said, after some consideration, 'Why not use the word *dagura*?' This word means 'feather'; there are two birds, cockatoo and hornbill, whose white feathers are the decorations for Dobuan braves; the champion and pride of his tribe is distinguished by the wearing of these feathers (as noted earlier in the case of Gaganumore).

From this use the word has been personified, and the favourite of a family or village is spoken of as its *dagura*. The Pan-Pacific Science Congress was meeting at that time in Sydney, whither Eliesa had gone with me. Referring to this, he said, 'There are many great and wise men there, but if Jesus Christ came He would be the *Dagura*.'

A good, honest fellow all round was Eliesa. When he was returning to Dobu, a trader on board was impressed with the intelligence of Eliesa, and offered him employment at his station, pointing out to him how he could save money and become a rich man in the eyes of his countrymen. Eliesa did not reply, 'Thy money perish with thee'; but he said, 'I am going to preach the gospel. Jesus Christ is my wealth.'

Some features of the translation may be briefly presented. The word adopted to signify *God* was decided upon in the early days of the Mission, in conference with the two other Protestant Missions in Papua. The Dobuan idea of a part creator, whom they named Eaboaine, has been set out in an earlier chapter. At

first I thought that this name, raised and cleansed, might be used. Dobuan speech offered nothing fitter, alas. But the London Missionary Society, on its stations adjacent to ours, had been employing the word Eaubada, 'I am Great,' and this usage the Anglican and Methodist Missions also adopted. It was a nucleus around which a fuller idea could be gathered.

Dobuan has no word for 'sin'; it had not needed one. The only items that could in the native mind demand such a term are the removing of a neighbour's landmark, and stealing from the garden of a member of one's own or another friendly tribe. For either of these, according to the old code of these islands, the offender may be speared by the aggrieved party; and his friends will make no attempt to avenge his death, outcast from his kin that he has made himself. But, for the rest, the good people are the healthy, the wealthy in property and food, the wise in sorcery; the bad people are the poor, the weak, the aged, the sickly. Standards are wholly unmoral.

The only term in Dobuan lending itself to the idea of sin is *bubuna to'umalina*, meaning 'bad conduct'; but this, again, is very limited in its signification and carries no condemnation with it, unless the conduct is discovered and *lex talionis* follows. The Bible had to be in this case, as again and again, its own explanation, giving to such a defective term scope, depth, and force from its own pages.

A word for 'love' was hard to find. Help came

one day when two young men were noticed strolling, with arms entwined, along the beach. The alert observer asked, ' *To'ase gete?* ' (' What is that ? ') ' *Oboboma,* ' was the reply. Further inquiry showed that this word denoted, specifically, good-will practically expressed in a gift. Here, at any rate, was a root idea which could be expanded and built up ; and we adopted it. But its expansion and new applications in our preaching and conversation did not at all fit the Dobuan cast of mind, and were resented as weak and unworthy suggestions, contradicting the virile standards and usages of Dobu. Said one man, ' I might as well put on a woman's skirt. ' No wonder we longed to place in their hands the Bible, that it might tell its own story of the Almighty Love that wins its way to the human heart the world over—not in weakness, but in power.

One would not expect difficulty in finding a distinct Dobuan word for ' hate ' ; yet it is so, owing, no doubt, to the fact that resentment and retribution are fixed (as we have seen), not on the individual offender, but on his community or tribe. Anger, instead of being concentrated, spends itself at large. There are approximate words for hate, but none is charged with intensity. *Guitoiasa*, which has several connotations, is in its derivation ' the stiffening of one's back against ' ; *Nuagu i to'umali* means ' My mind is bad towards ' ; *Geanuagu* means ' I dislike. ' Here, again, the best word available had to be informed with a definite

moral content, which the Bible itself in many places supplied in the context

To express the idea of 'salvation' the word '*etosee*, used for 'deliverance from the enemy' was adopted. Another possible word, used specifically for 'pulling out of the fire or water' offered itself. For 'believing,' the term *iareiare* was discovered when one day a man was heard saying, with sarcastic emphasis, '*Ia iaremu*,' i.e. 'I believe you.' Used in good earnest it is made to stand for faith, and the common speech of the way-side takes on a new tone.

The list of difficulties in translation could be very greatly prolonged ; but what impressed one most was not the limitations of the language, but its resources and its adaptability. Very seldom did I find it necessary to introduce an English word ; the whole number is exceedingly small. One of them is the word 'family' ; the reason for this being that the nearest Dobuan word, *susu*, 'the tribe,' takes no cognisance of the father, whose children are reckoned, not of his tribe, but of their mother's. To denote the relationship of father, mother, and children, the English word, Dobuanized as *pamili*, had to be employed.

Dobu is another proof of the marvellous, or should not one say miraculous, feature of the Bible which makes it the universal book, capable of translation into any tongue. That is not to say that a primitive language provides a complete expression of the divine revelation contained in Holy Scripture, but no language

has been found in which it is not possible to set forth its saving truths. And this follows also, that a new mentality is brought into action by the translated book ; and the language, where it is scant and mechanical, is vitalized and clarified, becoming a truer vehicle of thought and understanding. As men find their souls in the book, they find their minds also. The Bible in the common tongue of a people has always been the source of intellectual movement ; the words of the Psalmist have a wider application than he conceived of, ' The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple ; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.'

It may interest my readers to see in print a specimen of the Dobuan tongue. I give the first seven verses of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, as having special appositiveness here :

1. Ta ni'atu Penitikosi 'ana asiata ni'atu 'i apwesa, ga 'ebweu esena 'ena si egogona iaiiaudi. 2. Ta manini 'enana iagila waiwai 'ana dududu 'atua garewega 'i mwa'utama, ta amua maibo'ana 'ena si miami 'i loemaa. 3. Ta meia si'asi'adi 'edia si apwesa, 'awe sabelulu 'atua ; ta 'ebweuna 'ebweuna 'ena 'i toa. 4. Ta iaiiaudi si maa Iaruiarua Tabunega, ta si lolagata be si ona mari meiega, nadigega Iaruiaruai 'ebwaedi be si da ona.

5. Ta me Iudia Ierusalem 'ena si miami, to tapwaroro 'ai'aila, 'ebeloina iauna garewa 'ubunega. 6. Ta ni'atu 'enana gete si nonona, ga pwaru si deriegogona, ta nuadi 'i owana, tai 'ebweuna 'ebweuna 'i nonodi si onaona tauna 'enanega. 7. Ta iaiiaudi nuadi 'i owana, si gwaegwae, Wa 'ita, iaudi.

When it became known that the whole Bible had

been completed in Dobuan, it was difficult, my correspondents informed me (for we had again returned to Australia), to make the people understand that it must still be many moons before copies of it could arrive. Their impatience was that of children constantly asking, 'When?'; and the Mission staff might have been ready to wish that the matter had been reserved as a grand surprise. But delay did not dull their absorbing expectation, and they counted the weeks as they passed. At last, on May 18, 1927, the longed-for, heavy cases were landed at Salamo, and, after a service of praise and thanksgiving, conducted by the Rev. A. H. Scrivin, were ceremonially opened in presence of the whole assembled station, teachers and students, with their wives and children. The strongly bound volume was handled with reverent, loving touch, its title, *Buki Tabu 'Ena Dobu*, being read with glistening eyes. The classic idea of happiness, 'In a nook with a book,' laid hold of not a few Dobuans; and late hours were in danger of being kept for reading—by dim lights which could only have served native eyes. Copies were sent to all the other islands of the Mission, and from all these came reports, kindly forwarded to me, of its excited welcome and the immense interest created, leading to increased study. In Papua, as in every land, the Bible proves itself the Universal Book, adequate and fitted for all sorts and conditions of men: the scholar of many centuries; the saint of many generations; and, lo! the Dobuan savage of

yesterday. Letters written in Dobuan have been sent to me, telling of the joy of possessing the completed Bible. Of my own joy I need not speak ; and, indeed, it is too deep for words—‘ the Lord’s name be praised.’

Now my story must come to an end, incomplete though it is. As I look back from this point on the further side of life, my dominant feeling expresses itself in ancient terms that still serve best, while I alter their tense, ‘ goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.’ Mine has not been an easy life—what satisfaction could that yield?—but it has been a happy one, not without cares and losses and sorrows, but distinctively a happy life. I have had good health, an untold blessing ; and now that sickness has come I count the radiant days of my manhood’s strength and rejoice in the long review of them ; and I have had troops of friends, troops in the aggregate, but made up of individual friends, often too appreciative ; and my Church and my brethren in the ministry have been more than kind. All my work has been full of inspiration and interest, but supremely among my own Papuans.

The secret of my life is an open one, a personal faith in God, and fellowship with Him through Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. In comparison with this, life has had nothing worth living for. This faith and fellowship dawned upon me in my childhood ; when I became a man I made it my own and handed myself over to its keeping and guidance, and it has kept me in all my

ways ; it has linked together the changeful years and 'bound them by gold chains about the feet of God.' In all this the wife God gave me has been by my side, more than sharer, her soul one with mine.

This spot, Woodford, on the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, is a pleasant retreat, not too far removed from the busier haunts of men. Sydney is only fifty-six miles away ; the journey by train takes only two and a quarter hours ; the Great Western Road passes through and carries a stream of motor traffic, some of it bound for far 'out back.' The air is pure and bracing at an elevation of two thousand feet ; there are charming views of far-stretching valleys, filled with a pellucid haze of blue, opening toward distant heights, or shut in by precipitous barriers which break into sheer capes and headlands, reminding one of the features of some mighty coastline—which once they were. The village is not a 'popular' tourist resort, and its people are all on neighbourly and genial terms with me ; my bungalow is near to the church, the services of which have been to me a delight ; friends from a distance look in upon us as they motor over the mountains, or make a special journey to our door. Now that my strength fails, it is very much to have so kindly a resting-place. So I give thanks to God, seeking pardon as I give thanks, and, with a hope which is 'as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast ; and which entereth into that within the veil,' wait for that which is to be revealed.



SALAMO HOSPITAL, OPENED BY SIR HUBERT MURRAY,
AUG. 18, 1926



GIRLS' SCHOOL (TEMPORARY), SALAMO

Photo: Miss D. Pickering.

[Face p. 305

EPILOGUE

THE tribute to the magnificent work of my successor in the chairmanship of the Mission (the Rev. M. K. Gilmour) has been reserved for this chapter in order that its crowning achievement, the great Training Institution at Salamo, with its many departments, may be set in contrast with the first efforts of the Mission. Any one with a knowledge of those early days, seeing Salamo of to-day, might well say with the Psalmist, 'We were like them that dream.' It is all so surprising, so splendid. Mr. Gilmour has spent twenty-five years on this Papuan field, and Salamo is the goal of his long and devoted—one might say passionate—service for Papua.

We have seen how the growth of the Mission necessitated the removal of the principal Training Institution from its original site on Dobu to the island of Ubuia. Meanwhile, the missionaries at other stations were doing similar work on a smaller scale. Ubuia, in turn, became too cramped, and it was made pressingly evident that in order to meet the needs of the Mission a much larger and more varied provision must be made for the religious and industrial training of an increasing number of natives, fitting them to go

out as teachers and leaders of their countrymen. A central Training Institution was determined upon, where scholastic, technical, medical, agricultural, domestic, and other courses would be provided ; the students coming as recommended from the different stations of the Mission. For such an institution an extensive area of, say, a thousand acres, in consideration of the future, was necessary. It must be fertile, for the growing of food supplies ; and it must be fairly level, possessing a good water supply, carrying timber suitable for building, and adjacent to a safe harbour. To find such a spot was not easy among islands of broken and mountainous formation. Mr. Gilmour, however, had an impression that a site answering to these points might be found hidden away on the south of Ferguson Island. It was so. At the Mission Synod of 1921 the following report (Mr. Gilmour's) was received : ' Just a year ago, one squally morning, we left Ubuia for Salamo. We were in the *Ruta*—the splendid gift of Dr. and Mrs. McClelland, long ago the pride of Murua, but now for many years past a much battered, much patched supernumerary whale-boat. We had a fly, tools, provisions, and camp materials, and were doing our best to keep some of these dry. The rain came down in torrents, the clouds closed in, but ahead, as the showers passed, there was a gleam of blue-black, lowering clouds and a patch of sunlight over where Salamo lay. The boys took it as a good omen, and, shaking the salt spray out of their

eyes and the rain out of their bushy heads, bent to the oars. We pitched a hasty camp in the patch of sunlight on the river-bank. And then, in the days of rain which followed, with the trees growing near for piles and framing, with the cane from the bush for binding material, the sago-leaf from the swamp for roof and walls, the palms from the hillsides for flooring and seats, we built our temporary house. From this centre we prospected for a site for the future Training Institution and for more land.' Thus was Salamo discovered and entered upon. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour tested its suitability before a final choice of it was made, by going to live there and offering themselves experimentally to its conditions—their abode a native-built house.

Mr. Gilmour was able to write of it later : ' We now have seven hundred and seventy-six acres, and hope to get one thousand. The land is exceedingly fertile and with enough varying soils to make it possible to grow a great variety of crops and plants, nearly all level and easy of drainage and cultivation, with excellent playing-fields and good building sites. It has a lovely river dividing the property, capable of supplying from the falls in its higher reaches all the electric power the settlement can ever need ; and provides a splendid supply of all necessary building material ; and has a perfect harbour. Just round a little yellow sand-spit, after entering, is an inner harbour, a delightful gem, a wholly sheltered little oval, green as any cricket oval,

for the unrippled surface reflects the prevailing green surroundings.

‘No matter what old hurricane should come—as hurricanes which seem to have lost their way do at times come—any craft would be perfectly safe here. It is the only anchorage on the big island of Ferguson where a boat could ride in all weathers and be safe—too limited for any waves to form, but wide enough for all future developments in Mission fleets.’

Of such a spot Mr. Gilmour exclaims, ‘Our vision had seemed so impossible of fulfilment ; but here it was, hidden of God, so perfectly meeting our needs as day by day reveals them, so many unexpected fitnesses that the conviction grows that it is really and in a peculiar sense the gift of God, a place which He has prepared.’

The leading features of the institution at Salamo are : (1) The training of native pastors and teachers ; (2) A hospital for the treatment of native patients and the instruction of native medical helpers ; (3) technical and industrial schools. While all these departments are linked up with the impartation of general knowledge, they are developed in a Christian atmosphere, ‘in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.’ Life in these Papuan isles needed a new purpose and environment, but these must be, above all, Christian. Hence the creation of Salamo.

Already, recent as it is, Salamo is a wonder and a delight, a romance of Missions, touching heart and

imagination as one first sights it, in its verdant, tropical setting, with mountainous background of rough, broken contour, sunlit and darkly shadowed. The settlement is in three divisions, all connected by a fine road, almost straight and level, beginning at the jetty and ending at the river, a little over a mile away. Near the jetty are the slip and the technical department, with their workshops ; half a mile away the station proper begins, where the students live and the church and schools stand ; near the river is the medical department and hospital. The total population is three hundred, not reckoning the hospital patients, who usually number fifty.

The jetty can accommodate the largest vessels of the Mission, one on either side. The slip is equal to the same demands. Here are done all the ship and boat repairs, from a coat of paint to a new keel and new planks ; from a block to new masts and spars ; from a new rope to a new set of sails ; from a tank to a complete re-coppering ; it is all the same, the work will be quickly done and well done by native hands, under the direction of an expert from the island of Rotuma (Fiji).

The technical department is housed in a large two-storied cement and fibrolite building. There are twenty benches and a really good outfit for woodworkers, together with boat-builders' and engineers' tools. Hard by are the big boat-building shed, the machine-shop and its oil-engine, saw-bench, planer,

and other equipment. The erection and fitting of these buildings was done by the trainees themselves. All the furniture for the hospital and doctor's residence was made by them. Six of the seven launches which speed the work of the missionaries were built and engined by their hands ; the tractor used for hauling and ploughing, and the electric lighting at present in use, are in their competent charge. These trainees will become the artisans, the leaders, and instructors in the districts to which they will return, and will bear back to their people an ideal of Christian life and work as they have known it at Salamo.

The lower grades in the schools are all given some technical work. All are taught by doing ; thus finding an outlet for the fine manual dexterity, delicacy of touch, and splendid co-ordination of hand and eye with which the Papuan is gifted, and so becoming fitted to face the developments which the impact of civilization is already bringing to bear upon his native life. In this way he may equip himself to make and hold his place in his own land, instead of being doomed to be a mere undeveloped, deteriorating hewer of wood and drawer of water.

Leaving the jetty, the station gates are reached at the end of half a mile. A cross-road divides the station into four quarters. The central position is reserved for the nobler church building that is yet to be, symbol of that for which the settlement was founded and for which it exists. On each side of the road are

the students' houses (most of the students are married and their wives also are being trained), comfortable, shady, brown-thatched homes they are, built of materials all growing close at hand, often brightened internally by ornamental touches and furnished with neat domestic conveniences. The larger buildings are the native tutors' houses, the boys' and girls' dormitories, and, biggest of all, the well-proportioned, lofty, and airy school-church. Here also are the mission house, Sisters' home, and girls' school, cement and fibrolite structures of two stories.

The station opens out in wide, park-like lands, level, and green with grass, enclosed by a circular fringe of trees and palms. In one direction can be seen the massive backbone of Western Ferguson ; away to the north the Sacred Mountain lifts its splendid peak ; to the south, across the straits, stately Solomonai keeps impressive watch. In contrast with these mighty works of nature, in the immediate foreground are the playing-fields, about which figures in pleasing white, or not less pleasing colours, are moving. Possibly cricket or football may be on the scene.

The unmarried girls of the station are divided into three companies, with an appointed leader for each company. Their course is a very varied one, designed to make them intelligent Christian women, Christian wives, and Christian mothers. School work, sewing, mat-making, house-keeping, fancy-work, gardening, instruction in hygiene, nursing, and more, are included

in it, and all are directed to the one end—Christian character.

The nursery, where tiny babies, left motherless at birth, and poor, neglected children are cared for, is served by the girls of the station in turn, under efficient supervision. In the early days it needed much persuasion to induce the girls to undertake this work, regarded as irksome and thankless. It was an alien idea that if a child's mother did not care for it any one else should. The mother-heart that answers instinctively to the helplessness of infancy had to be awakened in the women of Papua (as the earlier pages of this book have shown). The awakening has come ; the love of Jesus for little children has re-strung and attuned the rusted and silent chord. Now, the wives of students who have no children of their own vie with each other in asking the charge of any baby brought to the station.

As everywhere, the kindergarten is a charming sight. Any child who is able to talk may attend. One of the Missionary Sisters is in charge, assisted by an advanced girl student.

The hospital and the residence of the doctor, set in a pretty green sward, diversified by flower patches, are built of those handy materials for tropical climes, cement and fibrolite. There are two men's wards, two women's wards, operating-theatre, sterilizing-room, and staff quarters. In the basement are the out-patients' department, dispensary, dining-room,



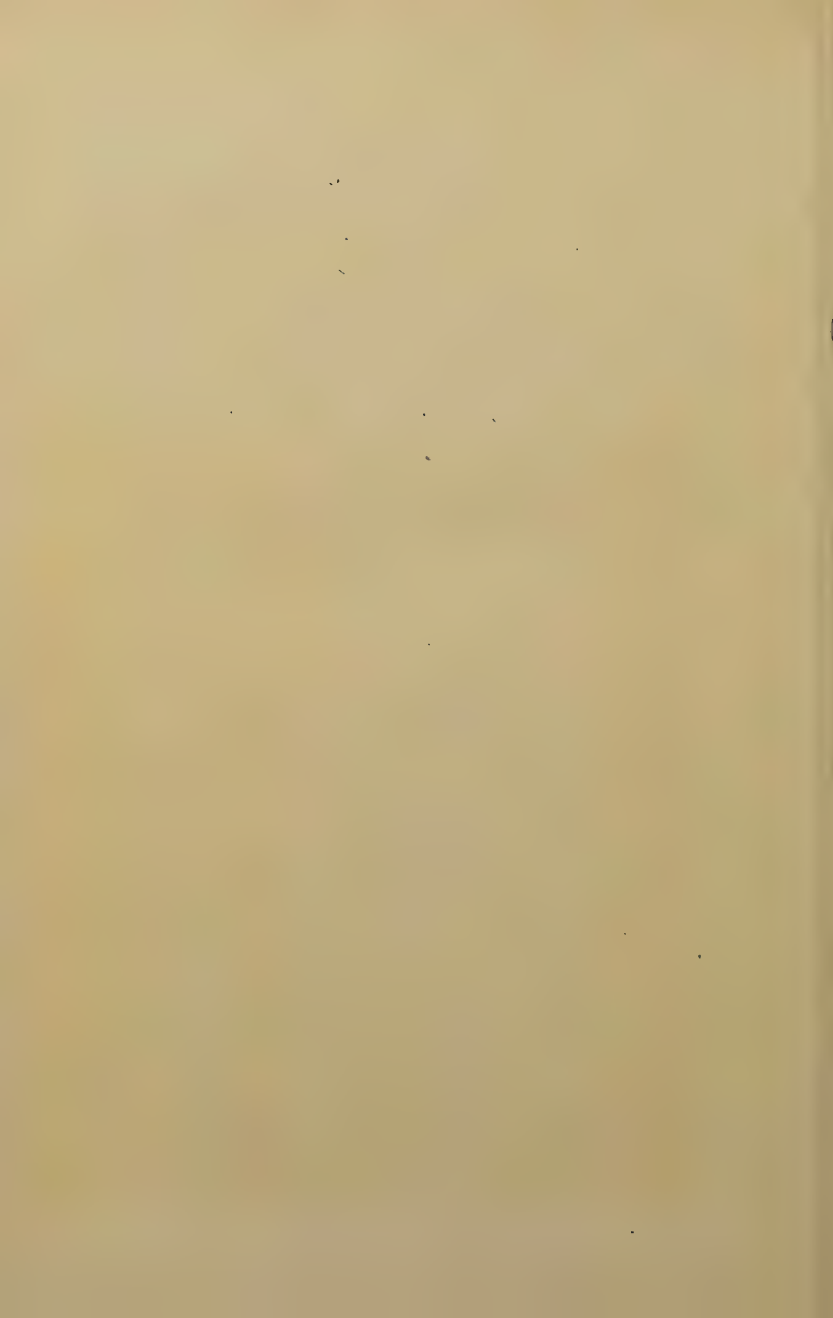
BEGINNINGS AT SALAMO
MARRIED STUDENTS' HOUSES AND TEMPORARY SCHOOL



THIS LAUNCH WAS BUILT AND ENGINED ENTIRELY
BY PAPUAN STUDENTS AT SALAMO

Photos : Rev. J. W. Burton.

[Face p. 312



kitchen, and store-rooms. So efficient is all this that Dr. Judkins was able to write, 'The medical unit is now complete for present requirements.' The staff consists of the doctor, with a trained Fijian medical assistant, matron, two nurses, and native helpers. The training of the latter is a most essential part of the work of the hospital, and will prove to be of untold and tragically needed benefit to thousands of Papuans.

Two of the trainees have already become qualified to go out to the villages to minister to some of the terribly common diseases of their own people. Quite recently they visited one section and gave injections to some four hundred people, and other treatment to some three hundred more. For the eleven months under review in the report for 1927, there were five hundred and eleven admissions to the hospital, in addition to which there were a large number of out-patients, and over twenty thousand were treated by the medical patrol on various islands. Needless to say, hospital and patrol carry on a twofold ministry, to body and soul, following the Divine Example in New Testament story. The connexion of healing and the gospel appeals instinctively to the Papuan mind, in which disease and sorcery are one and indivisible. So is the way of the Lord prepared.

The same principle is not less true, though less immediate, of all the lines pursued at Salamo (and everywhere throughout the Mission). All converge upon one end and aim, to evangelize. To discern these

possible lines, to lay them down and work them, demands Christian genius. This is exemplified at Salamo.

It has been said authoritatively that the combination in character of the mystic and the man of affairs makes the supreme type of personality for action and achievement. Those who know Mr. Gilmour best know him as one whom God hides in the secret of His presence ; they know him, too, as a man of rare practical sense and leadership, who sees a situation whole and in all its bearings upon the end he has in view.

Here is an instance of this quality. He has written, as one of his official notes : ‘ We believe that, generally speaking, these people must remain agriculturists, and so we think it wise to keep all the students in touch with gardening operations. Otherwise, a boy who had no aptitude for any handicraft, but while at school learned to despise gardening, would be likely to become a pest on returning to his village life. We expect all our students, therefore, to grow their own food.’ And again, he writes : ‘ We make a feature of pit-sawing, fearing that, unless a boy can get his own material out of the bush for himself, his training is likely to be of little use to him when he is out on his own.’ Salamo is as practical as it is idealistic.

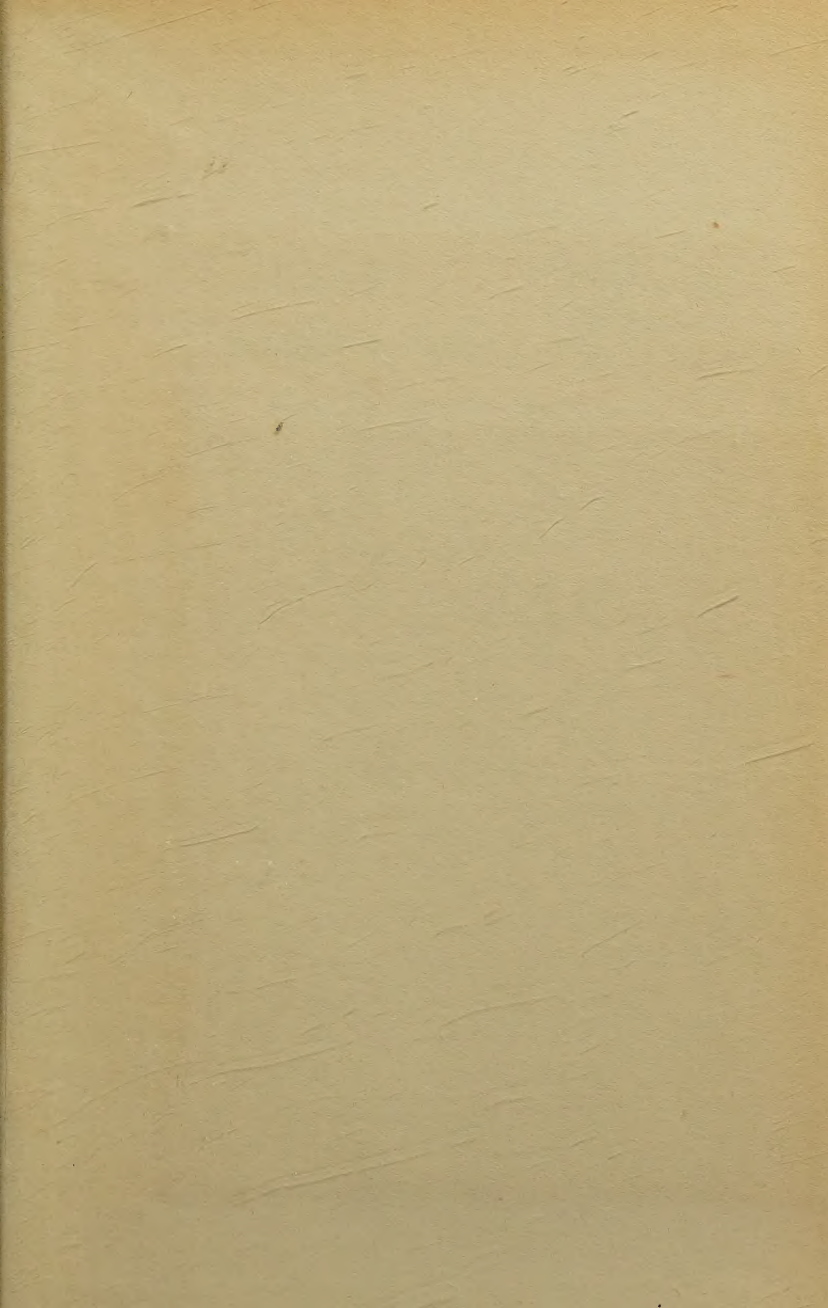
Any picture of Salamo is unallowably defective without the figure of Mrs. Gilmour in it. Through the years she has been ever at her husband’s side in Papua, sharing with him in giving the last ounce of strength—

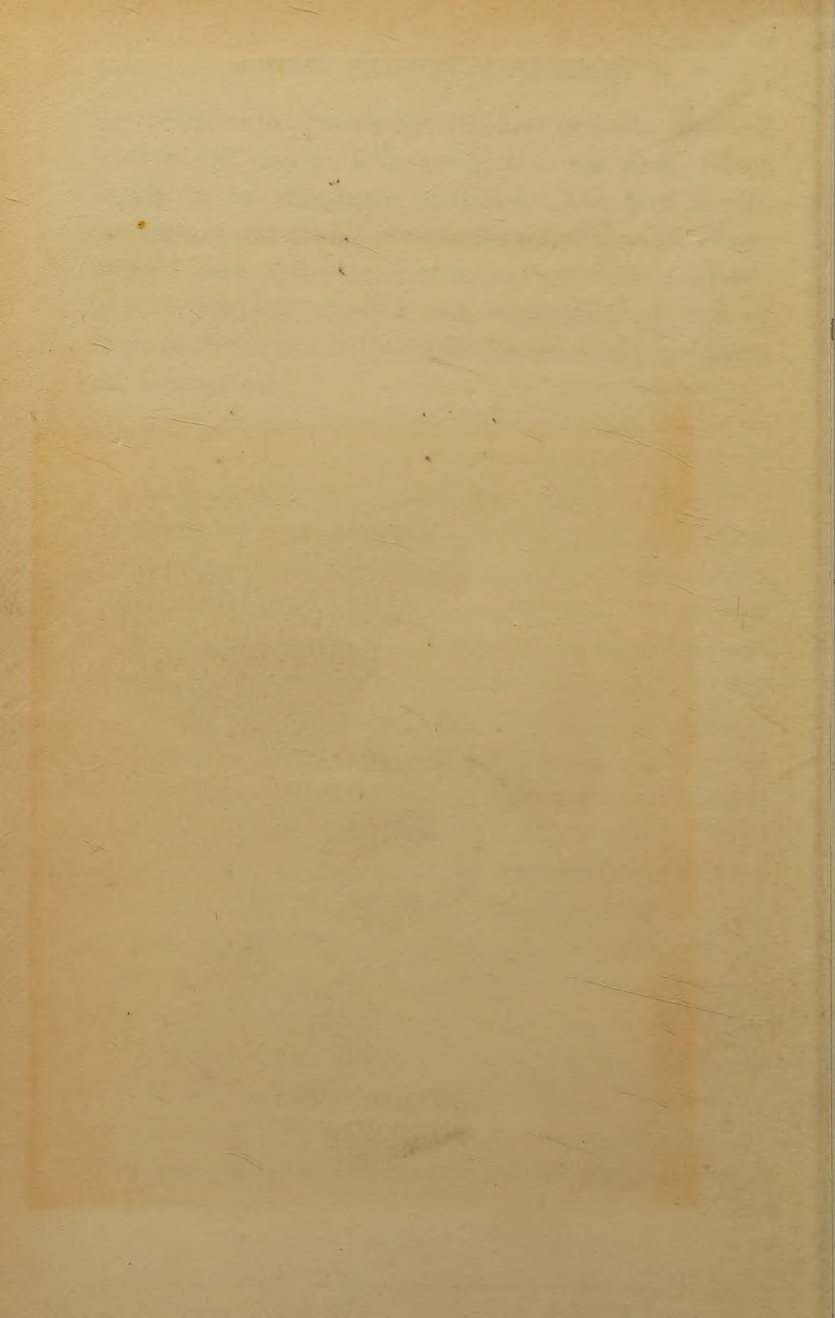
and more—in courage, endurance, and toil. ‘Honour to whom honour’—and none can be too high to pay to Mrs. Gilmour, whose constancy of devotion, ‘come wind, come weather’ (as John Bunyan says), are beyond all praise. To close this chapter without some such words is unthinkable. The words are few, too few, for one must observe a due restraint ; but readers must supply in the preceding pages this heroic, gracious figure.

Now, as I think calmly and comprehensively of the early days of the Mission, of the ventures of faith of my true-hearted comrades, white and brown, both men and women ; of our successors in the field ; of the work accomplished on the original stations and the notable developments at Salamo, where an efficient native pastorate (the first step toward an indigenous Church) is being made possible—I say with devout gladness, ‘What hath God wrought!’

That branch of the Church of Christ to which I am attached by manifold ties was called to this Papuan field thirty-seven years ago. Not a few of the volunteers for service in the Mission have laid down their lives, consecrating that heathen soil, and many more have given their health and strength beyond recall. Thus has the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in its redeeming grace and power been founded on these savage isles and built up with the living stones of a multitude of hearts and lives won from ignorance and degradation, too deep

for words, to the knowledge and love of God. But the work is still urgent, wide portions of the field calling loudly to be effectively occupied. The past is the inspiration and pledge of victories yet to be won. One of my most deeply cherished hopes in writing this book is that one and another may through it be led to respond to the call of Christ for Papua, and say, 'Here am I, send me.'





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